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CONTENTS.

ART. I.—ON CATHOLIC POLITICS	PAGE 1
--	-----------

Neither "Liberal" nor "Conservative" side inconsistent with Catholic principles—Examination of great Conservative doctrines: men and their rights unequal: obedience, not liberty, desirable for man: all men not our brothers: political changes, when avoidable, to be avoided: a community of equal units only a horde: government should be by Estates—Church only Conservative when circumstances justify it—How far mediæval political conditions perfect—Catholics partly blamable for present irreligious condition of Europe—What Liberalism and Conservatism have in common—One radical difference in politics—What Catholics should do.

ART. II.—S. FRANCIS DE SALES. IV. HIS DOCTRINE . . .	25
--	----

S. Francis as a dogmatic teacher, shows the relation of dogmato actual life—He teaches not new things, but in a new way—A characteristic of his teaching is its formal and distinct foundation on the Word of God—Is it true to represent him as attaching minor importance to Roman Catholic dogma, and as being above bigotry—His deep hatred of heresy: which, however, was consistent with great kindness towards heretics—His filial affection for the Church and Pope—His teaching concerning the Blessed Virgin and his devotion to her quite "Ultramontane": as also devotion to the Sacred Heart—The Saint on Sacramentalism—The literary

form of the Saint's writings—History of the formation of his style; its special character—Special value of his writings at the present day.

ART. III.—FREILIGRATH 63

His birth and childhood—Early poetic manifestations—Is apprenticed to a house of business—Intense colour of his poems unequalled by German writers—Volume of poems in 1838 make his name—Becomes more and more revolutionary in opinion and in his poems—Publishes his "Confession of Faith": its character and effects—Exiled, lives in England, returns triumphantly to Germany—How far he was satisfied with United Germany.

ART. IV.—ADRIAN IV. AND IRELAND 83

Adrian's famous "Bull," hitherto accepted as genuine, now questioned and rejected—The circumstances connected with it tell against its genuineness: John of Salisbury's testimony examined—Giraldus Cambrensis unreliable—Three other letters of Adrian tell against the supposed "grant" of Ireland—Place from which Bull is dated betrays forgery—Evidence against the probability of such a "grant"—Adrian IV. refused to second Henry's designs on Ireland: a true letter of Adrian re-interpreted.

ART. V.—JANE AUSTEN 103

Biographical sketch of Jane Austen—English life in her time—Lord Macaulay's estimate of her writings—Her fame grows slowly: objection of "commonplace" against her themes—Characteristics of her works in general—Analysis and estimate of "Pride and Prejudice"—Absence of religion from her novels.

ART. VI.—THE TSAR AND HIS HOLY SYNOD IN 1840 . . . 129

Mr. Palmer's position and motives in seeking Communion at Petersburg—History of the Tsar's supremacy—State of religion at time of Mr. Palmer's visit—State of the

clergy—Infrequency of Communion—Russians would not assume title of “Catholic”—Russian liberalism and want of zeal—Main difference between Anglican and Russian Churches and some points of likeness.

ART. VII.—THE HOLY SEE AND THE CLERGY OF IRELAND 148

Irish Bishops wait to take joint action regarding late Circular—What the Circular does *not* condemn: not the Parnell “Tribute,” but the agitation for which it was to be the pretence and its compulsoriness—Three stages of a Papal instruction: consequent difficulty of obedience—Complaints of “An Irish Priest” to *Tablet* replied to—Speeches, &c., on Archbishop Croke’s return proof of acceptance of Papal instruction—The Archbishop’s power: significance of his behaviour—Ireland’s present cause to be clung to, but present leaders deposed.

LETTER OF THE S. CONGREGATION OF PROPAGANDA TO THE BISHOPS OF IRELAND 166

SCIENCE NOTICES 167

An African Inland Sea—Secondary Batteries—Electric Railways—Art and Anthropology—Artificial Respiration.

NOTICES OF CATHOLIC CONTINENTAL PERIODICALS 173

Katholik—Historisch-politische Blätter—Zeitschrift für Katholische Theologie—La Civiltà Cattolica—La Controverse—Revue des Questions Historiques.

NOTICES OF BOOKS 182

Dr. S. B. Smith’s Elements of Ecclesiastical Law—Father Mackey’s Translation of S. Francis de Sales—Dom Shepherd’s Translation of Guéranger’s Liturgical Year—Works of Dr. O. Brownson—Mrs. Chambers’ Life of Mary Ward—New copyright Edition of Lingard’s History of England—H. Doucet’s Rapports de l’Eglise avec l’Etat Romain—Mrs. Hazeland’s Translation of

Lacordaire's Life of S. Dominic—Br. Foley's Records of English Province S. J.—*Analecta Bollandiana*, Tom. I.—English Translation of Hefele's Church Councils—H. Pirenne's *Sedulus de Liege*—Translation of Pelliccia's Polity of Christian Church—Lady Herbert's Life of S. J. Baptist de Rossi—H. Craik's Life of Jonathan Swift—Dr. Grisar's *Galileistudien*—F. S. D. Ames's Little Hinges—Miss Kershaw's Gamekeeper's Little Son—Rev. J. W. Vahey's Catholic Priest and Scientists—Rev. W. K. Hobart's Medical Language of St. Luke—Conveyancing Act of 1881—Settled Law Act of 1882—*Decreta authentica S.C. de Indulgentiis*—Ussher's Epistle of Barnabas—The Bhagavad of Gītā—A. E. Gough's Philosophy of the Upanishads—Ashton's Social Life under Queen Anne—Dr. S. Davidson's Doctrine of Last Things—J. M. Cotterill's *Peregrinus Proteus*—G. Bühler's Laws of the Aryas—West's Pahlavi Texts—Rhys Davids and H. Oldenburg's Vindya Texts—Darmsteter's *Zend-Avesta*—Dharmarksher's Fo-Sho-Hing-Tsar-King—Hudson's Scamper through America—A Son of Belial—F. Noble's Through Stormy Paths—My Story—S. Richardson's Killed at Sedan—W. Seton's Rachel's Fate—Uncle Ned's Stories—Abbé Servain's Life of Father Hermann—J. MacCarthy's History of the World—S. Hubert Burke's Historical Portraits, Vol. III.—Bishop Spalding's Lectures and Discourses—J. N. de Noduwes's *Excelsior*—Scott's Elementary Meteorology—Joly's Man before Metals—Catechism of Perseverance, Vol. IV.—Brocklehurst's Mexico of To-day—M. Creighton's Papacy during the Reformation—Deschamp's *Les Sociétés Secrètes*—G. Richardson's Account of some well authenticated Miracles.

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ART. I.—ST. MARTIN AND ST. PATRICK.

1. *Sulpicii Severi, de B. Martini Vita, Epistolæ, et Dialogi.* Lipsiæ, 1719.
2. *Vie de Saint Martin.* Par A. L. DE LA MARCHE. Tours : 1881.
3. *Histoire de l'Abbaye de Marmoutier.* Par DOM. EDMOND MARTÈRE. Tours : Ed. Chevallier. 1874.
4. *Notre-Dame des Sept-Dormants, à Marmoutier.* Par B. TH. POÜAN. Tours : 1881.
5. *Cartulaire de l'Abbaye de Noyers.* Tours : Ed. Chevallier. 1872.
6. *Book of Armagh. (Irish Antiquarian Researches.* By Sir WILLIAM BETHAM.) Dublin : 1827.
7. *Confessio et Epistola Sancti Patricii. (Acta Sanctorum, Martii xvii.)* Antwerpiae. 1668.
8. *Triadis Thaumaturga ; seu, divorum Patricii, Columbæ, et Brigidæ acta.* Lovanii : Colganus. 1647.
9. *Archæological Dissertation on the Birthplace of St. Patrick.* By the Rev. DUNCAN MACNAB. Dublin : 1866.

ALTHOUGH two great names stand together in the title of this article our business is chiefly with St. Patrick. There is hardly a Saint in the calendar whose history has passed through so strange an ordeal. It was written originally from the testimony of his contemporaries in an age which was eminently one of faith, and for more than a thousand years it was as little questioned in Ireland as the history of St. Francis amongst the

Umbrian vales. Then came the revolt of the sixteenth century against the interference of God in the affairs of men, and from that day to this the history of St. Patrick has been the object of the unwearied assaults of the adherents of that revolt in English-speaking nations. As a rule they have adopted the plan of attacking in detail; and in history this is always an easy mode of warfare, as facts never come to assist one another unless they are asked. We are also bound to confess that it is a style of attack against which the acts of St. Patrick are peculiarly defenceless. Fragments of his extraordinary history, torn from their context, and made to stand by themselves, are almost incomprehensible. It is only when they are brought together that the personality of the Saint is revealed, and we see how his character, work, and even his length of days, are all inseparably bound up in that unity which is the best evidence of truth. We now claim the right of carrying St. Patrick's cause into a higher court, that he may be tried with his peers by the standard of Saints' lives, and indeed, this is the only court to which it is worth while to appeal, for they who do not believe in the freedom and supremacy of supernatural power in this world can never understand St. Patrick. At the same time we are very far from assuming that Saints' lives are not subject to criticism as well as other biographies. In many things Saints are like other men, and subject to the same laws, and even when they ascend to heights whither our eyes cannot follow them, we are all the while conscious that their road is the same as ours, and that it is only the speed with which they travel which has carried them out of our sight.

These considerations have induced us to bring together St. Martin and his disciple St. Patrick, in the hope that their lives may give light one to the other; and this is all the more likely as these two Saints were nearly related by the ties of kindred, presented in their lives the same extraordinary union of the mystical and apostolic character, and lived and worked under social conditions which in some important respects were similar.

The history of St. Martin's life has been written by four of the Fathers of the Church, SS. Paulinus, Fortunatus, Gregory of Tours, and Sulpicius Severus, and his historic figure holds its place with those of Roman Emperors, and the representatives of that colossal power which impressed order and unity on history, as well as on society. Moreover, in studying his life, we have the advantage of one biography, that of Sulpicius Severus, which is a masterpiece in its own line, and a key to all the other records of the Saint. On the other hand, when St. Patrick died at the end of the fifth century, Ireland, in all respects save her faith, was still outside the Roman world, and in the following century, when she began to take a prominent place in Europe, the Great

Empire had passed away and with it all the landmarks of the past. Moreover, those biographies of St. Patrick, from which all subsequent histories were drawn, are very rude productions. They bear the stamp of the age in which they were written, when the Goth, the Vandal, and the Hun had well-nigh obliterated the literature of the world.

There is, however, a difficulty which suggests itself here, and demands an answer. Before the century succeeding that of St. Patrick came to a close, Ireland had begun to bear the proud title of "Island of Doctors," as well as of Saints: a title not usurped, but gratefully accorded by those nations who looked to her as the University of the west. How is it that, as time went on, little or nothing appears to have been done in giving a critical and literary shape to the acts of St. Patrick? We venture to suggest the following explanation. It is true that during those ages Ireland gave a home to the exiled learning of Europe; but at the same time she was occupied in another work, more absorbing and important than the cultivation of letters. As the *Vox Hyberionarum* followed St. Patrick from the land which his exile had consecrated, so it came to pass that scarcely had he left the earth before supplicating voices reached his disciples from Britain, Gaul, Germany, Switzerland, and even Italy, and we know how Columba, Columbanus, Fridolin, Gall, and legions of missionaries responded to the appeal, and how the Scoti, so long the terror of Europe, returned to their old battle-fields, as the messengers of the gospel of peace and love. Deep learning and patient criticism could hardly be expected to flourish side by side with that spirit of apostolic enterprise which then absorbed the energies of the nation. To the Missioner learning is rather an instrument than an end.* We may also add that the scanty and imperfect records of other great Missionaries in the fourth and fifth centuries show that this was the rule in other countries as well as Ireland. If we are right in this supposition, it may account for the fact that the records of St. Patrick in the "Book of Armagh," which was composed about the year 650, and in later writings on the same subject, are little more than transcripts

* From its origin, as Cardinal Newman remarks, Irish scholarship was rather scientific than literary. "As Rome was the centre of authority, so I may say Ireland was the native home of speculation," and then as now divine truth was the favourite object of its contemplations. See also Montalembert's account of the dialectical contests of Archbishop Theodore of Canterbury with his Irish disciples, and Ozanam's amusing description of the dismay of Alcuin when the Irish "*grex philosophorum*" invaded the schools of Charlemagne. "Idea of a University," p. 485. "*Moines d'occident*," v. 48. "*La Civilisation Chrétienne chez les Francs*," p. 606, cinquième ed.

of some one of the original lives of the Saint,* copied by the scribe in the same rough state as he had found them. While we take this as evidence of the value which then attached to these ancient writings, we are at the same time inclined to think that in our present very imperfect knowledge of the value of these works almost as much harm may be done to the Saint's history by their indiscriminate defence, as by the total rejection of these records. The defenders and the assailants of St. Patrick's history have again and again joined issue on verbal and other immaterial difficulties; hence the main points have been overlooked, and the Saint's history has been hidden in the dust of intestine conflicts.

By the main points we mean those great features in the life of the Apostle of Ireland which are in keeping with the analogy of Church History and Catholic hagiology; features which, as we have already observed, are the inimitable seal of that unity in variety, of which the Church is the perfect revelation in the spiritual order. The Communion of Saints is the creation of the prayer of Christ for the unity of the Redeemed, and it is this divine gift which enables us to recognize our forefathers in the faith. It teaches us what a Saint must have been, and what things are irreconcilable with the saintly character. This discernment, which is an hereditary instinct in Catholic nations, becomes a science under the guidance of the Church; the science by which she discerns the presence of heroic sanctity in the souls of men, and it is by the help of this science that Catholic writers are enabled to show how the Saints in successive ages are revelations of one and the same Master, and continue to shine with His light as the peaks of a mountain chain retain the brightness of the setting sun.

If any one objects that our style of argument merely lifts a saint above the dust of earth to hide him in the clouds of heaven, we can only answer that this difficulty is inherent in the subject—for a religion without mysteries is a contradiction in terms. In our turn we may ask, what becomes of Saints' lives, and of the history of Christianity itself when dealt with in any other manner? Is there any other way of treating the history of supernatural events, which can obtain the adhesion of any two reasonable beings? The truth is that unbelievers are driven to deny the existence of Catholic Saints as a consequence of their rejection of a supernatural order.

Hence Christian history has been presented to us by some modern writers as an effect without a cause: a drama with the

* This is the opinion of Mr. O'Curry as regards the "Book of Armagh," MS. Materials of Irish Hist., p. 347.

omission of the principal part. We do not mean to say that such writers are at all diffident in suggesting causes; but they are imaginary, and demand the simultaneous evolution of imaginary and unheard-of men and women as agents and recipients. When historians give us facts for causes: when we are asked to content ourselves with an explanation which only brings us back to the same point: when the pleasure-seeking Roman who revelled in seeing other men devoured is supposed to have been unaccountably smitten with the desire of being devoured in turn: when we are told that the fanaticism and superstition of a few Galilean fishermen silenced and captivated the philosophy of Greece and Rome, and that warlike and barbarous nations knelt to the Cross from a natural sympathy with shame and sorrow, we can only say that it is rationalism, not faith, which asserts its independence of reason and common-sense.

There is no event in the world's history which bears any resemblance with its conversion to Christianity. There had been changes before, but they were only new fashions of things that were old, and whether Persian, Macedonian, or Roman ruled him, man remained the same. Then came a message such as he had never heard before. It was uttered in many tongues, but its purport was ever the same as that of St. Remigius to Clovis, "Burn that which you adore, and adore that which you have burned," and it was received as true even by those who had not the courage to obey. It was a message that took man captive, and forced him on to suffering and death as if it were some conqueror regardless of human life, yet all the while he felt that then for the first time his will was his own, free from the tyranny of the passions, and capable of standing alone against the world. Everywhere the result was the same, and therefore, although records may be defective, or altogether wanting, we conclude that the cause was identical. It was not royal edicts, nor State protection which converted the world: the secular arm may protect, it cannot give the faith. Everywhere the message from heaven came from human lips which had been touched by the fire of the Seraphim, and its evidence that it came from above lay in the fact that it asked nothing from men but a hearing.

The idea of bringing St. Martin and his disciple St. Patrick together after the lapse of nearly fifteen centuries was first suggested by a visit to Marmoutier, the ancient monastery of St. Martin,*

* Marmoutier stands on the bank of the Loire about two miles from Tours, and is now in the possession of the "Religious of the Sacred Heart." It was the cradle of Western Monasticism centuries before Iona and Lindisfarne and Luxeuil were peopled by the disciples of SS.

and a study of the immemorial and abiding traditions of Touraine; and we hope to be able to prove that they are in such perfect harmony with the ancient Irish biographies of St. Patrick, that it is as if a hand was stretched forth from Gaul to take up the broken chain of his history. The chain is a long one, as the links must be looked for in the writings of authors of different nations from the sixth to the twelfth century; and if this gives interest and dignity to the subject, it also enhances its difficulty.

In the first place, it is necessary to investigate the evidence for the fact that St. Patrick and St. Martin were together at Marmoutier, and that the latter went at once to St. Martin on his escape from captivity in Ireland: not that we ourselves have any doubts upon the subject, but because many modern writers have practically dismissed the consideration of this part of the Saint's history. The reader will understand how this has come to pass when we observe that the fact of St. Patrick's *personal* relations with St. Martin carries with it the proof of our Saint's extraordinary age of 120 years, and overthrows the theory of his connection with Scotland; and we believe that if we succeed in proving the Saint's longevity, and in refuting the Scotch theory, all the chronological difficulties in his history will disappear. As regards authorities for that history, we are safe in saying that St. Patrick's own writings not only stand first, but that all other testimony must be subject to them. In the next rank we place the Tripartite Life, and that by Probus, and our object now is to show how these two biographies supply what is omitted in the Saint's writings, and that from a combination of the three we can construct a complete and consistent narrative.

The author of the Tripartite and Probus tell us that St. Patrick joined St. Martin at Tours, and put himself under his direction. The latter writer also fixes the time of his stay at four years. St. Patrick died A.D. 492, and he tells us that he was "about sixteen years of age (*fere sedecim*) when carried captive to Ireland, and that he remained six years in servitude; he was

Columba and Columbanus, and like the Irish Monasteries it eventually accepted the gentler rule of St. Benedict. The Abbey was destroyed in the Great Revolution, and in 1847 the site was purchased and saved from profanation by the Venerable Mère Barat. Nothing remains of the more modern Abbey save the wall, and the great gateway before which B. Urban II. preached the Crusade; but it may be said that the ruin of the Abbey has restored the Marmoutier of the fourth century, for the caves and catacombs where St. Martin and his disciples dwelt are now seen very much as they were in the Saint's time, and the civilized as well as the Christian world, if the distinction is possible, owe a great debt to those who have preserved, and now keep watch over, a sanctuary which has been the spiritual birthplace of many nations.

therefore in his twenty-second year when he escaped. St. Martin died A.D. 397. Ninety-five years, therefore, intervened between his death and that of his disciple. As St. Patrick was twenty-one years of age or twenty-two *incomplete* at the time of his escape, if we add to this the four years of Probus, then the 120 years of St. Patrick's life follow as a necessary consequence of his connection with St. Martin; we have the beginning and the end.*

Thus we find that the combined evidence of the "Tripartite Life," the "Life" by Probus, and the chronology of St. Martin's history, make it absolutely certain that St. Patrick joined St. Martin as soon as he made his escape from his captivity in Ireland; but St. Patrick tells us that it was to his own country (*patria*) that his steps were then directed, and so we find ourselves at once face to face with the much-debated question of his nationality: a question the importance of which is much enhanced by the fact that upon it hangs the whole chronology of the Saint's life. Our position is this:—We are convinced that his own writings are the only records of his life in which we can place unlimited trust, and that all other evidence, however ancient, must be put aside if it does not fit in with that of the Saint himself. At the same time, we are in no way inclined, with Tillemont, to confine ourselves to the "Confession" and "Epistle" of St. Patrick, to the exclusion of the ancient lives, and we believe that if this acute critic had had the evidence of their value which we now possess, he would have treated them with more respect. There can be no question that some of them embody the testimonies of eye-witnesses to St. Patrick's

* It is not from want of other evidence that we dwell on this argument. The authorities for St. Patrick's longevity are overwhelming; indeed, we believe that there is not a dissentient voice amongst ancient writers. For the fact that the saint attained the age of one hundred and twenty years we have the testimony of:—

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|-----------------------------------|-------------------------------------|
| 1. The Tripartite Life. | 10. Book of Howth. |
| 2. The Book of Armagh (Tirechan). | 11. <i>The Four Masters</i> . |
| 3. The Vita Secunda | 12. <i>The Chronicum Scotorum</i> . |
| 4. The Vita Quarta } (Colgan). | 13. Marianus Scottus. |
| 5. The Lebhhar Brecc. | 14. Nennius. |
| 6. Annals of Tighernach. | 15. Giraldus Cambrensis. |
| 7. Annals of Ulster. | 16. <i>Florence of Worcester</i> . |
| 8. Annals of Boyle. | 17. <i>Roger of Wendover</i> . |
| 9. Annals of Innisfail. | |

The four writers whose names are italicized add one or two years to St. Patrick's age, but this is probably owing to confusion arising from the fact that many ancient writers dated from the Incarnation, rather than from the Birth of Christ. Anyhow, we have here testimonies which might be still further multiplied, that St. Patrick's longevity was a fact universally accepted by historians from the sixth century down to the time of Father Colgan and Ussher, both of whom are on our side.

missionary career in Ireland, evidence which, day by day, is more and more fully corroborated by historical and archæological investigations, while their simplicity and minuteness of detail and freedom from all that mechanism which betrays the special pleader, unite in imprinting upon them that seal of authenticity which distinguishes histories written in the childhood of nations. At the same time we are of opinion that a decided line must be drawn between the evidence of contemporary Irish writers, which bears on St. Patrick's mission in their own country, and their testimony regarding the events of his life in other lands, just as we should accept the statements of a contemporary Japanese writer as regards St. Francis Xavier's mission in Japan, without expecting accuracy as to the events of the Saint's early life in Navarre.

We shall now proceed to string together the evidence which, while it binds St. Patrick to St. Martin, at the same time establishes the fact that the country of St. Martin was also the *patria*, or fatherland, of St. Patrick; and as this point, once established on his own testimony, carries with it the refutation of all contradictory theories, it will only be necessary to meet them indirectly. We shall confine ourselves to the Bollandist text of St. Patrick's writings; it is the one to which reference can most easily be made, and it is probably the best. In his account of his parentage and country, St. Patrick tells us that his grandfather and father bore respectively the names, Potitus and Calphurnius, which, like his own, were common Roman names, and that his father was a Decurio or provincial Roman senator, and in more than one place the Saint refers to the nobility of his birth, in language which clearly points to his Roman origin. He tells us that when he was nearly sixteen years of age, he was carried captive to Ireland from his father's villa, which was near the village (*vicus*) of Bonavem Taberniæ. The following is the account as it stands, in his own words;—"I was led away captive into Ireland with thousands of others, and deservedly, because we had turned away from God, disobeying His commands, and rebelling against His priests who taught us the way of salvation, and the Lord brought upon us the wrath of His indignation, and scattered us among many nations, even to the end of the earth (*etiam usque ad ultimum terræ*)."

It is clear that the boy at this time was living with his Roman father in the midst of a large Christian population, in some peaceful country place, which was evidently supposed to be secure from invasion. Now, taking into account the state of North Britain at the end of the fourth century, is it possible to reconcile this narrative with the theory that the neighbourhood of old Kilpatrick, near Dumbarton, the ancient Alcluith, on the frontier of Argyleshire, was the place to which St. Patrick here alludes?

It is evident from the Saint's words that he was in his own country, and in the midst of his own people, and not merely on a visit as some have stated. Our first step, therefore, must be to find out what, at this time, was the state of the Roman province of Valentia, at the northern extremity of which stood the city (*urbs*) Alcluith of the Venerable Bede. Towards the end of the fourth century the Romans were gradually withdrawing their legions from Britain for the defence of the heart of the Empire, and then began that terrible period of desolation, which at length drove the British into the net of their Saxon conquerors. Wave after wave of hardy warriors from Caledonia poured down upon the effeminate inhabitants of the south, and the fountain-head of that northern torrent was precisely the spot in which some suppose St. Patrick to have passed his peaceful youth.

It was precisely at the close of this century, and the beginning of the fifth, that the clans above mentioned seemed on the point of subjugating the south as well as the north of Britain. The Western Highlands, and the country about Loch Lomond, were held by the Scots, whose armies were recruited by a continued stream of their countrymen from Ireland. The Picts held the eastern counties, while, according to Gibbon, the Attacotti,* a ferocious tribe of cannibals were in possession of the country where now stands the modern Glasgow. In the year 367, in the reign of the Emperor Valentinian, these clans bore down upon the south; the Roman legions were routed, and London besieged, and although, upon the arrival of Theodosius, father of the emperor of that name, with an army from Gaul, the enemy was repulsed, there is no reason to suppose that the Roman rule was ever again re-established in North Britain, or that the title of Valentia then given to it was ever more than a barren one. Indeed, Lingard tells us that long before this time the northern province had been abandoned by the Romans,† and as the campaign of Theodosius took place A.D. 368–9, we have nineteen years still to account for until St. Patrick's captivity in the year 388.

From that time until the complete abandonment of Britain by

* "Roman Empire," ch. xxv. sec. 2. This writer quotes St. Jerome on the cannibalism of the Attacotti. The saint had seen some of the tribe in Gaul serving as auxiliaries in the Roman army. Gibbon, however, takes it on himself to append the word *Scotos* after *Attacotti* in the text of St. Jerome, but he must have known that his view was not shared by St. Jerome, who distinguishes between these nations in the same sentence, and in several other passages of his works. Gibbon probably argued that the ready acceptance of Christianity by the Irish of that age was a sufficient excuse for identifying them with this cannibal nation.

† "Hist. of England," vol. i. p. 62.

the Romans A.D. 409, all the ancient records of Britain tell the same tale of havoc and woe. Gildas attributes her calamities to the fact that about the year 383, the flower of her youth deserted her to follow the tyrant Maximus into Gaul, and Ussher gives their number at 30,000 soldiers and 100,000 plebeians, and informs us that they settled in Brittany, where, according to William of Malmesbury, a colony of their countrymen had preceded them in the time of Constantine.* When we complete the picture with the account which Ven. Bede gives us of North Britain at the end of the fourth century,† the conclusion is forced upon us that the desolate border-land of “Caledonia stern and wild” was not likely to offer any temptations to a marauding expedition, and that it was one of the last places in the world where we should expect to find the country residence of a Roman senator living peacefully in the midst of a large Christian population.

For this introductory argument we claim no more than the balance of probabilities in support of what seems to us the decisive testimony of the Saint’s own writings, in which, when giving an account of his return from captivity, he leads us step by step from Ireland back to his “own country,” and satisfies us that this country was France. Before, however, we begin to take up the chain of positive proof, we must direct attention to St. Patrick’s repeated allusions to his sense of the immense distance which separated him from his native land. His frequent recurrence to this point shows that he regarded his second and voluntary exile as one of his greatest claims on the gratitude of the Irish people; but his language would be devoid of meaning if in the first instance his captors had done no more than bring him down the Clyde and across to Antrim—a voyage at the time so familiar to the people he was addressing.

The “Confession” of St. Patrick and his “Epistle to Coroticus,” taken together, occupy six folio pages in the “Acta Sanctorum” of the Bollandists, and it is remarkable that in this brief space there are as many as eight passages in which the Saint dwells on this point, and we observe that in whatever way he alludes to his captivity and mission, he always speaks of the Irish as a foreign nation (*gens extera*). In two other places‡ he uses this term to designate nations at a distance—viz., in alluding to the heathen Franks as contrasted with the Gauls, and to the Scots and Picts in Caledonia, and even in these passages we find an indirect testimony in favour of our position, for in the first instance his language is that

* Works of Gildas, Sec. 14, Ed. Giles. Ussher, “Antiq. Britton. Eccl.,” p. 107. Gul. Malmsh. “Gesta Regum Angl.” lib. i. sec. 1.

† Bk. i. sec. 12.

‡ “Epist.,” sec. 7.

of a native of Gaul when speaking of her enemies, and in the other that of an inhabitant of Ireland to whom Caledonia was a strange and unknown land. It is curious to observe how vivid recollections of the past impart colour and intensity to his language whenever he alludes to his own captivity. He uses forms of expression which tell of one who felt that he had been carried, as it were, to another world. No one save a Roman citizen brought up amidst those proud traditions which made the Empire the limit of the world, could speak as the Saint does of being "dispersed" with his fellow-captives "amongst many nations even to the end of the earth" (*usque ad ultimum terre*). Again, on his return to Ireland as a missionary, his expressions are precisely of the same character, as will be seen from the following extracts:— "We are the Epistle of Christ to the ends of the earth, not eloquent, but still for all that written in your hearts, not with ink, but by the spirit of the Living God." "A people lately coming to the faith, whom the Lord hath gathered from the ends of the earth." "Yea, rather for the love of God, I am a stranger and a wanderer amongst barbarian nations: God Himself is witness that it is so." "The children of God whom He hath lately sought for at the ends of the earth." "According to the flesh, I am of noble blood, for my father was a decurio: I have bartered my nobility (I feel neither shame nor sorrow) for the sake of others; in a word, I am delivered in Christ to a foreign nation for the ineffable glory of that everlasting life which is in Christ Jesus our Lord."*

Now, bearing in mind all the circumstances of time and place, we argue that it is impossible to reconcile these extracts with the view that North Britain in the year 372 was the fatherland of St. Patrick, while they are quite natural in the mouth of one born of Roman or Gallo-Roman parents in any part of Gaul, which, in our Saint's time, was probably the most Roman of all the subjugated countries of the Empire.†

It is not our intention to entangle ourselves and our readers in the controversy concerning the precise place in Gaul where St. Patrick was born: our only concern here is with his nationality, as evidenced by his own language and his relations with St. Martin. We regard this point as much more important than the identification of his birthplace. It is the nation to which a man belongs, not the spot where he happens to see light, which leaves its stamp upon his character. As yet it seems that the exact birthplace of St. Patrick, as well as that of SS. Martin, Ambrose, and Gregory VII., cannot be discovered; and we must content our-

* "Confession," cap. l. sec. 4., c. iv. s. 16. "Epistola," sec. i. iv. and v.

† Lagrange, "Vie de S. Paulin de Nole," p. 1.

selves with the knowledge that he identified himself with that Roman race which received the empire of the civilized world that it might make it over to Christ.

As, however, we take our stand on the evidence of the Saint's writings, it is necessary to meet an objection drawn from a passage in the "Confession." The Saint is alluding to his anxiety concerning some of his flock, who were apparently suffering great domestic persecution, and he goes on to say:—

Wherefore, although I might leave them and set out for Britain, if I pleased, and although I was desirous and prepared to go as it were to my country and kinsfolk, and not only thither, but also as far as Gaul, that I might see the face of the saints of my Lord: God knows that I desired it ardently. But bound by the Spirit (who declared that if I did this He would judge me to be guilty) I fear to lose the labour which I have begun, and not I, but Christ the Lord who commanded me to come, and be with them for the remainder of my life."*

Some writers have argued that the distinction here drawn between Britain and Gaul is a proof that it is Great Britain to which St. Patrick alludes, and that it excludes all claim on the part of Gaul to be the fatherland of the Apostle of Ireland. We find, however, that the difficulty vanishes when we compare the geographical nomenclature used by St. Patrick with that of his contemporaries, Sulpicius Severus and St. Paulinus of Nola. It is true that all modern France, including Britannia (Brittany), was known as Gaul; but at the same time there was a clearly marked distinction between the countries of the Belgæ, the Celtæ, and the Aquitani, the three great nations inhabiting, respectively, the north, middle, and south of Gaul. St. Martin's monastery at Tours was situated in the midst of Gallia Celtica, the country of the Celts, or Gauls *par excellence*, as distinguished from the Belgæ and Aquitani. Hence when Gallus, the disciple of St. Martin, is introduced in the Dialogues of Sulpicius Severus as addressing an assembly of the Aquitani, he apologizes for his boldness in that "he, a Gaul, should venture to speak in the presence of Aquitani."† Again, St. Paulinus makes the same distinction, and when celebrating the apostolic labours of St. Martin and St. Delphinus, Bishop of Bordeaux, he says, "Gaul took Martin to herself, and Aquitania Delphinus.‡

Although Brittany, under its earlier denomination of Armorica, was originally included in Gallia Celtica, it is certain that in St. Patrick's time it had come to be regarded as a separate

* Cap. iv. sec. 19.

† "Me hominem Gallum inter Aquitanos verba facturum." Dial. cap. xxvii. Also Dial. ii. cap. viii.

‡ "Gallia Martinum, Aquitania Delphinum sumpsit." Lagrange, p. 70.

province, held by British settlers from the island whose name it assumed. We have seen on the evidence of William of Malmesbury that this colonization had begun in the time of Constantine, nearly two hundred years before St. Patrick wrote his "Confession." The distinction, therefore, between Brittany and Gaul proper, would probably be even more strongly marked than that which existed between the last-named province and Aquitaine, and thus there is no difficulty in understanding St. Patrick when he speaks of a journey from Ireland to the coast of Brittany, and from thence "as far as Gaul."

St. Patrick refers to Britannia in three different places in his "Confession." In the text in the "Book of Armagh" the word is always in the plural, while in that of the Bollandists it occurs twice in the plural and once in the singular. It has been argued that this predominance of the plural form points to Britannia Major, and its various divisions under the Romans. We find, however, in the writings of St. Jerome,* that in more than one place he adopts the singular of Britannia in referring to Great Britain, while Venerable Bede† uses the singular and plural indiscriminately. So, even supposing the texts were unanimous, no valid argument could be drawn from them. When Britannia is mentioned by ancient authors it is the context, not the form of the word which must be our guide in distinguishing between the two Britannias.

At the close of the fifth century, when St. Patrick wrote, the island of Britain for many years had lain in the silence and shadow of death. The work of destruction, begun by Scots and Picts, had been finished by the Saxons, and it is well-nigh certain that at that time no trace remained at Dumbarton of those "miserable survivors of the British nation," whom Venerable Bede describes as vainly imploring the aid of the Romans in the year 446, in the well-known letter to Ætius entitled, "The Groans of the Britons."‡

But to return to the evidence drawn from St. Patrick's itinerary. From the narrative in the "Tripartite Life," we learn that St. Patrick's captors sailed to the north, and descended on the eastern coast of Ireland, and that, having sold Patrick in Antrim, they passed still further southward, and sold his sisters in Louth.§ They must, therefore, have skirted the western shores of Ireland, thus avoiding the south-eastern coast of Great Britain, where they were in danger of falling in with the Roman fleets. It is

* "Opera," vol. i. and v. pp. 1038, 917. Venetiis, 1771.

† "Eccles. Hist." c. xv. sec. 35, and c. xxi. sec. 47.

‡ *Ibid.* Bk. 1. c. xiii. § "Trias Thaumaturgum" p. 119.

clear that such a course cannot fit in with the Dumbarton theory : a voyage northward from the mouth of the Clyde would have taken the fleet to the North Pole.

We believe that all authorities, ancient and modern, agree in identifying the modern Slemish with the ancient Sliabh-Mis, the mountain on which, for six years, St. Patrick guarded the flocks of Milcho, a chieftain in Antrim, whose date in Irish annals corresponds with that of the Saint's captivity.* St. Patrick revisited the spot on his return to Ireland, hoping to convert his former persecutor, and longing, as we may well believe, to see again the place, to which as he tells us, in after years, his mind reverted as to the scene of his most intimate and sublime communications with God. Slemish is situated near Ballymena, and in the valley, at a distance of about three miles from the base of the mountain, we find one of those cyclopean ruins which carry us back to the earliest ages of Irish history. This tradition identifies as the castle of Milcho. Standing on this spot, facing the cloud-capped summit of Slemish, the past returns, when we see how Nature, here so unchanged, combines with written records and traditions in bringing out the extraordinary consistency of St. Patrick's history.†

The Saint tells us that when he had passed six years in captivity, he received a supernatural intimation that his deliverance was at hand, and that he should return to his own country (*patria*), and that a ship was in readiness to bear him away ; he also informs us that the place where the ship lay was at a distance of 200 Roman miles, equivalent to 126 English. Now the only way in which St. Patrick could find the sea at this distance was by facing westward. Thus the Saint, in his journey from Slemish, must have turned away from the

* Colgan, "Acta SS. Hib." p. 741.

† The Saint's occupation in his solitude on Slemish is evident from his own words, "I was daily tending sheep" (*pecora*). This is the primary signification of the word from the Greek "to shear," and he adds, "I remained upon the mountain," where naturally sheep would be sent to feed. The statement therefore that our Saint was a swineherd is repugnant to the fact as well as to our feelings. This latter is the tradition at Old Kilpatrick, which claims the honour of being not only the birthplace, but also the *burial-place* of St. Patrick, and an ancient monument in the churchyard is said to mark his grave. Scottish archæologists have argued that the figure on the stone probably represents St. Patrick, as it bears a pig on its shoulder. On examining the stone we found that it represents a belted knight in full armour with a sword at his side. It may be that some heroic Sir Patrick of days gone by now sleeps beneath the stone. Our convictions regarding this monument are therefore stronger than those of the Rev. Duncan Macnab, who observes "It has no inscription. I saw nothing clearly indicating its relation with St. Patrick" ("Archæological Dissertation on the Birthplace of St. Patrick," p. 40).

narrow strait which at this point separates Antrim from Caledonia. It is evident, therefore, that St. Patrick on his way home, retraced the course along the western coast of Ireland, which six years before had been pursued by the fleet which had carried him captive. Again, the study of the Saint's writings reveals another point which enables us to trace the direction of his flight. In writing for Catholics, it is needless to say that we consider ourselves justified in treating the supernatural events recorded by the Saint as an integral part of his history. Amongst these, one of the most momentous and best known is the invitation which he styles the *Vox Hyberionarum*, the "Voice of the Irish," which the Saint heard across the seas recalling him to Ireland. It was the origin of his vocation to the apostolate, and, measured by its results, no greater message has come from God to man since the call of the Apostle of the Nation. The following is the Saint's account of this supernatural communication which he received some years after he returned to his own country :—

In a vision of the night I saw a man named Victricius, coming as it were from Ireland, with innumerable letters, one of which he gave me, and in the first line I read, "the Voice of the Irish," and as I repeated the two first words of the letter, I seemed at the same moment to hear the voices of those who had dwelt near the wood of Fochloth, which borders the Western Sea, and they cried, as it were, with one voice, "We beseech thee, holy youth, to return, and still walk amongst us." And my heart was melted within me, and I could read no more; and I awoke, thanks be to God, seeing that after many years the Lord has granted them that for which they supplicated.

The following extract from Tirechan's "Collections concerning St. Patrick" in the "Book of Armagh," tells us how, in the course of time, St. Patrick obeyed the call which he received in this vision.

Soon after he (St. Patrick) founded the church of Icarrie Dagri, and another church Immruig Thuaithe; and he wrote letters to Cerpanus. And having entered into the royal palace they did not rise up before him, except Hercus the layman, and he said to him, "Why have you only arisen to honour my God in my person?" And Hercus said to him, "I know not why, but by God's power ignited sparks ascended from your lips to mine." The Saint also said to him, "If you will be baptized in the Lord you shall receive what I have power to give you." He answered, "I will receive." And they came to the fountain which is called in the Scottish tongue "Loigles," but with us "the Calf of Cities." And having opened the book and baptized Hercus, he heard men behind his back deriding him for that which he was doing, because they knew not what he did. And he baptized many thousand men on that day. Among their opinions

of baptism, he heard the following:—Behold, two noblemen were discoursing behind him, and said one to another, “What thou sayest is true, it was foretold from the circle of the year which has passed by, that you would come hither in those days.” And he said, “Tell me your name, I entreat you, and that of your father, and of your country, and of your house, and residence.” He answering said, “I am the son of Amolngid, the son of Fechrach, the son of Echach, from the Western Country, from the plain of Domnon, and from the wood of Fochloth.” And when he heard the name of his father, and the wood of Fochloth, he rejoiced greatly, and said to him, “Endeus, the son of Amolngid, I will go with you if I live, because the Lord commanded me that I should go.” And Endeus said “You shall not go with me, lest we be both slain.” The Saint then said, “You shall never arrive at your country, unless I shall go with you, and you shall not have eternal life, because you came here on my account, like Joseph before the children of Israel.” But Endeus said to Patrick, “Do you baptize my son, because he is of tender age, but I and my people cannot believe you until we come to our own people, lest those people laugh at us.” Conallus was accordingly baptized, and Patrick gave him his benediction, and held his hand, and gave him to Cathiacus, the bishop, and he brought him up, and Cathiacus taught him, and Mucneus, the brother of Cathiacus, the bishop, whose remains are in the great church of Patrick, in the wood of Fochloth.

Then comes an account of an appeal from the six sons of Amolngid to the King Laeghaire, son of Nial of the nine hostages, on the subjects of their inheritance, in which St. Patrick judged as assessor with the king, after which they set out on their journey westward.

Because necessity obliged them (*necessitas poscit illos*) to pass through the wood of Fochloth before the beginning of the year, on the second Easter, because of the children exclaiming with great clamour, he heard them in their mother’s womb saying, “Come Saint Patrick, save us.”*

The evidence supplied by this extract fits in with St. Patrick’s narrative, and lights up one of the most important events in his life. He tells that during the six years of his captivity he had remained in the service of the same master,† and there is no question as to this man’s identity: all authorities unite in telling us that the boy was sold to Milcho. When, therefore, on his return to Ireland, after an absence of nearly forty years, we find that St. Patrick was familiar with names of persons and places in Mayo, in which county the wood of Fochloth was situated,‡ we conclude that it was on the occasion of his flight

* “Book of Armagh,” Betham, vol. i. 356, 359.

† Conf. cap. ii. sec. 7.

‡ As we learn from the text, the wood of Fochloth was a well-known

that he made the acquaintance of those whose voices reached him from the shores of the Western Sea. This is the only reasonable explanation of the fact, as it is most unlikely that the young slave should have visited Fochloth for the purpose of buying sheep as Dr. Lanigan supposes !*

We now proceed to follow our Saint on his voyage from the west coast of Ireland, on his return to "his own country," and to show how the evidence drawn from his writings, and the testimony of his biographer, unite with the history and traditions of Tours in leading him at this period from Ireland to St. Martin at Marmoutier.

The narrative of the voyage as it stands in the Saint's words, runs thus:—"Forthwith we put to sea, and after three days reached the land, and for twenty-seven days we travelled through a desert."† The Saint gives us no clue by which to determine the county at which he then arrived, save that which is drawn from his expressions regarding his captivity, as he came from some country far away, "to the ends of the earth," so in like manner must have been his return. On this point, however, we have the positive evidence of his biographer, Probus. Some grave authorities seem disposed to place this writer foremost amongst the biographers of St. Patrick; but without going so far as this, there are special reasons which give great importance to his testimony on the point under consideration. It appears to us that none of the ancient writers of St. Patrick's history have given us anything more than traditions regarding those sixty years of his life which elapsed before his mission to Ireland, and the special value of evidence of Probus in our present argument arises from the fact that it fits in with St. Patrick's narrative as found in the "Confession." It is the generally received opinion that we cannot place Probus later than the tenth century, and the arguments of Father Colgan leave no doubt on our mind that he was not an Irishman.‡

This opinion of the learned author of the "Trias Thaumaturga" is grounded on the evident ignorance of Probus as regards Irish expressions, and the names of some of the best known places in

and sacred place at the time of the composition of the "Book of Armagh," and Colgan and others have given conclusive evidence that it stood in the barony of Tirawley in Mayo.

* This learned writer, "Irish Eccl. Hist." vol. i. p. 148, in arguing that St. Patrick sailed from Bantry, observes, that "the distance of about 200 (Roman) miles answers very well," whereas it is nearer to 500 of such measurement, and at p. 163, he endeavours to elude the difficulty of St. Patrick's connexion with Fochloth in the manner quoted in the text.

† "Confessions," cap. ii. sec. 8. ‡ "Trias Thaum." p. 61, n. 1.

Ireland. At the same time we find, that amongst the seven ancient biographers of St. Patrick, this writer alone identifies the precise place of the Saint's landing on his return to Gaul. We, therefore, conclude that he supplemented the Irish records by the help of the traditions of Gaul. His account runs as follows :—

After twelve days, in the company of the Gauls, he reached Brotgalum, going on from thence to Trajectus. Here, by the aid of the Christians, the blessed Patrick obtained his liberty, and having escaped, he arrived at Tours, and joined Martin the Bishop, with whom he remained for the space of four years, receiving the tonsure, and admission into the clerical state, and he held fast to the doctrine, and learning that he received from him.

In the same page Probus completes the account of Patrick's noviciate under St. Martin : " He passed the time in utter submission, with patience, obedience, charity, and chastity, and all purity of soul and spirit, remaining a virgin in the fear of the Lord, and walking, all the days of his life, in holiness and simplicity of heart."*

For the sake of readers unacquainted with St. Patrick's " Confession," it is necessary to observe that in it the narrative is almost always incidental, incomplete, and secondary to the main object, which is to declare the mercies of God in the Saint's regard. We are, therefore, compelled to complete the story from other sources. We have already given all that he tells us concerning his voyage and arrival in his own country. We have now to see how far this corresponds with and verifies the statement of Probus. St. Patrick says that he was three days at sea, while Probus speaks of a journey of twelve days; but this may refer to some one subsequent to the landing of the Saint in Gaul. The point in the testimony of Probus with which we are now concerned is found in the fact that he makes St. Patrick start from Brotgalum on his way to St. Martin. It is plain that Brotgalum is either an ancient form, or a corruption, of the name Burdigala, or Burdegala—the ancient Bordeaux. This is the opinion of Father Colgan and Dr. Lanigan, and all doubt is removed by the account which Probus gives of the next stage of the Saint's journey, when he brings him to Trajectus, which, in Arrowsmith's atlas of ancient Gaul, is found on the river Dordogne, about sixty miles to the east of Burdigala, or Bordeaux. From this point St. Patrick must have started northward to reach St. Martin at Tours, at a distance of about two hundred miles, and he goes on to say that " for twenty-seven days we travelled through a desert."†

* "Trias Thaummat." p. 48.

† "Viginti et septem dies per desertum iter fecimus." Conf. cap. ii. sec. 8.

A glance at the ancient map of Gaul will show that in St. Patrick's time a great part of the country between Trajectus and Tours well deserved the name of a desert. The network of rivers, tributaries of the Loire, and now known as La Vienne, La Claire, Le Blanc, L'Indre, Le Gartempe, &c., must have exposed the country to periodical inundations in those days when the rivers had it all their own way. So from Tours in the north to Limonum, Alerea and Segora in the south, east and west, we find some five thousand square miles, which, as far as the ancient map is concerned, give no signs of possession by man. Travellers entangled amidst those rivers and morasses must have advanced very slowly, and thus it appears that both place and time fit in with St. Patrick's narrative.

Nature has changed her face along the line of St. Patrick's journey, and there is little now to remind us of its primæval desolation, save that the rivers preserve some of their old habits, and now and then combine with the inundations of the giant Loire in setting man at defiance. Time, however, with its alternate gifts and ravages, has left untouched the traditions regarding St. Patrick's journey. There is something more than antiquarian interest in the feelings of the Christian traveller who visits the spot on the banks of the Loire where immemorial tradition and an ancient monument mark the spot at which the Saint crossed the river on his way to Marmoutier. At about twenty miles from Tours, the railway between that city and Angers stops at the *Station St. Patrice*; the Commune is also named after the Saint, and, as we shall see, there is historical evidence that it has been thus designated for at least nine hundred years.

The first witness whose evidence we shall take on the subject of the Saint's arrival at St. Patrice, is one which many believe to have survived since his time; but on this point the reader must form his own opinion. Above the station, on the side of the hill which rises from the banks of the Loire, we find the famous tree which bears the "Flowers of St. Patrick." For ages past it has been an object of religious veneration with the people of Touraine, and in our own times it is particularly interesting to find that this devotion was shared by that great servant of God, Léon Dupont, the Thaumaturgus of Tours. Mgr. C. Chevallier, President of the Archæological Society of Touraine, has published a very full account of this tree, and of the traditions connected with it,* the substance of which we subjoin, together with the result of personal investigations made on the spot in August,

* *Annales de la Société d'Agriculture, Science, &c., du Département d'Indre et Loire*, tome xxx. année 1850, f. 70.

1881. At this season the tree was covered with foliage so luxuriant, from the ground upwards, that it was impossible to distinguish the stem, and in every respect it presented the appearance of a tree in its prime, without a sign of decay. It belongs to the botanical class *Prunus spinosa*, or blackthorn, and it was covered with berries at the time of our visit. These, however, were the evidence of a second efflorescence in the spring. The celebrity of the tree arises from the fact that every year at Christmas-time it is seen covered with flowers, and the tradition at St. Patrice, handed down from father to son, affirms that for fifteen hundred years this phenomenon has been repeated at the same sacred season, since the day when St. Patrick, returning from Ireland, crossed the Loire on his way to join St. Martin, and lay down to rest at the foot of this tree. It matters not how intense the cold of any particular winter may be, while the ground beneath and the country round lie in their white shroud, the "Flowers of St. Patrick" unfold their blossoms, and bid defiance to the fierce north winds which sweep the valley of the Loire. It belongs to science to determine whether this appearance of the "Flowers of St. Patrick" can be reconciled with the laws of Nature. We certainly do find other instances of trees flowering in winter; but unless we knew all the circumstances comparison would be useless. Thermal springs beneath the tree, or a sheltered position may account for the phenomena in other instances; but, as Mgr. Chevallier remarks, in the case of the "Flowers of St. Patrick," there can be no suspicion of subterranean heat, seeing that while the flowers are in bloom, the ice and snow cover the ground beneath. Moreover, the tree stands at a considerable elevation, and in a most exposed position. Anyhow, it cannot be denied that it strengthens our argument to meet this strange tree with its attendant traditions, in the line of St. Patrick's journey from Trajectus to Tours as marked out by Probus.

Our next witness is of a more ordinary description. On the same eminence, at a distance of about thirty yards, stands the ancient parish church dedicated to St. Patrick. From the style of its architecture, it is clear that it belongs to the tenth or eleventh century, and in the "*Cartulaire de l'abbaye de Noyers*"* we find no less than thirty charters relating to this church, and the parish and cemetery attached to it. One, bearing the date of 1035, contains a deed of gift by which a certain nobleman named Archambauld makes over to the monks of the Abbey of Noyers a house and lands adjoining the church of St. Patrick, with all his rights as patron of the church and cemetery: also a tithe of

the profits of his weirs in the river Indre. Another charter, dated 1069, completes the history of Archambauld, telling us how he went with Foulque, Count of Anjou, on an expedition against the Castle of Trebas, where he was mortally wounded, and how his son Andrew, in the presence of his dying father, confirmed the donation to the monks of Noyers. Moreover, we find that the church stood near the Roman road (*maximam viam**) between Anjou and Tours; thus ancient records, and immemorial traditions, complete our story, and set St. Patrick on the high road to St. Martin at Marmoutier.

If it appears to some of our readers that a solitary incident in the Saint's life is undeserving of so lengthy an investigation, we would remind them of the immense labours which learned men have expended on the history of St. Patrick's life, and how general is the impression that the result has been unsatisfactory. We lay down the works of Ussher, Lanigan, and Todd, with the feeling that these writers have indeed displayed their erudition, but that their arguments are too often only so many heavy chains which are loose at both ends. A good deal of this is owing to the traditional prolixity which seems to have become inherent in the subject; and it has been justly remarked that "Prolixity exercises a more deceptive influence than all the sophisms classified in books of logic."† It is evident that the profusion of the ancient sources of St. Patrick's life has been a snare in this respect. When enumerating the authorities for his extraordinary age, we had a specimen of the œcumenical evidence which can be summoned in support of his history. At the same time, as has been already observed, in many accounts we must be prepared for many discrepancies, and unless we can discriminate and give their real value to our authorities, we shall find ourselves going round in a circle like men in a snowstorm. All who are familiar with the various controversies concerning St. Patrick, will understand the importance of the point which we have undertaken to establish. There is no fact in St. Patrick's life which comes to us borne on such a tide of ancient authority as the statement that he lived to the age of one hundred and twenty years, and we believe that those modern writers who, regarding this as an insurmountable difficulty, have attempted to re-arrange the figures of his chronology, are mainly responsible for the bewildered incredulity which has possessed the public mind on the subject of St. Patrick's history.

It is a difficult matter to defend a disputed historical position so far removed from our own times. Ancient authors are simple

* "Cartulaire," p. 229.

† Dr. Whately, quoted in "Proteus and Amadeus," p. xiii.

and straightforward : they do not appear to anticipate objections, so they seldom give us the sources of their information, or trouble themselves with collateral evidence. Hence the importance of the style of argument we have adopted. Starting with St. Patrick's account of himself, which is accepted as the undoubted basis of his history, it has been our object to show that witnesses summoned from another country tell the same story as the Irish biographers of the Saint. There is also another writer of great name whose evidence ought not to be passed over. The "Chronicon" of Marianus Scottus was written about the middle of the eleventh century, at a period not far removed from that of Probus, and if we except a contradictory statement regarding the date of St. Martin's death, his evidence regarding the year of St. Patrick's birth, and his connection with St. Martin, exactly corresponds with that of Probus.* It is true that there is reason to believe that some of the entries regarding St. Patrick in the "Chronicon" are by another hand; but as Marianus belonged to the Irish monastery of St. Martin at Cologne, from whence he passed to another house dedicated to the same saint at Mayence, we are inclined to think, that even granting interpolations, the "Chronicon" is an important witness to the traditions preserved in the Monasteries of St. Martin on the subject of their patron's relations with the Apostle of Ireland.

It is now no longer necessary to discuss the probability of a vigorous old age extending beyond a century.† Instances are multiplied every day in which baptismal certificates and other indisputable testimony can be produced in evidence, and the fact is so well established that the rates of Government Insurances are now calculated up to the age of 108 on the returns of the Registrar General; but amongst historical cases of longevity, we know of none for which the arguments are more cogent than those which

* "Chronicon," p. 712, ed. Waitz. Migne.

† The evidence for the longevity of Thomas Parr rests on no less authority than that of the famous Harvey. He examined the body of Parr, in the presence of several men of science of the day, and he also gives an account of Parr's life, in which he unhesitatingly affirms that he lived to the age of *one hundred and fifty-two years and nine months*. Amongst other extraordinary phenomena, Harvey observed that "the cartilages of the ribs were not found harder, or converted into bone in any greater degree than in ordinary men." The same absence of one of the most common signs of senescence was remarked by Professor Rolleston, in the case of John Pratt, who died at Oxford in 1863, in his 107th year; he tells us that "the costal cartilages cut with the greatest ease." See Harvey's Works, Sydenham Society, p. 590; and "British and Foreign Med.-Chir. Review," vol. xxxi. p. 515: also "Thomas Parr," in Chambers' "Book of Days," and "Longevity," by Barnard Van Oven, M.D., London, Churchill, 1853, where we find a list of 2,003 centenarians of various nations, seventeen of whom are said to have lived to the age of 150.

are produced in the case of the Apostle of Ireland as deduced from his age at the time of his connection with St. Martin in 393, and his death after an interval of nearly one hundred years. It is remarkable that the chronology of St. Patrick's history affords an indirect confirmation of the opinion of Tillemont and the Bollandists, who give 397 as the date of St. Martin's death. We believe that this is the date almost universally received by modern authorities, amongst whom are Cardinal Newman and Mgr. Chevallier, whose profound archæological labours have done so much to illustrate the history of Touraine. According to his Irish biographers, St. Patrick's connection with Marmoutier terminated with the death of St. Martin, and in the same year he began his pilgrimages to the holy places of Europe. In adopting this mode of life he had probably before his mind the example of those famous pilgrims, the Seven Brothers, who, with the consent of St. Martin, left Marmoutier and spent five years in visiting *les grands pèlerinages du monde*.*

Now that we have brought St. Patrick to St. Martin, we are tempted to go further, and to inquire how far, and in what way, the influence of the master told upon the disciple. We do not mean that in the case of a being so superhuman as St. Patrick it is possible to say how much of his spirit was his own, and how much was borrowed. When, at the age of twenty-two, he took his place amongst the disciples of St. Martin, he had already begun that life of a spirit in the flesh which makes man the companion of angels. This is the testimony of all his ancient biographers; but it is principally from his own words that we arrive at this conclusion. The saints have a language which they alone can speak, and yet it is a language of which they are not masters. We may say of St. Patrick what St. Bernard said of St. Norbert, that he was the "Fistula sancti Spiritus:" the unresisting, and plainly at times the unconscious instrument of God. Hence the strange inconsistency of his language about himself, when, like St. Paul, he reveals his sanctity in his attempts to hide it. In the account which he gives of his spiritual state at the time of his captivity, he says that he was "ignorant of the true God," and he attributes his sufferings to the just vengeance of God; but when we read a little further, we find how the aged Saint is betrayed into revealing the secret, which, in his humility, he was fain to hide. A century of labour and penance had not chilled the self-avenging fires of that heart. Like all the Saints, he makes the sins of others his own, and, as we observe in the concluding sentence of the following extract, he tries to compel his youth to be the accuser of his old age.

* "N.D. des Septs Dormants," p. 10.

"On coming to Ireland, I was daily tending sheep, and many times in the day I prayed, and more and more the love of God and His faith and fear grew in me, and the Spirit was strengthened, so that in a single day I have said as many as a hundred prayers, and in the night nearly the same, and I dwelt in the woods and on the mountain, and before the dawn I was summoned to prayer by the snow and the ice and the rain, and I did not suffer from them, nor was there any sloth in me *as I see now*, because then the spirit was burning within me."*

This is the language of one whose mind and character baffle all scrutiny. It is the unintentional revelation of the interior life of one who, under the guidance of the Spirit of God, was an austere hermit, and a mystical Saint from his boyhood, and who was already prepared for the manner of life more angelic than human which was observed by the disciples of St. Martin.

When St. Patrick arrived at Marmoutier there was nothing in the external aspect of the place to reveal the work which was going on. St. Martin had chosen it on account of its seclusion and separation from the world, and with his disciples he observed a rule of life very similar to that of the Eastern anchorites. Some lived in cells made of wood, and others in the caverns which may still be seen at Marmoutier, and the casual observer passing by would probably have seen nothing in the settlement to distinguish it from any other colony of poor squatters on the banks of the Loire. Yet never in succeeding ages, in the days of its greatest celebrity, was Marmoutier so glorious as at that time. From its huts and caves missionaries went forth to become the founders and princes of that spiritual empire which was to take the place, and enlarge the boundaries, of the Roman Empire; for "Where then was there a church or city which did not aspire to possess priests from the Monastery of Martin." These are the words of his biographer Sulpicius Severus,† who was as careful and conscientious a writer as he was a learned and spiritual man. He was the intimate friend of St. Martin, while his knowledge of the state of the Church at the time entitled him to form a comparative estimate of St. Martin's influence on his age. It seems clear that he regarded St. Martin as the foremost figure in that apostolic army whose conquests were then advancing from the rising to the setting of the sun, and from the extraordinary and wide-spread devotion to St. Martin in the Western Church, we gather that this was the general impression of his contemporaries.‡ The life of St. Martin, like that of St. Patrick, is one

* "Confessio," cap. ii. sec. 6.

† Cap. x. sec. 9.

‡ In France, alone, there are 3,560 parishes dedicated to St. Martin. "Vie de St. Martin," La Marche, p. 670.

continued challenge to unbelief. He was an illiterate man ;* he wrote nothing : he does not appear to have given any special rules or laws to his disciples, and yet he founded an empire. The fact remains although reason cannot explain it. If it was able to do so, it might perhaps produce the same results, whereas, as a candid infidel writer acknowledges, no philosopher has ever yet succeeded in correcting the morals of a single village. We know that St. Martin did an immeasurable work. If we are asked what was the secret of his success, the character of the man is our only answer. He was born in Hungary, of heathen parents, about the year 315, and at the age of ten we find him, as it were, forcing his way into the Church, carrying Heaven by storm, and at twelve he was a hermit in desire. We see him as a young soldier, fearless and tranquil in the presence of the apostate Julian, or dividing his cloak with his hidden Lord at the gates of Amiens. We follow him into solitude, or again, when by a stratagem he was enticed away, captured, and set upon the episcopal throne of Tours. We see the bishop in the long hours of the night, prostrate at the door of Avitian, until an angel roused the tyrant with the words, "Can you sleep while the servant of God lies at your threshold?" or healing the leper by his kiss in the presence of a multitude at the gates of Paris. Such as these are the facts related of St. Martin's life before men. Of that other life with God, from which he drew his strength little is known, save that he held continual and familiar intercourse with the inhabitants of Heaven. This we learn from the following narrative in the "Dialogues" of Sulpicius Severus, in which the disciple Gallus is introduced as spokesman.

One day as I and Sulpicius were keeping watch at his (Martin's) door, for some hours we had sat in silence, and with great fear and trembling, much as if we were the sentinels of an angel's tabernacle ; for the door being closed he knew not that we were outside. Meanwhile, from within we heard the murmur of voices, and at once there stole over us a sort of horror and amazement, and we were overcome by the feeling of some divine manifestation. After the lapse of about two hours Martin joined us, and then the same Sulpicius (for no one was more familiar with him) implored him to explain the reason of that religious fear which we both acknowledged that we had felt, and also to tell us who had been speaking with him in his cell ; . . . then after a long pause (for there was nothing which he could refuse to Sulpicius ; perhaps, what I am going to say may seem incredible, but I call Christ to witness that I speak the truth ; unless there be anyone so sacrilegious as suppose that Martin was a liar) "I will tell you," he said, "but I beseech you that you reveal it to no one : Agnes, Thecla and Mary were with me," and he described the countenance and

* "Sulpicius Severus," cap. xxv. sec. 8.

dress of each. And he confessed that they, as well as the Apostles Peter and Paul, were his frequent visitors.*

Such was the Master, and such were the associations of that school of sanctity and celestial wisdom into which St. Patrick entered in his twenty-second year, and the training begun under the guidance of God Himself amidst the clouds on Slemish, was completed at Marmoutier. The Saint was of mature age at the time of St. Martin's death, and although in after years he was the companion of learned men at Lerins, and the pupil of St. Germanus, still it is plain from his writings that he was one whose learning, like that of St. Martin, was rather infused than acquired.

Our chief aim throughout this paper has been to bring St. Martin and St. Patrick together, so that the first, who is so well known, may help us to understand the other. In this way we get a nearer view of the Apostle of Ireland than that taken by Tillemont, who confesses that he could find no parallel to this Saint after the age of the inspired Prophets and Apostles. There is a very real sense in which this is true; but it appears to us to be mainly owing to the circumstances in which he was placed, and that we find the same resemblance in almost as marked a manner in the life of St. Martin. There is nothing singular in the fact that the simple and unlearned should do a great and enduring work in the Church of God. Of this we have examples in St. Francis of Assisi, St. Catherine of Siena, the Curé d'Ars, and many others. That which specially distinguishes the two Saints under consideration is the fact, that they were missionaries under circumstances similar to those of the Apostles. They were in a great measure their own witnesses. Those to whom they came were acquainted with no others, and like the Apostles they received individually that diversity of supernatural powers which in later ages have been divided amongst many. Miracles were but the credentials of their embassy from Christ, and they were less wonderful than that power which went forth with their words, and evoked an organized and enduring Church from the simple truths of the *Credo*. We cannot explain how this was done any more than we can tell how the earth is transformed by the sun in the spring-time. The hearts of men rose up to meet them, and, as they spoke, grace came with the truth, and made the hearers one with the speaker. The record of a work like this must be sought in its results. Saints are never much given to speak of themselves, and the mystery of conversion was far beyond the comprehension of their converts. The Apostle went on his way swiftly, and the idols and temples of the Pagan went down

* "Dialogus," ii. cap. xiii.

before him, and his words fell into the hearts of men like seed into the earth, and when the fair harvest of Christian truth was seen in the wilderness, the witnesses could give no other explanation, save that some one like Martin, or Patrick, had passed through the land and scattered the seed of life. Faith and humility and charity began their work: the slave learned that he was a man, and woman was invested with light and majesty from on high, for the sake of that blessed one who had brought forth the "Light of the World;" and while all men saw the change, its origin and its course were the secret of its author.

The mystery of grace is as great now as it was in the Apostles' time; always and everywhere it is the earth invaded from on high, and the mind and the language of man must ever fall short of truths which have no proportion with created natures. "I live, yet not I, but Christ lives in me," is the history, not of one soul, but of all those who in different degrees "fill up what is wanting," and thus continue the life of Christ on earth. A great spiritual writer has given us the portrait of the soul of St. Martin; but were it not for St. Patrick's own writings we should have very little idea of the Saint's supernatural gifts and character. Here and there indeed in the old biographies of St. Patrick we get a glimpse of that Christ-like attractiveness which is inherent in the apostolic character: the boy Benignus, yet a Pagan, brings flowers and lays them on the breast of the sleeping Saint, and the daughters of the King are won, and consecrated to Christ at the first interview. It is in incidents such as these that we recognize the writer of the "Confession," the "Epistle to Coroticus," and the "Lorica," or Breastplate, of Patrick.

This last-named composition has hitherto not received the attention it deserves, for its own sake, as well as for the light which it throws on the other writings of the Saint. It was composed and sung by St. Patrick soon after his arrival in Ireland, on the eve of that memorable contest at Tara which decided the destinies of the nation, and considering the circumstances it is an almost unprecedented revelation of conscious supernatural power. What human probability of success could present itself to St. Patrick as he went on his way to meet his innumerable enemies? And yet every line of this hymn tells of one whose soul was exulting in the certainty of conquest before the battle had begun. There is a striking contrast between the tone of the "Lorica" and that of the "Confession." In the latter the Saint is speaking of himself, and all through it bears the stamp of one who was oppressed and suffering under the burthen of the divine condescension. "Who am I," he exclaims, "or what is my prayer, O Lord, who hast disclosed to me such signs of Thy divinity." On the other hand, in the "Lorica," he looks only at God, and his language has

in it all the strength and fire of those who wrote in days when God went before His people as a pillar of fire : or when, "the stars remaining in their order and courses fought against Sisera."

In the first place he assumes that all creation is ready to do him service in the cause of their common Master, and as he expresses it, he "binds" to himself "the virtue of ranks of Cherubim," "the light of the sun," "the splendour of fire," "the speed of lightning," and then as he proceeds in his canticle we observe how one idea, one passion, masters all, and leads his own soul and all power in heaven and earth to their centre in Christ.

Christ with me, Christ in the front, Christ in the rear, Christ in me!
Christ below me, Christ above me, Christ at my right, Christ at my left!

Christ in breadth, Christ in length, Christ in height!
Christ in the heart of every one who thinks of me!
Christ in the mouth of every one who speaks to me!
Christ in every eye that sees me,
Christ in every ear that hears me.

When we turn to the Saint's "Confession" we find that from his early youth God had led him in this way, and thus worked out in his soul that mysterious combination of the spirit of the Old and New Testament which so impressed his early biographers. In the following account of that strange temptation which assailed him in the desert on his way to Marmoutier, we find it was Elias whom he invoked as his intercessor with Christ.

On the same night, in my sleep, Satan tempted me so fiercely that I shall remember it as long as soul and body hold together. He fell upon me like a great stone, and took away from me all power over my limbs. Then it came into my mind, I know not how, to call upon Elias. And as I cried out, I beheld the sun rise in the heavens, and while, with all my strength I continued to cry "Elias, Elias," behold the splendour of his sun broke upon me, and at once relieved me from all oppression. And I believe that I was rescued by my Christ, and that his spirit cried out for me.

Again about the time when a vision, and "the Voice of the Irish," called on him to return to their coasts, he had another mysterious communication from God, which he thus describes:—

And on another night, whether within me, or near me, I know not, God knows, I heard the music of spirits within me, and I knew not who they were whom I heard, and I could not understand, until the end of the prayer, when it was said, "Who gave His life for thee?" and so I awoke. And again I heard him praying within me, and he was, as it were, within my body, and the voice was above me, that is, above the interior man, and there he prayed earnestly with groans. And

while this went on, I was amazed, and wondered, and considered who it was that prayed within me; but at the end of the prayer he said that he was the spirit, and I remembered the words of the apostle saying, "the spirit helps the weakness of our prayers, for we know not what to pray for; but the spirit himself asketh for us with unutterable groanings, which cannot be told in words. And again, the Lord is our advocate, and He asketh for us."*

Extracts from the Saint's writings similar to these might be multiplied, and although it may seem presumptuous to pass judgment upon them, we venture to say that they bear upon them the stamp of inspiration. To our minds they are the strongest evidence of the immeasurable sanctity of the Apostle of Ireland. They prepare us for all the supernatural wonders of his life, and the rude and disconnected narratives of his contemporary biographers take form and life when read by the light of his personal revelations.

Two conclusions appear to us to follow from this brief study of the character and early years of St. Patrick. In the first place, much of the obscurity which surrounds his early years is removed, and we have clear evidence of a divine vocation, and of that providential training which was the anticipation of his future greatness; the child was as wonderful as the man. Secondly, we observe that while St. Patrick's life and character fall into their place with those of certain servants of God, they, at the same time, belong to an order of things uncommon even in the lives of the Saints. Hence, when we start with the undisputed evidence of the Saint's own writings, we regard the very imperfections of contemporary records as an evidence of their authenticity. When we take into account the character of the Saint, and the unprecedented rapidity of his apostolic conquests, together with the fact that it was to a heathen nation that all the wonders of his life and mission were suddenly presented, we argue that the ancient lives of St. Patrick are precisely of the stamp to be expected under the circumstances. St. Patrick's converts were like the man in the Gospel whose eyes Christ had anointed, and who could only answer, "One thing I know, that whereas I was blind, now I see."

In a former number of this REVIEW the present writer made an attempt to meet the arguments of some of the chief modern assailants of the acts of St. Patrick.† One remark, however, suggests itself here. It is well known that many Protestant writers have denied the fact of St. Patrick's mission from Pope St. Celestine,

* "Confession," ch. ii. secs. 9, 11.

† July, 1880. "The Apostle of Ireland and his Modern Critics." Republished. Burns & Oates.

in the face of the unanimous evidence of Irish records, and that some Catholics, with no inclination to be captious, have been staggered by the fact that the "Confession" and "Epistle" are silent as regards Rome. This difficulty, if such it can be called, has evidently arisen from a superficial study of these writings. St. Patrick had no occasion to mention a fact which no one disputed. The reference which he makes to the opposition raised against his elevation to the episcopate has no connection with the question of the Roman mission, and is plainly a specimen of that inventive humility which so often confuses the personal narratives of the saints. His object, as he tells us, was to make "his confession before he died," and he kept to his point, although, as we have seen, his purpose was overruled.

The isolation and apparent supremacy of St. Patrick has also been urged as an argument against his connection with Rome. It is objected that an orthodox Church could not have been founded without evidence of the supervision of the Holy See. Here again we fall back on the life of the Apostle of Gaul. Sulpicius Severus makes no mention of any relations with Rome on the part of St. Martin. The truth is, that when her vicars are faithful, and their flocks obedient, Rome has very little to say to either. Now it is a remarkable fact that in St. Martin's time, although heresies were rife in other nations, Gaul appears to have been quite free from them,* and a similar and still more lasting immunity has ever been the special privilege of the island of St. Patrick. If the disciples of these Saints had gone astray in any of the common errors of the age in which they lived, then without doubt the Churches of Gaul and Ireland would have obtained the unenviable distinction of comminatory letters such as those which, in St. Patrick's time, the great St. Leo addressed to the Spanish bishops who temporized with the Priscillianists, instead of which the history of the relations of the Church of Ireland with that vigilant Pontiff is expressed in one sentence of the "Annals of Ulster":—

"A.D. 441. *Leo ordinatus xlii. Romanæ ecclesiæ episcopus, et probatus est in fide Catolica Patricius episcopus.*"

Only nine years before this date St. Celestine had sent St. Patrick to Ireland, and when St. Leo was raised to the throne of the Apostles, he found that another nation had been won to Christ, and this, not through fierce conflicts and the blood of martyrs, but as it were by some strange spiritual transformation. The saints, however, easily recognize each other, and St. Leo's "approval of the faith of the Bishop Patrick" may be likened to the first meeting of St. Louis and Blessed Egidio, when after one long embrace they parted without a word.

* Card. Newman, "Development of Christian Doctrine," ch. vi. sec. 2.

Such are some of the thoughts suggested by the lives of St. Martin and St. Patrick, and when we are gone others will find in these mysterious and sublime pages wonders yet undiscovered. Even in this world, it is the saints who are the real inheritors of immortality. Who is the sage or hero whose name fired our souls in youth, and whose life has borne the fierce and withering scrutiny of experience? It is only the Saints who never die. St. Martin and St. Patrick are still active and energetic, living and reigning in this world.

And so our thoughts turn from those great historic figures to the nations to whom they brought the message from on high. It may be observed that the two Saints who have obtained the first place in the hearts of the people of France and Ireland were both foreigners. This example of the supremacy of the Catholic spirits is one of the great glories of those nations, and an answer to the modern fallacy that religion is dependent upon race and national character. The men who preached the faith in these countries were not merely strangers; they were enemies and destroyers of the existing national institutions. And yet they secured, not merely the obedience, but the enthusiastic loyalty of those whom they subjugated. The traditions which mark the places where these Saints preached and baptized or prayed, are evidence of popular devotion existing at the time. They tell of eyes that followed their footsteps, and marked their minutest actions, and of love that treasured up these memories. When such recollections are preserved unchanged by time, it is no great stretch of faith to believe that they are evidence of a special and abiding authority associated in some mysterious way with the spiritual destinies of a nation. From the "*Life of M. Dupont*,"* we learn how intimately the devotion to St. Martin is now connected with the great religious struggle in France, and how faith regains its purity and vigour by returning to its source. But still more mysterious is the enduring and world-wide pastoral dominion of St. Patrick; for literally the sun never sets on the empire which acknowledges the authority of the first and only Apostle of Ireland. It is an empire which has been won at a great cost; but who will say that the losses can be compared with the gains? We can number the rulers in those dominions more easily than the subjects. When we consult the Catholic Directories of Ireland, Great Britain and her Colonies, and the United States of America, we find that in the English-speaking nations of the world there are 200 bishops, with probably more than 15,000 priests, and according to some

* "*Vie de M. Dupont*," vol. i. p. 375. Janvier. Tours, 1879.

authorities not less than 20,000,000 Catholics. In this vast and steadily increasing spiritual empire, an immense majority belongs either by birth or traditions to the Church of St. Patrick: a church which now bears with it the promise of triumph in the future, since in the past it has never even so much as listened to the voice of heresy or schism. It is to faith that victory over the world is promised. Wealth and literature and the arts are the Church's vassals, powerful indeed, but fickle and treacherous in so far as they are dependent on popularity and the favour of men; and amongst the many lessons for which we have to thank St. Martin and St. Patrick, there is none more consoling than the evidence they bring, that the Church, like her Master, is "free amongst the dead," and has no need of any of those things which men can take away.

W. B. MORRIS.

ART. II.—BISHOP CLIFFORD'S THEORY OF THE DAYS OF CREATION.

FOREIGN OPINION.

1. *La Scienza e la Fede*. Vol. XXVI. Napoli.
2. *Archivio di Letteratura Biblica ed Orientale*. Torino.
3. *Revue des Questions Scientifiques*. Bruxelles.
4. *Revue Général (Dix-huitième année)*. Bruxelles.
5. *La Controverse*. Lyon.
6. *Natur und Offenbarung*. Münster.
7. *Literarische Rundschau*. Würzburg.
8. *Bibel und Wissenschaft*. Von Dr. BERNHARD SCHÄFER, Münster.

Ich meine vielmehr, die Wissenschaft könnte auch zuweilen irren.
 Irren! . . . Die Wissenschaft irrt niemals.
 Die Wissenschaft ist die einzige zuverlässige Macht,—sie ist unfehlbar.

Er brach in schallendes Gelächter aus.
Die Unfehlbaren, von CONRAD VON BOLANDEN.

NEARLY two years have passed away since his Lordship the Bishop of Clifton first published to the world his singularly ingenious interpretation of the first thirty-four verses of the Book of Genesis. With the exception of a voluminous and somewhat ill-conducted controversy in the pages of *The Tablet*, but little notice seems to have been taken of it in England. In spite of the interesting nature of the subject, and the position

of the writer, the article excited but little attention and failed even to provoke any serious reply. If this was the case however in England, it was far otherwise abroad. In France and Germany, in Italy and Belgium, the savants and litterati seized upon the novel thesis with the greatest interest, and though it found scant favour among them, many have nevertheless honoured it with lengthy and learned criticisms.

In this country, the exalted position and illustrious name of the author may possibly have lent a fictitious and exaggerated weight to some of his arguments; may have given his proofs and demonstrations a force to which they are not altogether entitled. Certainly such apologists as his theory found in *The Tablet* were never weary of reminding its antagonists of the learning, fame and ability of the proponent, as if that of itself were of all arguments the most unanswerable and conclusive. Such being the state of the case, I propose to offer as a counterpoise the published opinions of such foreign writers of eminence as I have been able to consult, so that having restored as far as possible the minds of my readers to a just balance, I may then be free to introduce them to a few of the most obvious objections that have been raised against the theory.

A learned member of the French episcopate,* who, for reasons which will suggest themselves to any delicate mind, signs himself merely "the Bishop of A—," delivers himself of the following opinion: "This view which I have never met with anywhere appears to me very bold (*bien hardie*) and the reasons brought forward in support of it not at all conclusive (*bien peu concluantes*). I do not see moreover what advantage *vis-à-vis* of science is gained by it."

The criticism of P. de Foville is somewhat more severe. "Though his hypothesis does not in itself (*en elle même*) fall under any condemnation of the Church, it nevertheless appears to us utterly irreconcilable with the absolute silence of all extrinsic testimonies, and in direct antagonism with the letter of the text itself, whose meaning it is necessary to strain in order to accommodate it (*pour le plier*) to this wholly idealistic sense" ("Rev. des Quest. Scientifiques," Jan. 1882, sec. ix. p. 78). The reviewer in the "Archivio di Letteratura Biblica ed Orientale" makes no attempt to conceal his positive contempt for this "singular opinion," as he calls it. "Let us frankly avow that this new theory of Monsignor Clifford does not please us the least in the world (*niente affatto*) and that we will

* "Annales de Philosophie Chrétienne." Paris.—It appears as a note from the Editor, as far as I recollect, in Dec. 1881 or Jan. 1882.

even demonstrate that it is absolutely inadmissible" (che non è assolutamente ammissibile).*

Arthur Richard's commentary, which I give next, sounds mild and gentle compared with this. After carefully combating the Bishop's arguments one by one, he asks "What possible end can such systems of interpretation serve?" and concludes with the good-natured though rather obvious remark, that "the piety and praiseworthy object of the venerable prelate calls forth our homage, but fails to prove his thesis."†

The learned Pfarrer Westermeyer gives an excellent resumé of the Bishop's article, and then adds: "This theory leads to peculiar and hazardous (eigenthümlichen und bedenklichen) results. A sort of adjustment is obtained, I confess, but only at the expense of Genesis. Objections can no longer be hurled against Genesis, but only on the hazardous ground, that it no longer presents any front to the enemy (nicht mehr widerstandsfähig ist); in fact it no longer possesses any solid actual subject-matter for controversy." Such expressions too as the following indicate with sufficient clearness Westermeyer's general attitude: "The origin of the Week, according to the Bishop's view, is and remains incredible." Again: "Yet still more marvellous (noch wunderlicher) is his view as to how Moses hit upon the idea of the Sabbath." Again: "From the very first he places the relations between the works of creation and the days of the week topsyturvy (vor vornherein auf den Kopf); and so on.‡

Thus it is evident that Westermeyer is opposed to the theory as a whole. There are, however, certain points which he finds himself able to accept. Schanz, who writes in the "*Literarische Rundschau*," is less conciliating, and is not without fear but that even in these points Westermeyer may have outstepped the bounds of prudence. (Wenn er dem Clifford'schen standpunkt fast *zu viele concessionen* macht, und das poetische element *zu stark* betont, so wahrt er doch den historischen charakter des Berichts im Grossen und Ganzen.)§ He says moreover that he himself is quite one with "most of the other critics" in rejecting the essential point (hauptpunkt) of the theory, and declares it impossible for the six days to have originated in the manner the new theory describes.

M. Jean d'Estienne, referring to the hypothesis in an article

* "Arc. di Letta. Biblica ed Orient." Anno iv. Maggio 1802, No. 5, p. 143.

† "Revue Générale." Février, 1882, pp. 247, 248.

‡ "Natur und Offenbarung," Siebenundzwanzigsten Bandes zwölftes Heft. Münster, 1881, pp. 733, 735, 736, &c.

§ "Lit. Rundschau." Achter Jahrgang. 15 März, 1882, No. 6, p. 184.

in the last number of the "Revue des Questions Scientifiques,"* exclaims, "Here, assuredly, we have a new theory surpassing in boldness anything that can ever have been hitherto proposed by any Catholic." No one in attacking it will dream of accusing the author of heterodoxy; but, he continues, "the fact is it rests upon no solid basis."

"J. M." gives a very learned and most interesting criticism in *La Scienza e la Fede* of June, 1882. In summing up, he says:—

We have examined the arguments from every point of view, and allowed them their full weight: we have even *created* hypotheses to favour them, and made every sort of concession (*creando in favore di essi ogni ipotesi ed ogni concessione di larga e benevola critica*), but all in vain, since they always elude our grasp, and in every case (in ogni riscontro) prove themselves to be either undoubtedly false or of no weight (see pp. 378-9).

I regret my inability to get a copy of the publication of M. l'Abbé Motais, of the Oratoire de Rennes, entitled "*Moïse, la science et l'exégèse*,"† it being already out of print. It is described by M. Estienne as the most learned and complete refutation of Dr. Clifford's theory yet produced, though even without it the theory is stated to have been completely upset (*renversée de fond en comble*) and on intrinsic grounds.

Th. Henri Martin may be quoted as another opponent of the theory. He was indeed one of the first to prepare a reply to the Bishop, which appeared in the "*Annales de Philosophie Chrétienne*," shortly after the original article had been published.‡

It is perhaps needless to remark that in collecting these various verdicts offered by learned men of various schools and different nationalities, I am not picking out such as are adverse to the theory and holding back more favourable judgments. The fact is that, though I have busied myself in sounding the general sense of writers and reviewers on this very curious contention, I have never, even by accident, come across any one venturesome enough to show it any hearty sympathy.

The following paragraphs in the words of the author himself

* Sixième année, quatrième livraison. 20 Octobre, 1882, pp. 363, 364.

† This is described as a work of 224 pages in 8vo.

‡ "*Annales de Philosophie Chrétienne*." Janvier, 1882.

N.B.—The Rev. A. H. Sayce has published some accounts of inscriptions in the Accadian tongue, recently discovered in a temple of ancient Nineveh, which may be thought to offer some sort of support to the Bishop's theory; so it may be well to state here that there is the most complete disagreement, even among the best authorities, concerning this language, not only as to its antiquity, but even as to its very *existence*.

will suffice to recall to our readers the general character of his thesis :—

The first thirty-four verses of the Bible . . . are a *Sacred Hymn* recording the consecration of each day of the week to the memory of one or other of the works done by the true God, Creator of Heaven and earth, in opposition to a custom, established by the Egyptian priests, of referring the days of the week to the sun, moon, and planets, and of consecrating each day of the month to the memory of false deities. . . . When it is said that certain works were performed on certain days of the week, nothing more is implied than that those days are consecrated to the memory of the works referred to. . . . A *day* means the space of twenty-four hours in this as in other portions of the writings of the same author.

The Bishop seems to attach very considerable importance to the first thirty-four verses of Genesis being a hymn or poem. This he labours hard to prove, though with a success perhaps hardly proportionate to his efforts. The utmost his arguments warrant, is that they *may* be so regarded, not that they *must*.*

But the only important point at all in this connection seems to have escaped his lordship altogether. Even granting the first chapter in Genesis with the succeeding three verses of chapter ii. to be poetry, nothing follows to strengthen his position or to lessen the improbability of his theory. Poetry, though not necessarily containing truth, is not in its nature opposed to truth. There is no essential antagonism between poetry and history, nor between poetry and philosophy, science, or religion. What then is to prevent the most incontestable truths of history being rendered in the fervid strains and metric flow of poetic numbers? There are surely no truths so irrefragable or so absolute as those which are contained in the dogmas of the Church; especially those which relate to the nature of God and His relations with us as Redeemer and Mediator. Yet the summing up of these forms one of the most beautiful hymns, one of the most sublime and exquisite poems known. The Athanasian Creed is not merely an epitome of what we believe, but it is at the same time one of the finest examples of heart-thrilling poetry that we can point to. Cardinal Newman calls it “a war song of faith,” and “not a mere collection of notions.” “It is a psalm or *hymn* of praise,” he continues, “parallel to the canticles of the elect in the Apocalypse. It appeals to the imagination quite as much as to the

* On this point, the article by Rev. J. Brucker, in “La Controverse” (October, 1882) is interesting “Du Caractère historique des premiers chapitres de la Genèse.”

intellect.”* I hardly dare suppose that Bishop Clifford would claim a more poetical character for the verses of Genesis than the Cardinal claims for this creed. If then the first chapter of Genesis is to lose its historic character, because it is in form and language a hymn, for what possible reason may we not equally reject the dogmatic character of the Athanasian formulary on the same plea? Consider again the Book of Job, which all acknowledge to be historical. Does not the inspired author frequently rise to the most sublime heights of poetry? I cannot see what support the “singular opinion” is likely to gain by any demonstrations, however successful, of the poetical form of the first thirty-four verses of the Bible. But let us waive the point, and pass to another reflection.

The supposition that Moses simply framed a hymn for the children of Israel, without any supernatural enlightenment as to the real order and method of creation, is wholly inconceivable. It suggests difficulties far greater and deeper than any which it professes to remove, and lays upon one the insufferable burden of having to believe as actually true what seems most improbable, not to say wholly impossible. For it must be remembered, in the first place, that the account given by Moses bears none of the signs of a self-evolved or arbitrary narration. On the contrary, it accords in a very striking and wondrous way with the account given by scientific men at the present day; the history of the world as related by geologists; its gradual evolution and development from a state of chaos, its slow but steady growth from a less to a more perfect form. It is true of course that here and there we meet with apparent discrepancies which cannot be all at once explained. But it is no less true that in the main, and as a whole, the two accounts tally with each other in a manner which cannot be explained by any mere accident or fortuitous circumstances. For how could Moses have been so very far in accord with the now known facts of geology and palæontology, had he nothing but the obscure and imperfect knowledge of his own time to guide him. Unless we admit a certain revelation as to the mode in which God made the world, how is the agreement between the words of Moses and the geological record, *even so far as it exists*, conceivable? Even admitting, for the sake of argument, some occasional apparent contradictions here and there, there is surely no difficulty in believing that in such particular instances, geology and science in their still imperfect and embryonic state are at fault, and that further discovery and more com-

* “An Essay in Aid of a Grammar of Assent.” Fourth Edition. 1874. p. 133.

plete methods of investigation will set right the contradiction or disclose the error.

I believe indeed that an illustration of this may be found in the very objection Bishop Clifford raised in his article. He says: "The discovery of a zoophyte (*Eozoon Canadense*) in the Laurentian strata, seems fatal to the theory of a very high temperature of the ocean, so far back, at least, as the earliest formations of which geology has any knowledge, for it shows that the waters in which the Laurentian strata were deposited, were of a temperature capable of supporting life." This is a fair specimen of the kind of objections from which Bishop Clifford's novel theory offers us a refuge. There is nothing really in it. That this so called zoophyte is an organic being at all, is a mere assumption. It, at all events, has never been proved. On August 30, 1881, Charles Moore, F.G.S., read a paper at a meeting of the British Association for the Advancement of Science, in which this very question is treated. "He ventured to express a doubt as to *Eozoon Canadense* being organic. He rather believed the beds to represent a mineralized or metamorphosed condition of rock structure" (see Report, 1880). Even J. W. Dawson in his recent work, "Chain of Life," says that it is "often referred to as only a problematical fossil." Perhaps before being scared by such objections, it would be well to wait till they be substantiated, or else, like the learned men of Charles II.'s Court, we may be laughed at for our pains. The scientific men who have replied to his lordship are not of the opinion that there is this disagreement between modern science and Genesis which he so much fears; and while one (M. Jean d'Estienne) regrets that these fears, "as deplorable as they are little founded," have led Mgr. Clifford to conceive such a theory, another (P. D. Foville) gently intimates that "perhaps he would have somewhat modified his views had he consulted less exclusively English sources." To them at least the recital of the creation, even considered as historical, appears reconcilable with all the discoveries of science.*

A mere glance at the elaborate and beautifully worked-out tables drawn up by Jean d'Estienne, in the "*Revue des Questions Scientifiques*, 1877," in which the scientific and revealed accounts of the formation of the earth are exhibited in parallel columns, is sufficient to show how very closely, to say the least, they agree, not only in their main features, but even in many astonishing details.

* "On a publié naguère des plans, aussi rationnels qu'ingénieux, de comparaison entre le récit du Pentateuque et la géologie. Loin d'annoncer des difficultés plus graves de concordance, ils manifestent la plus heureuse harmonie entre la science et la foi."—A. Richard. See also the letters in *The Tablet* from "Inquirer" and "A Student of the Sacred Scriptures," and others.

To look upon these tables and then to be told that the concord between the two accounts is merely accidental, is to levy a heavy tax upon our credulity. Yet, if it be not accidental, the writer of the Pentateuch must have been inspired when narrating the history of the creation, for the science of geology was unknown in his day, and he could not have got his information from any man then living. With reason may we repeat: "Si Moïse eût chanté un hymne sans penser à composer une histoire, où serait l'explication d'un tel accord?"

I have no wish, of course, to deny that difficulties may be made against the inspired text. When Moses speaks (to cite a very common example) as if the sun were not created until long after the earth, it appears at first sight hard to reconcile with our knowledge of astronomy. Indeed we know that the earth is only a satellite of the sun, and could not even exist without it, except by a continuous miracle. Yet this apparent difficulty may be, and has been, easily explained without any undue enforcing of the text, as any one will find who will take the trouble to consult the proper sources. My purpose is not to deny apparent contradictions which often look like real difficulties, but to protest against seeking to overcome them by hypotheses involving far greater.

Bishop Clifford, if I have rightly understood him, reasons thus:—In order to give a really true and correct history of the creation, one must be informed concerning such purely natural things as geology, palæontology, astronomy, physics, and so on. But Moses possessed no such information; neither by education, since he only possessed the science of his time; nor by revelation, because "nowhere in Scripture do we find that either he, or any other of the sacred writers, received revelations from Heaven regarding details of astronomy, geography, chemistry, or any other branch of natural science," and that the scope of the sacred writings is not to teach science.

But the reply is simple enough. Moses did not, of course, write scientific lectures; he was not intent on diffusing general knowledge; his great object was to relate the history of the action of God, in the world in general, and in the Church in particular, and to relate it just as it was, and not mixed up with fancies and fables. And if in order to narrate this history truthfully and faithfully, it were necessary from time to time to make mention of natural truths and scientific facts, these God likewise revealed, not to improve our scientific and physical knowledge, but as parts of the grand drama, and as facts in the great history: the drama and the history of the action of God all along the course of centuries, from first to last, that we might thereby become informed concerning the wisdom,

the power, and the mercy of the Eternal Father, and moved to wonder, gratitude, reverence and love.

We may perhaps compare Moses in this respect with the Catholic apologists of the early Church. Their scope was to defend Catholic dogma and maintain religious truth, and not to teach astronomy, geology, physics, and physiology, but nevertheless, because it was not their scope to teach such sciences, it by no means follows that they must never touch upon them, nor that when they do touch upon them they are authorized to say concerning them absurdities and trifles (*bestialità e fandonie*). "Monsignor Clifford premette bene e couchiude male," says the author of "*I Periodi Cosmogonici e la Scienza*" (Monsignor Clifford's premisses are sound, but he draws false conclusions). Because it is not the scope of Scripture and Revelation to teach *ex professo* the sciences, he concludes that they must never, even when it is requisite, so much as touch upon them.

"Will anybody venture to assert that the study of Genesis has ever led to the discovery of a single geological fact," Monsignor Clifford triumphantly demands.* Most decidedly, I readily rejoin, and also truths of other natural sciences, such as physics and astronomy. Is it not a fact of *geology* that man comes last in the chronological order of creatures, and that his remains are found only in the most recent deposits? Is it not a doctrine of *physics* that light is distinct from luminous bodies? Is it not also the teaching of *science* that the universe of things was not created in one instant, but little by little, in various epochs and periods; and further, that all the great cosmic bodies, the earth, stars, &c., are composed of identically the same matter? Had the words of Genesis been well pondered and correctly interpreted, would not the above truths have been known centuries and centuries before they were actually discovered by astronomers, geologists, and physicists? If they were not discovered before, it was because human ignorance was unable to read the great Book, not because they were not contained in its pages. As time rolls on, indeed, we shall undoubtedly find that many

* The Italian reviewer introduces his reply to this question with a "Per Bacco!" of amazement.

"Die Bibel stimmt mit der Wissenschaft überein, dass das Naturgesetz unwandelbar ist. 'Gott hat gemacht ein Gesetz für den Regen, einen Weg für den Blitz.' Er hat festgesetzt 'die Ordnungen des Himmels.' 'Du hast das Erdreich auf seinem Fundament gegründet, dass es bleibt immer und ewig.' Die Bibel lehrt ferner in Übereinstimmung mit der Wissenschaft einen Fortschritt und eine Entwicklung in der Natur, und endlich lehrt sie, dass Alles planvoll und zweckmässig, dass 'Alles gut war'" (p. 186). "Auch ist die Lehre der Schrift, dass die jetzige Gestalt der Erde vergeht, der Wissenschaft keineswegs fremd, &c." (p. 187).—"Bibel und Wissenschaft" (Schäfer).

other natural truths are contained in the Scripture which at present we are unable to decipher.*

Bishop Clifford contends that Moses dedicated each day of the week to the memory of some work of God's creation, in order to hinder the people of Israel from falling into the Egyptian custom of consecrating each day of the week to the worship of some false god. Now such a contention necessarily supposes that the week was in use among the Egyptians in Mosaic times. Was it so? That it was so later is certainly true, but that it was so then is as certainly false (*che lo fosse già ai tempi di Mosè è falso*). In the ancient monuments of Egypt there is not a solitary instance of so much as an allusion to the week. Mr. R. A. Proctor, in his last work,† remarks: "Among the earlier Egyptians the month was divided into periods of ten days each, and hitherto *no* direct evidence has been found to show that a seven-day period was used by them." Dr. Clifford cites Dion Cassius. But to what purpose? Our present calendar marks the celebration of the feast of St. Joseph on the 19th of March. Now what would be said were we to appeal to this as a proof that it must have been celebrated on that day in the time of Cæsar Augustus! Yet the lapse of time between us and Cæsar Augustus is not so great as between Moses and Dion Cassius. As to the rest (as it has already been observed by many), Dion Cassius expressly says that the use of the week was taken by the Egyptians from the Jews‡ (D. Cass. xxxvii. 16–18), and not the very opposite. The fact of the week not being in use among the Egyptians when Moses lived, thus cuts the very ground from under the new theory.

* "Uno dei più distinti scienziati ebbe la bontà di scrivere a noi una lettera in cui tra le altre cose era detto: quante verità si sarebbero sapute prima se la Bibbia fosse stata ben compresa, le quali non si seppero che tanto tardi!"—See "Archivio di Letteratura Biblica ed Orientale," Anno iii. No. 12, p. 145.

† "The Great Pyramid," 1883, p. 223. See also Champollion, Brugsch, Wilkinson, &c.

‡ Martial, iv. 4, 7; Knobel, Exod., p. 535. Being unable to procure a copy of D. Cassius, I cannot quote his actual words. The sense of them is, *I presume*, truly stated in the following words: "Dione Cassio dice espressamente che l'uso della settimana fu dagli Egizi tolta ai Giudei." (I Periodi, &c., p. 145.) Dion Cassius vient indiquer ce fait historique, que la période de sept jours est originaire de la Judée ("La Controverse," 16 Jan. 1882, p. 121). "Si citavano in vero Erodoto e Dione Cassio; ma il primo tutt'altro dice da quello che gli si vorrebbe imboccare; ed il secondo se ha qualche parola della settimana, questa è per farne un patrimonio de' Giudei e non de' pagani."—"M. J.," who writes in "La Scienza a la Fede," p. 367). See also the discussions by Abbé Sallier, and especially those by M. Maury and M. Biot, in which at least the assertion that Moses got the idea of the week from a foreign people is utterly destroyed.

It seems that the Right Rev. Bishop Clifford has fallen into the same mistake as Laplace; a mistake to which R. A. Proctor calls attention in the following words: "Laplace asserts of the Egyptians that they used a period of seven days; but he *misunderstood* the account given by Dion Cassius, who referred to the astronomers of the Alexandrian school, *not to the ancient Egyptians*" (p. 223).

Again: The days of the calendar week are all of equal duration, all have a morning and an evening, yet in the history of creation the seventh day had neither morning nor evening, or at all events it had no evening, as all the rest. For each of the other days, we are told, there was "an evening and a morning," for the seventh, no such thing.* Is not this a good reason for concluding that the seven days were not days of an ordinary natural week, but rather sacred and mystic days?

Another reason which makes it difficult to accept the Bishop's view is, that the Jews always reckoned their days from morning to evening, or else from one evening to another, but never from the evening to the morning. Hence the words of Moses, "*Vespere et mane dies unus, dies secundus,*" &c., evidently do not refer to the naturally constituted days of the week, but to days of another signification.

It is likewise worthy of observation that in chap. i. of Genesis the creation of things is not related simply and nakedly, without any detail or circumstance, but certain particulars and explanations are added. For instance, it is said that the earth was, for a time—how long we do not know, but for a time—"inanis et vacuus," and that the Spirit of the Lord moved over the face of the abyss. Now, did the particulars here mentioned really take place or not? If not, why are they mentioned as though they really had? Is it right to invent fables and to register them as true? If, on the other hand, they be facts, then one must admit that chap. i. of Genesis is not a mere consecration of the days of the week to the memory of creation, but a genuine history.

In the same chapter we read that man and irrational creatures were created in a different manner: man by a "*faciamus,*" and all other creatures by a mere "*fiat.*" That this at least is not an idle poetical figment is proved from several parts of Scripture. "*Formavit Dominus Deus hominem de limo terræ*" (Gen. ii. 7); "*Primus homo de terra, terrenus*" (1 Cor. xv. 47); "*Donec revertaris in terra de qua sumptus es: quia pulvis es, et in pulverem reverteris*" (Gen. iii. 19). Yet if this be historically true, so should all else that is here said be historically true also.

* St. Augustine makes the same observation: "*Dies autem septimus sine vespera est, nec habet occasum.*"—Conf. Lib. xiii. ch. xxxvi.

Again: Who is there that can bring himself to believe that the words of Exodus: "In six days the Lord made heaven and earth, and in the seventh He ceased from work," signify, not that God created the universe in six periods, but merely that the creation is commemorated on six days! Or that those of St. Paul: "God rested on the seventh day from all His work," do not refer to the rest of God as an historical fact, just as the repose of the people after entering into possession of the promised land is an historical fact! After recounting the action of God during the first six days, the inspired writer says that God sanctified the seventh day because in it "cessaverat ab omni opere suo." Here it would appear that it was God Himself who sanctified it. Hence, as might have been expected, Nehemiah does not say that it was sanctified by Moses, but merely that it was revealed by him: "Sabbatum tuum sanctificatum ostendisti ei" (Neh. ix. 14). If indeed the sanctification of the seventh day were only an act of Moses, would it be exact to say that he who sanctified it was God Himself, immediately on the completion of the great work of creation, as we are given to understand in the following verse? "In six days the Lord made heaven and earth and the sea, and all things that are in them, and rested on the seventh day; therefore the LORD (not Moses) blessed the seventh day and sanctified it" (Exod. xx. 11). It is well-worth while taking notice of the manner in which Moses expresses himself. To the obligation of keeping the Sabbath holy is added the motive, and this motive is not, as the Bishop of Clifton makes out, because that day was dedicated to the commemoration of the Divine repose, but precisely because in that day God really did rest—*i.e.*, really desisted from further exercising His creative omnipotence. Then we must bear in mind that the Jews did not merely keep the seventh day holy, but the seventh year, and the last year after seven weeks of years, and that in that year they were obliged to allow the earth to rest fallow, in consideration of the rest of the Lord. "Septimo anno erit sabbatum terræ, requietionis Domini." Is such a *sabbatismus* nothing more than a pure dedication, without any historical basis? Or shall we be told perhaps that the seventh year and the year of Jubilee had an idolatrous consecration among the Egyptians, and that for this reason it was necessary to substitute an orthodox consecration!

Let us suppose the Bishop's theory to be true. Let us imagine for a moment, if we *can*, that Moses was urged to consecrate the days of the week in the way he describes, merely to prevent the Jews falling into the evil customs of the Egyptians.* Does it

* "Oltre che di tal pensiero non può cogliersi alcun indizio od argomento e dal testo e dagli aggiunti Scritturali, la condotta medesima di Mosè

not strike us at once as very odd that Moses should have chosen *seven* days? Would not his object have been far more effectively secured had he utterly ignored the supposed Egyptian week, and divided the month into a series of five or six, or eight or nine, or ten days? The Jews would have been less exposed to danger, and have run far less chance of imitating their neighbours, if a marked contrast were made in the number of days as well as in the objects commemorated upon them.

If indeed Bishop Clifford be right in his conjectures regarding Moses' motives, we cannot say that he gives him credit for much practical wisdom and sagacity in adapting means to ends.

With a view of demonstrating the ritual nature of the Sabbath, the Bishop remarks that "it was abrogated by the Christian Church and replaced by the Sunday." But what is really the weight of such an argument? A little reflection will convince us that all that was essential in the Divine command is yet retained unaltered. The essence of the precept is the sanctification of one of the seven days, and whether the day chosen be one or another, can make no radical difference whatever. Was it not natural and reasonable then that the law of grace, left free to choose, should prefer to all others the day upon which were accomplished the august mysteries of the Resurrection of our Saviour Jesus Christ and the descent of the Holy Spirit? Indeed the observances which were solely ritual disappeared on the advent of Christianity, and were not merely modified in some unessential particular, as, for example, the prohibition of certain meats, &c. If the precept of sanctifying the Sabbath was not abolished like the rest, but merely altered in an unimportant particular, is it not a sign that far from its being a mere legal and ceremonial prescription, that it was of a much more weighty origin?

Bishop Clifford seems to find some unaccountable difficulty in the employment of the word day (*yôm*), which he fancies can only be used with propriety *in the verses we are considering*, as days of the present week. "If," he says in his reply, "I were to state that four days elapsed between the landing of Julius Cæsar on the coast of Britain and the landing of William the Conqueror; that the Romans held Britain one day; that on their departure the Saxons got possession and held it from morning to evening of the second day; that from morning till evening of the third day it was held by the Danes, &c.; such language would be judged to be contrary to all established usage" (DUBLIN REVIEW, Oct. 1881). Here

chiara pruova che giammai se l'abbia avuto in mente"—i.e., he could never even have dreamt it.—See "Fede e Scienza," p. 377.

the Bishop seems to have forgotten the poetical character which he so loudly claims for the first chapter of Genesis, or else he might have allowed something on the score of poetical licence ; but let that pass. I would make bold to remind him that because we Englishmen, so notorious for our cold unimaginative practical way of regarding everything, would not readily attribute a broader and more general sense to the word "day" than it now receives, it does not in the least follow that the Orientals, who are noted even at the present time for their highly allegorical and metaphorical language, would not use figures and a form of speech which would astonish a less imaginative race. Indeed, Moses is far from being the only one to use these forms of expression ; the prophet Daniel actually speaks of "weeks of years."

In sooth the Hebrew word "*yôm*," translated by "day," cannot in reality be restricted in its meaning to that single idea at all. The fact is there is no word in Hebrew to correspond with such English words as epoch, period, &c. The Hebrew writers were therefore constrained to express these and similar ideas by (*yôm*) day. "Dies" in the Vulgate is a synonym of "*spatium*," "*tempus*," "*ætas*." If we only take the trouble to examine the Scriptures we shall find the word constantly used in senses other than that which Mgr. Clifford insists it must have in the first chapter of Genesis. Here are a few instances : "I will send forth a famine into the land ; . . . and they shall wander from sea to sea, and from north to east. . . . In that *day* (*yôm*) shall the fair virgins and the young men faint for thirst" (Amos viii.). Here it is evident that day cannot mean a period of twenty-four hours. So again in the familiar passage from the Book of Psalms, where God the Father uses "day" to signify the unending term of eternity : "Thou art my Son, this day (*yôm*) have I begotten Thee" (ii. 7). In another place (Jerem. xlv.) the inspired writer applies the word to the whole duration of a long campaign carried on by Nabuchodonosor against Pharaoh Nechao, king of Egypt ; see also Ezekiel xxix. and xxx., and Isaiah xxix., and many other places cited and commented on by Dr. Molloy in his "*Geology and Revelation*." From the numerous examples given it is plain that the word *yôm* in Scriptural language is often used as a period of many days or even many years ; nay, sometimes even for a period of many centuries. Molina says : "Learned writers tell us commonly that Moses puts the word day in the sense of time, as in the passage of Deuteronomy : 'The day of perdition is at hand.'" Bannez, too, concurs in this opinion : "The word day can be understood for any time whatsoever," he says. Perrerus, referring to the passage remarks : "Day is put for time, as is

frequently done." Petavius contends further that it is conformable to the usages even of Greek and Latin writers. Thus Cicero: "Itaque cum ego *diem* in Siciliam perexiguam postulavisse, invenit iste qui sibi in Achaiam *viduo breviarem diem* postularet."* After due reflection upon the use of the word (*yôm*) as exemplified in texts from Scripture and the commentaries of saints and savants, it would be gratifying to have a somewhat stronger proof of the Bishop of Clifton's view respecting its signification in Genesis, than an appeal to the general effect of the word day, upon a modern English reader, were it substituted for period in the general account of the history of his country.†

Those who have said least in disparagement of the new theory are perhaps the Germans. Dr. Bernhard Schäfer expresses himself pleased at any attempt to dissociate science and the Bible, though he is far from committing himself to Bishop Clifford's views, and follows quite another line. The writer of the review in the "*Literarische Rundschau*," Schanz, has also some words of praise, but he too "*wie die meisten andern kritiker*" considers that the main point (*hauptpunkt*) of the hypothesis must be rejected. Westermeyer partially sides with the Bishop. He deems it highly probable that the days in Genesis are indeed days of twenty-four hours, nor does he think it necessary to deny their consecration to the commemoration of the works of creation. What however he does most emphatically refuse to believe, is the origin assigned for them. He stoutly maintains that the universe was created in six real periods, and that on the seventh God did indeed rest (in the sense commonly received), and that each day of the week was arranged to correspond to one of the great periods. The divisions of the week, according to him, rest and depend upon the periods of creation, which may be considered as their prototype, or *causa exemplaris*; which is very different from the idea expressed in the new theory.‡ Further, he utterly

* The Abbé Vigouroux, in his "*Manuel Biblique*" ("*Ancien Testament*," tom. i. Paris, 1881, p. 341), gives a list of twenty-one passages from the Old and New Testament in which the word "*yôm*" signifies an indeterminate period. For further proofs and authorities on this point I refer my readers to the very interesting chapter xx. in "*Geology and Revelation*," by G. Molloy, D.D., from which the last few quotations have been borrowed.

† Mgr. Clifford admits "it may sometimes be used in the indefinite sense of a period of time," but I have thought well to support this truth by a few instances, being fully persuaded that it affects the interpretation of the word in chap. i. of Genesis, more than he is disposed to allow.

‡ "*Er (i.e., der Verfasser) stellt das Verhältniss zwischen Schöpfungswerken und Wochentagen von vornherein auf den Kopf. Wir sind gewohnt,*

rejects the Egyptian origin of the week and gives it a vastly earlier date than is consistent with Bishop Clifford's view.* After a considerably elaborate proof drawn from Scripture, and especially from the similarity of certain Hebrew words which he traces to a common root, he at last concludes that the week and the Sabbath, and even the solemn observance of the Sabbath, was in use long before Moses' time—a conclusion, I need hardly remark, altogether fatal to the theory we have been all along discussing.

Westermeyer finds no difficulty in admitting that Dr. Clifford's theory most effectually wards off all attacks from the side of science, but he says it is at the expense of Genesis (*auf Kosten der Genesis*). In a word, he razes the citadel to the ground, and when every trace of it has disappeared, compliments himself on having put it beyond the assaults of the enemy; he tears the tree up by the roots, and then defies the power of the whirlwind and the storm to blow it down.

I am fully—I might almost say painfully—aware how imperfect and sketchy my few remarks on the present state of this controversy have been. The sources of further and far deeper information however, I believe, have been sufficiently indicated. For such of my readers, on the other hand, as are satisfied with the conclusions to which men of eminence have arrived, without caring to follow out their line of argument, I trust the opening pages of this article will have been of some little assistance.

In conclusion, I must apologize to my readers for the tardiness of this reply. The truth is, I had hoped some abler writer would have come forward, and it was only after many long months of impatient waiting that I ventured at the last moment to set my own weak hands to the task.

JOHN S. VAUGHAN.

die Schöpfungswerke als das Primäre zu fassen, die Wochentage als das Secundäre, und so beziehen wir die abhängigen Wochentage auf die wirklichen Schöpfungswerke. Der Verfasser macht es umgekehrt" (p. 736).

So too again:—"Die Schöpfungswerke sind das Massgebende, die Woche das darnach Bemessene. Die Werke, nach Zahl und Ordnung sind von Gott bestimmt, die Woche ist ihnen nachgebildet" (p. 741).

* On page 217 of "*The Great Pyramid*" (1883), by Proctor, a very interesting note may be referred to, in which it is shown by an analysis of chap. xxix. of Genesis that the week was used long before the time of Jacob, "as a customary term of engagement" for working men. "For an ordinary wage a man would work seven days; for his love Jacob worked seven years." This points to a very early origin of the week among the Jews.

ART. III.—FIFTY VERSIONS OF “DIES IRÆ.”

I. ANCIENT VERSIONS AND PARAPHRASES.

“DIES IRÆ,” of all the Missal and Breviary Hymns of the Catholic Church, enjoys a threefold distinction which none other can equal and few others can rival. At the present day, it is the hymn which is most frequently used in Divine Worship. Next, it has been the most often imitated, consciously or unconsciously, or paraphrased, or translated into the vernacular and many living tongues in time past. And it is, perhaps, more highly esteemed by the learned and cultured, and is also more generally popular with the uncritical many, than any other ancient Latin hymn.

This sequence must always be sung in solemn functions for the dead, in the Roman Liturgy; and may be said whensoever Mass is offered for the repose of the souls of the departed. It is thus intimately associated with some of the most touching and affecting moments in the life of Catholics, when they assist at the funeral service, or memorial rites of those who are nearest and dearest to them. It has also become a favourite household word with non-Catholics of every denomination, when led to contemplate in its wonderful lines and grandly flowing periods, their own decease and what must afterwards ensue. Hence, to a large extent, we may account for the wide and ever-increasing popularity which attaches to *Dies Iræ*.* A common fate will befall every man who listens to, or follows, or recites this prose, be he within or without the fold of the Church. He must, as a fact, die. One end awaits every human being who reads this hymn, whether he be a believer in dogma, or doubtful of all faith. He must one day stand face to face with that which comes after death—whether or not he admits that anything comes after. And it is because the magnificent poem, which is called by its opening words, treats of this common end and fate of a common humanity; and treats of it, for the most part, both in a language understood of the people and in a form which appeals to the cultivated—that *Dies Iræ* has secured to itself almost universal acceptance. It has touched a chord in the heart of civilized Christian man, who assents

* A good Protestant translation of *Dies Iræ*, in double-rhymed trochiac triplets, is published in *Hymns Ancient and Modern*. This hymn book had been sold in 1879 to the extent of twenty millions of copies. Its average yearly sale is said to reach one million. We ought to be grateful for this world-wide dissemination of a Catholic hymn, which has been less garbled and curtailed than many others that might be named.

without conscious protest to its teaching, and bows with an approach to unanimity before its graphic and impressive picture of the final doom.

The silent and unqualified acceptance of *Dies Iræ* is a noteworthy circumstance in literature. It is perhaps, comparable to nothing else, outside writings held to be sacred, but to the uncritical temper with which a majority of readers, and even non-Catholics of every shade of negation, imbibe the elementary but profound wisdom, and the deep though withal childlike piety of Thomas-à-Kempis. But, the "Sequence for the Dead" and the "Imitation," however otherwise dissimilar, are alike in this: they both discourse in the simplest and least conventional terms of what is common in death and life respectively to all the children of men. The latter tells us how best and most easily in the present to follow a Divine pattern by the first principles of a common morality. The former treats of the inevitable future with every man; what must some day come to all of us; what all of us must some day come to. In spite, therefore, of both these immortal works in poetry or prose drawing their inspirations, so to speak, from revelation and Christian doctrine, both speak with success to the large majority of those who come in contact with them, apart from their sources of inspiration. And although *Dies Iræ*—with which the present paper is alone concerned—borrows its argument from the Bible, uses the language and thought of inspiration, and illustrates its brief vivid story from Scriptural personages, facts, and scenes; yet, ordinary readers of the funeral prose see in its solemn march of ideas the outcome, only or mainly, of natural religion; and probably, for the most part, are wholly unconscious, at the time of its recitation, of any appreciable element or influence of the revealed.

In every division of the well-nigh endless sacred songs of the Catholic Church, some one hymn stands out definitely marked by the judgment of Western civilization, as of pre-eminent worth. The simply formulated, but exactly stated Christian utterances of the early Ambrosian and Gregorian hymns (using both terms generically); the less early theological and more dogmatic compositions of many mediæval writers, whether nameless or well-known; the philosophical and metaphysical poetry of a later date, by others as well as by St. Thomas; the sweet subjectivity of the two Bernards and their imitators; the more mystical if not always more poetic verse (strangely praised by Protestants, though in itself and in sentiment essentially Catholic) of Adam of St. Victor, and his school of hymnists—each school, each author, each class of sacred poetry, produced in turn devout and pious thoughts in verse which have taken captive the religious aspirations of the Catholic world, and have not

failed to influence Protestants. For instance, to take but a few cases, where many might be quoted. One of the "loveliest" of hymns, to use the language of a modern Protestant critic and writer of sacred verse, is that of Robert of France, *Veni, Sancte Spiritus*. One of the most pathetic and plaintive of hymns is the *Stabat Mater* of Jacopone. Perhaps one of the most philosophical and mystical is the *Adoro te devote, latens Deitas* of St. Thomas Aquinas. St. Ambrose's Advent hymn, *Veni Redemptor gentium* has been well termed "immortal;" and near akin to it is the Vesper hymn of St. Gregory, *Lucis creator optime*. To these may be fitly added, in their varied forms of beauty, dignity, devotion, or grace, the mellifluous hymn of the sacred Name, *Jesu, the very thought of Thee*; the Compline hymn, *Now that the daylight dies away*, the exquisite anonymous hymn to our Blessed Lady, *Hail, bright Star of Ocean*—these efforts of ancient or mediæval hymnody, which are only not inspired, or which, more truly, are in their degree inspired, are held by common consent to be almost unmatched. But, beyond them all and before them all and above them all may, perhaps, be placed *Dies Iræ*, by Thomas of Celano.

In common with much literature of past ages, the origin and history of *Dies Iræ* has been questioned in modern times. Of course, Germany has inquired carefully and systematically into this critical question. Of course, England has availed herself of German investigation, if not of German conclusions. The hymn has been attributed to many possible and to some impossible writers, so widely different in their character, position, and date, as St. Gregory the Great, and St. Bernard; Humbert, General of the Dominicans; and the Cardinals Ursini and Frangipani. Into a discussion of authorship there is, in this place, neither need nor intention to enter. This paper is unconcerned even with the original form and verbal expressions of the hymn. The threefold "sonorous double-rhymed prose" is known to the Church as the Missal hymn for the dead, or for the day of judgment, of Thomas of Celano, who, in the thirteenth century, was founder of the Order of Minorites; and who, at one time, was pupil to, was always the friend, and ultimately became biographer of, the great St. Francis of Assisi. With this verdict on an obscure and difficult hymnological problem it is believed that German criticism, on the whole, concurs. At the least, it fails to be unanimous on the claims to authorship of any other Middle-Age writer. But, in any case, the judgment of antiquity will be adopted here; and in the following pages—which are intended as a contribution towards the study of comparative hymnody—*Dies Iræ* will be treated, in a monograph and descriptively, in relation to some of its manifold English forms, be they paraphrases or translations.

At what date and under what conditions *Dies Iræ* was first employed in its original language for Divine worship, it is difficult to say; but by degrees it became widely, and at last it became universally used in the liturgy of the Catholic Church. If we may judge from the large number and variety of the translations of it which have been made into German and English, the hymn has taken a firm hold on the Teutonic mind. Perhaps, the fact of its deliberate omission from, and hence, the prohibition of its use in the public offices of Protestant communities—at least of the Establishment—may to some extent account for the number of renderings of the hymn for devotional purposes. But, in any case, the number is larger in Germany and England (including American translations) than in any other modern country. An able translator of the present day describes a volume published in Germany, which contains sixty or seventy versions of the sequence—some by names of eminence. American translations, a recent collector asserts, hardly fall short of a like figure—one enthusiast having not only written (which was venial) but published (an unpardonable offence) no fewer than thirteen different versions. English renderings, both Catholic and Protestant combined, rise above the same number, notwithstanding that only one or two translators are known to have ventured on making more than a single version of the hymn. It is, however, with English efforts alone to translate *Dies Iræ*—including, of course, renderings by Irishmen and Scotchmen—with but one exception, in the case of the latest translation into the vernacular by an American, that we are in this place concerned.

Out of the large number of versions of *Dies Iræ* made into English, fifty have been selected for remark and quotation. These fifty include the best translations that are known to exist; the translations made by the most eminent persons, or which in themselves are otherwise noteworthy; and the versions which are of earliest date, or of latest publication. Upwards of twenty more versions in the vernacular might be mentioned; but these are neglected for various good reasons. Some are insufficiently meritorious to claim notice or annotation. Some are known by report only to the present writer, and cannot be verified. Several are merely revised or altered versions of former translations—characteristics, however, which alone would not cause them to be ignored. Two are in MS. only, and have not yet been, though it is hoped they will shortly be, published. And two early renderings have been discovered by the research of another, and are left for the discoverer himself to make public. The wide theological acceptance spoken of above, which the sequence has secured, may be imagined from a review of the opinions of some of its translators. *Dies Iræ* has been done

into English by members of nearly every form of religious profession. A member of the Society of Friends has made one version; and at least one born Socinian another. Lutherans and Calvinists equally have attempted its translation. Methodists, Presbyterians, and Episcopalians have rendered it into their mother tongue. Irish Orangemen, Scotch Kirk ministers, English Nonconformists, Anglicans—High, Low, and Broad Church alike—have done themselves honour by making the same efforts. And many Catholics—perhaps nearly one half of the whole, certainly one half of the selected fifty versions—have translated their own sublime prose; and these renderings are not amongst the least poetical, or the least faithful, both in expression and in metre, to the original.

The religious diversities are not the only *differentiæ* of the translation of *Dies Irae*. Naturally, the largest number of translators are to be found amongst the clergy, whether of the Catholic priesthood or among Protestant ministers. Out of the fifty chosen versions somewhere about nineteen or twenty are by laymen. But, nearly every profession and rank has added to the list of translators; and besides clergy of every degree, from a Protestant archbishop to a Catholic religious; men of letters and newspaper editors; politicians and lawyers; private gentlemen and peers; a general officer, several medical men, and at least three ladies have undertaken the almost hopeless task. Of the selected fifty, five only are anonymous, beyond the chance of their authors being now recognized: although one certainly and probably two versions in addition, have not been assigned to their actual authors. Of the residue, several were originally published without any name, or with initial letters only affixed. But time, which surely if slowly solves many literary problems of authorship, has revealed the names of a large proportion of those translations which were published in the first instance with no distinguishing mark. Three translations are posthumous. One was privately printed. Two have not yet been published. Three renderings are supposed to be literal: one in rhythmical prose, and two in the form of poetry. Nineteen first appeared in books of private devotion; and twelve or thirteen were first launched for public criticism in the pages of periodical literature. Nearly one half of the half-hundred were made by Catholics in religion, hereditary or converted.

The dates of the several versions are as diverse as their authorship. No original version seems to have been written, though two were published, in the eighteenth century. But, six or seven were written in the seventeenth century; and the remainder between the years 1805 and 1882, and all but five of these have been published within the last half century. Hence, these fifty

versions naturally arrange themselves into two widely different groups—those which are comparatively ancient, and those that are actually modern. Some specimens of both groups are in substance imperfect; and in general lack the final or other verses. Some are avowedly fragmentary, and are mere *torsoes* of the grand old original. And some, again, either supplement, or are supplemented by portions of other versions. The fifty versions further arrange themselves into two other clearly marked divisions—paraphrases and translations proper. The versions, hitherto, have been spoken of generically under the latter designation. But, a comparatively small number are genuinely translations of the sequence, both in its dramatic entirety and in its poetic form. As a rule, mere imitations have been ignored: but some paraphrases verge too nearly upon imitation; and some, or many versions professedly translations, render the matter of the hymn with a freedom approaching to laxity, or even licence, and in a manner wholly different to that of the original. Indeed, the versions which honestly adhere to both substance and rhymed metre of the original of Thomas of Celano are but few. To be exact: in regard to version, nine or ten are more or less paraphrases of the sequence, and thirty or thirty-one are more or less direct translations. Of the last (as was above said) two are described by their authors as literal translations; and one enjoys the singular distinction of being written in rhythmical prose. The metres of the renderings, again, are manifold. Some are irregular; some are fanciful; some are orderly. Of the latter, the form is usually two-fold. The trochaic metre is the more popular measure: and of this form there are at least thirty-one specimens. Iambics are less popular with translators; and only twelve or thirteen are written in this metre. But, out of the one-and-thirty versions in trochaic measure, only thirteen are written with the dissyllabic rhymes of the original prose. One of these thirteen is partially dissyllabic only—the author, apparently, having before its completion tired of his work; one is only partially trochaic, though with double rhymes; two are imperfect renderings, wanting one or more triplets; one is paraphrastic; and two are merely fragments of the whole sequence, however valuable may be the portions chipped from the block. This exhaustive analysis leaves but seven genuine translations into English of *Dies Iræ*, complete in the tale of stanzas, honestly reproduced in substance, and done into both metre and rhyme of the original—*i.e.*, trochaic, with dissyllabic rhymed readings. The honour attaching to this literary feat is shared by two Protestant clergymen and by five Catholics—three of the latter being laymen.

Almost every version in turn—it is a constant remark of students of *Dies Iræ*—is indebted, consciously or unconsciously,

to others which take precedence of it in order of time. This indebtedness is observable both in thought and language. In some cases, in many cases, the copying is patent and obvious, and needs no explanation. In others, it is not easy to understand, with conflicting dates, questions of life and death, and in early days, difficulties attending the widely-parted localities of authors, how one translator could have copied from another, except through the medium of a version, common to both, which has perished. In one case of unblushing plagiarism, lines of seven syllables have been turned into lines of eight, by the addition, in many instances, and with almost comical effect, of monosyllabic particles and articles, of nouns, pronouns, adjectives, and of conjunctions and interjections, freely sprinkled over the page.

The sources whence the present collection of renderings of *Dies Iræ* has been made are varied. The earlier versions, especially the Catholic translations, were, as a rule, made for purposes of private devotion. The later versions, and most of the Protestant renderings were made for singing publicly in church. For references to seven or eight out of the fifty versions, the writer is indebted to a friend, who contemporaneously and unknown to him, has made a far larger collection of versions than the present one—a collection which includes all the translations from America and two fresh British versions, one from the collector's own pen. Two of the fifty versions of this collection exist only in MS. They were written independently, almost at the same date: one by a clergyman, an able pioneer in Anglican adaptations of the ancient Latin hymns; one by a cultured and poetic-minded Catholic priest gone to his rest; both in the years 1846–1847. Two, if not three of the earliest Catholic translations are also included in this collection—the very earliest, if we exclude an irregular rendering and a paraphrase; and the only early translations, if we exclude the manufactured edition of a former version above-mentioned. The only further remarks of an analytical nature which it is convenient to make, have reference to the names of some of the more distinguished men who have attempted a rendering into English of *Dies Iræ*. Amongst others, these may be specially referred to in the order of their date of publication. In the seventeenth century, we find the names of Sylvester, Crashaw, and Drummond of Hawthornden, to whom may be added, under protest, the name of Lord Roscommon—though perhaps a greater name than his should be affixed to the version with which that nobleman is credited, *viz.*, Dryden. In the eighteenth century, as before observed, no translation is known to have been written, though two were printed. In the nineteenth century these were some of the better known or more distinguished authors, who ventured, with more or less absence

of failure, on the forlorn hope of rendering into English the *Dies Iræ*: Sir Walter Scott, Lord Macaulay, Canon Husebeth, Isaac Williams, Archbishop Trench, Dean Alford, Prior Aylward, W. J. Copeland, Lord Lindsay, Dr. Irons, Father Caswall, R. Dalton Williams, ("Shamrock" of the *Nation*) Robert Campbell of Skerrington, W. J. Blew, Professor Bright, A. D. Wackerbarth (?), P. Stanhope Worsley, Dr. Kynaston, C. B. Cayley, R. Holt Hutton, J. Hoskyns-Abrahall, Dean Stanley, Charles Kent, and Justice O'Hagan (who forty years ago was another of the Irish national poets).

The above and other details may be seen at a glance from the following Table, which gives, in a condensed form, many of the more obvious characteristics of the fifty versions of *Dies Iræ* covered by this article.* The seven columns contain respectively these details, somewhat abbreviated to meet the requirements of a contracted tabulated form: the *number* of the translation in this collection; the *date* of its issue; the *name* of its author and *source* of publication; the character of the *version*, whether it be *para*-phrase, *trans*-lation, *frag*-ment or *imp*-erfect, or a *liter*-al rendering; its *metre*, *irreg*-ular, *troch*-aïc, *iamb*-ic, or *rhyth*-mical prose; and its rhyme, *simp*-le, or *diss*-yllabic, with the number of *syllables*.

* A version in Welsh could hardly find a place, even by way of reference, in the present paper. It may be mentioned, however, in a foot-note, that this effort has been made, of late years, by one of the Catholic translators (No. 29 in the Table) into English of *Dies Iræ*. The following is the first triplet of this version, by Mr. H. W. Lloyd :—

Dydd y Digter
Dydd y digter, dwys i'r glust yw,
Hwn a ysa 'r byd yn nystryw,
Dafydd gydâ'r Sifi'n dyst yw.

The following note is added by the learned translator :—"In this translation the double rhyme is maintained throughout, as well as the rules of 'alliterative concatenation,' termed in Welsh prosody 'cyghanedd.' The vowel 'u' in the penultimate syllable of the first line in the above stanza has precisely the same sound as the 'y' in those of the second and third lines. The sound of 'v' is expressed in Welsh by a single 'f,' that of 'f' by the double letter 'ff.'"

FIFTY VERSIONS OF "DIES IRÆ."

No.	Date of Issue.	Religion.	Name of Author and Source of Publication.	Version.	Metre.	Rhyme.	Syllables.
1	1621	Prot.	Joshua Sylvester: <i>Divine Weeks.</i>	Para.	Irreg.	Simp.	
2	1646	Cath.	Richard Crashaw: <i>Steps to the Temple.</i>	Para.	Irreg.	Simp.	
3	1656	Prot.	William Drummond of Hawthornden: <i>Posthumous Poems.</i>	Trans.	Iamb.	Simp.	8
4	1657	Cath.	Anselm Crowther and Thomas Vincent Sadler: <i>Rosarists' Daily Exercises.</i>	Trans.	Iamb.	Simp.	8
5	1687	Cath.	James Dymock, Clergyman: <i>Sacrifice of the New Law.</i>	Trans.	Troch.	Simp.	7
6	1694	Cath.	Anonymous: <i>Following of Christ.</i>	Trans.	Iamb.	Simp.	
7	1721	Prot.	Attributed to Lord Roscommon: <i>Posthumous Poems.</i>	Trans.	Iamb.	Simp.	8
	or	or					
	1763	Cath.	Dryden: <i>Divine Office for the Laity.</i>				
8	17 ..	Cath.	Anonymous: <i>Office for the Dead.</i>	Trans.	Iamb.	Simp.	8
9	1805	Prot.	Sir Walter Scott: <i>Lay of the Last Minstrel.</i>	Frag.	Iamb.	Simp.	8
10	1825	Prot.	"O": <i>Christian Remembrancer.</i>	Para.			
11	1826	Prot.	Lord Macaulay: <i>Christian Observer.</i>	Tr. & Para.	Iamb.	Simp.	8
12	1831	Cath.	F. C. Canon Husenbeth: <i>Missal for the Laity.</i>	Frag.	Troch.	Simp.	7
13	1833	Cath.	Anonymous: <i>Spiritual Repository.</i>	Para.			
14	1837	Prot.	J. Chandler: <i>Hymns of the Primitive Church.</i>	Tr. & Para.	Irreg.	Simp.	
15	1839	Cath.	J. R. Beste: <i>Catholic Hours.</i>	Trans.	Rhyth. Prose.	Diss.	8
16	1839	Prot.	Isaac Williams: <i>Hymns from the Parisian Breviary.</i>	Trans.	Troch.	Simp.	7
17	1844	Prot.	Archbishop Trench: <i>Hymns for the Sick and Suffering.</i>	Imp.	Troch.	Simp.	7
18	1844	Prot.	Dean Alford: <i>Psalms and Hymns.</i>	Trans.	Troch.	Simp.	7
19	1845	Cath.	W. F. Wingfield: <i>Prayers for the Dead.</i>	Trans.	Iamb.	Simp.	8
20	1846	Cath.	Prior Aylward: <i>Two Unpublished MSS.</i>	Trans.	Troch. and Iamb.	Simp.	7
21	1847	Prot.	W. J. Copeland: <i>Unpublished MS.</i>	Trans.	Troch.	Simp.	8
22	1847	Prot.	Lord Lindsay: <i>History of Christian Art.</i>	Trans.	Troch.	Simp.	7
23	1848	Prot.	Dr. Irons: <i>Fly Sheet</i> ; afterwards, in <i>Hymns Ancient and Modern.</i>	Trans.	Troch.	Diss.	8
24	1848	Cath.	Father Caswall: <i>Lyra Catholica.</i>	Trans.	Troch.	Simp.	7
25	1848	Cath.	R. Dalton Williams ("Shamrock" of the Nation): <i>Manual of the Sisters of Charity.</i>	Para.	Irreg.	Simp.	
26	1849	Prot.	Dean Disney: <i>Irish Ecclesiastical Journal.</i>	Imp.	Troch.	Simp.	8
27	1849	Prot.	Archdeacon Rowan: <i>Irish Ecclesiastical Journal.</i>	Trans.	Troch.	Diss. & Simp.	8
28	1850	Cath.	Robert Campbell of Skerrington: <i>Hymns and Anthems.</i>	Frag.	Troch.	Simp.	7
29	1850	Cath.	Howel W. Lloyd: <i>Paradise of the Christian Soul.</i>	Trans.	Troch.	Simp.	8

FIFTY VERSIONS OF "*DIES IRÆ*"—(continued).

No.	Date of Issue.	Religion.	Name of Author and Source of Publication.	Version.	Metre.	Rhyme.	Syllables.
30	1850	Prot.	Dr. F. G. Lee : <i>Poems</i> .	Trans.	Troch.	Simp.	7
31	1852	Prot.	William J. Blew : <i>Church Hymn and Tune Book</i> .	Trans.	Troch.	Diss.	8
32	1858	Prot.	Professor Bright : <i>Athanasius</i> .	Trans.	Troch.	Simp.	7
33	1859	Prot.	J. W. Hewett : <i>Verses by a Country Curate</i> .	Trans.	Troch.	Simp.	7
34	1860	Cath.	Doubtful authorship ; possibly A. D. Wackerbarth : <i>Catholic Hymnal</i> .	Trans.	Troch.	Diss.	8
35	1860	Prot.	P. Stanhope Worsley : <i>Blackwood's Magazine</i> .	Imp. Trans.	Troch.	Diss.	8
36	1862	Prot.	Dr. Kynaston : <i>Occasional Hymns</i> , privately printed.	Frag. Trans.	Troch.	Diss.	8
37	1864	Prot.	C. B. Cayley : <i>Church Times</i> .	Imp. Trans.	Troch.	Diss.	8
38	1865	Cath.	Father Trappes : <i>Liturgical Hymns</i> .	Trans.	Irreg.	Simp.	
39	1868	Prot.	R. Holt Hutton : <i>Spectator</i> .	Liter. Trans.	Iamb.	Simp.	8
40	1868	Prot.	J. Hoskyns - Abrahall : <i>Christian Remembrancer</i> .	Trans. Para.	Troch.	Diss.	8
41	1868	Prot.	Dean Stanley : <i>Macmillan's Magazine</i> .	Trans. Para.	Troch.	Simp.	7
42	1871	Prot.	W. Cooke : <i>Hymnary</i> .	Frag. Trans.	Troch.	Diss.	8
43	1874	Cath.	Charles Kent : <i>Month</i> .	Trans.	Troch.	Diss.	8
44	1874	Cath.	Justice O'Hagan : <i>Irish Monthly</i> .	Trans.	Troch.	Diss.	8
45	1874	Cath.	Dr. Wallace : <i>Hymns of the Church</i> .	Trans.	Troch.	Diss.	8
46	1875	Cath.	Anonymous : <i>Messenger of the Sacred Heart</i> .	Trans.	Troch.	Simp.	7
47	1880	Prot.	D. T. Morgan : <i>Hymns of the Latin Church</i> .	Trans.	Iamb.	Simp.	8
48	1880	Cath.	Osmund Seager : <i>Oremus</i> .	Trans.	Troch.	Simp.	7
49	1881	Cath.	Father Police : <i>Parochial Hymn Book</i> .	Frag. Para.	Iamb.	Simp.	8
50	1882	Cath.	Joseph J. Marrin : <i>Catholic World</i> .	Liter. Trans.	Iamb.	Simp.	8

Dies Iræ, either in its native form, or in an English dress of some fashion, new or old, is presumably known to the reader. If it be not known, the Missal will provide the first ; nearly any Protestant hymn-book will furnish the last ; and both, English and Latin, as a rule, may be found in most Catholic books of devotion.* Familiarity with the conception and general line of

* Non-Catholics, who may not have access to the original in other volumes, can find the text of *Dies Iræ* in the following books:—1. Trench's *Sacred Latin Poetry* (Macmillan), with valuable notes: 2. *Hymni Ecclesie*, bearing the venerable initials J. H. N., and the date 1838: reprinted (Macmillan) 1865; 3. Daniel's *Thesaurus Hymnologicus*; 4. *Hymns of the Primitive Church*, an almost forgotten, but valuable collection of Catholic hymns, chiefly from the Parisian Breviary, by an early and

the prose, therefore, being taken for granted, some idea of the style, character, peculiarities, and value of the different versions may be obtained by making *centoes* from the several efforts of various authors. By this means, and within a reasonable space, a combination may be formed of the happiest portions of their attempts to render this most difficult sequence into English. A glance may be taken at some of their feeblest results. Comparisons and contrasts may be made, under different conditions, of version, metre, rhyme: and such brief notes or comments may be added as each case seems to demand. Of course, the different classes of versions, and versions in different metres and modes of rendering, ought to be kept distinctly apart; and this will be secured in the case of all genuine and complete translations of any date, and of all comparatively recent renderings. But, in the case of some fragments of the hymn; of certain irregular and abnormal renderings; of most of the older versions; and of all the paraphrases under consideration—it will perhaps be sufficient, and it will certainly be more concise, to make a complete version, in a *cento* form, without having regard to the character of the rendering, or to the metre of it, or to its date. This being done, the residue of translations, nearly all of which are modern—whether trochaic or iambic, whether composed with single or double-rhymed endings—may be treated more artistically and according to rule. But the paraphrases and older and more irregular versions may be dealt with in the first place: and a *cento* may be made which will give some idea of various miscellaneous efforts by different hands, to render into English the mighty sequence of Thomas of Celano.

Before however, this *cento* be given, it may not be amiss, under any degree of acquaintance with the sequence, to refresh the memory of the reader. It may be convenient to place before him in one view, and in a briefer form than paraphrases assume, an outline of the dramatized vision of the day of doom as imagined by the mediæval friar, and as reproduced into English by Catholic hands three centuries later and two centuries since. In all probability, the versions of the Benedictine monks and of the Catholic clergyman of the seventeenth century—numbers four and five in the above table—will be unknown to the reader. As the two earliest Catholic renderings, though possibly both of them were indebted to a third, lost translation, these versions possess their own intrinsic interest, apart from their poetic value or

accomplished translator, the late Rev. John Chandler (1837), who died vicar of the Anglican living of Witley; and 5, in the *Spectator* newspaper for 1868, with a literal translation, in a noteworthy article entitled, "Sir Walter Scott and the *Dies Iræ*" (March 7).

faultiness, they will be printed in parallel columns; and a comparison of one with the other, and both with more modern and even earlier efforts, will produce curious critical speculations in the art of plagiarism.

The version of 1657 is the earliest extant translation from a Catholic source, being complete in matter and trochaic in metre, though written with simple rhymes only. The copy from which the present repetition is made was printed at Amsterdam, as the engraved title-page declares, in a small 12mo form, in a tiny but stout book of devotions, entitled *Daily Exercises of the devout Rosarists*, by two monks, who sign their own initials, A. C. and T. V., and those of the "Order of St. Bennet." This is a rare book at the present day, when all similar tomes are eagerly purchased, either for existing libraries in England, or by those who are making new libraries in America. A damaged and imperfect copy was found by the writer some twenty years ago in a second-hand bookseller's shop. Fortunately, the version of *Dies Iræ* is complete, and a study of it gives evidence of two interesting points in the English history of the hymn. Firstly, there are striking similarities between this version and that of Drummond of Hawthornden, which, under the condition of the case—the dates of Drummond's death (in 1649), and of the publication of his posthumous poems (in 1656)—are curious to note. For, Drummond could not have copied from the Rosarists' version; and it is not easy to see how the Rosarists could have copied from Drummond, though both might have been indebted to a third, but now unknown rendering. Secondly, later versions are even verbally indebted to the Benedictine monks' translation, notably the Protestant version, published next in order of time, which bears the name of Lord Roscommon—if, again, later versions and the present one are not indebted to a common prior source for literal inspiration. Space prevents these arguments from being elaborated. A single quotation on behalf of each of them must suffice. In support of the first proposition, the rendering of a somewhat crucial verse—the fifteenth—by both authors may be quoted and compared. The Rosarists' is as follows (Amsterdam, 1657):—

Amongst Thy sheep, grant I may stand
Far from the goats' accursed band,
Securely placed at Thy right hand.

Drummond's version runs thus (London, 1656):

On that great day, at Thy right hand,
Grant I amongst Thy sheep may stand,
Sequestered from that goatish band.

Apart from other similarities in thought and language, the final word in each of the three several lines, though in a different order, is the same in both versions. By way of proof of the second theorem, it may be said that, with verbal exceptions—the exchange of an article for a pronoun, and the interchange of particles—the two versions of the Rosarists and Lord Roscommon, or Dryden, as it may prove to be—have identically the same opening stanza. Here is that of the monks', which has almost become a canon of translation—to at least ten or twelve later authors—for verse one:—

That day of wrath, that dreadful day
Shall all the world in ashes lay ;
As David and Sybilla say.

And this is the version of the translation first published many years after the death of the nobleman whose name it bears :—

The day of wrath, that dreadful day
Shall the whole world in ashes lay,
As David and the Sybil say.

Other coincidences might be mentioned : but one further remark only need be made by way of an estimate of the Rosarists' work. It may be pronounced to be a fine translation, in a rhymed metre not of the highest order ; and allowing for the pronunciation of the English language at the date of its composition, there is, probably, no false rhyme to be found in its triplets. This verdict cannot honestly be given of many other versions of *Dies Iræ*.

If "James Dymock, a (Catholic) Clergyman," be not the author of the second version printed in parallel columns, and dated, 1687, his name appears in the above form on the title-page of the eighth edition of a work which contains it. The title of the book—a tiny old-fashioned narrow-paged duodecimo tome—is *The Great Sacrifice of the New Law expounded by the Figures of the Old*. In this edition, and in an appendix of Mass for the dead, is published the popular version of the Rev. James Dymock. The version has been frequently reprinted in its own age and in later years. But, whether the *Sacrifice of the New Law* or the *Office of the Blessed Virgin Mary*, (which also contains the same translation of the sequence) published in London by Henry Hills, in the same year, 1687, can claim priority of publication for the prose, must remain a moot point until further evidence be procurable. A reference to an earlier than the eighth edition of the *Sacrifice*, if a copy could be found, would decide the question. However, the reprint quoted below follows the version of Dymock's volume : and a comparison of it with the

translation by the Rosarists—allowing for the differences of metre—shows a strong family likeness to exist between them. Here is Dymock's third verse :—

The last trump, with dreadful groan,
Through the graves and regions blown,
Summons all before the throne.

The Benedictine monks, on the other hand, render the same triplet thus :—

His trumpet sounds a dreadful tone ;
The noise through all the graves is blown,
And calls the dead before His throne.

Perhaps one of the not least characteristic triplets of Dymock's version is the sixth :—

When the Judge is seated so,
All that's secret all shall know.
Nothing unrevenged shall go.

Or, as some copies read, "unavenged shall go." With this it may not be amiss to contrast the version of Drummond, which, in the transposition of words and elliptical form of expression, is also characteristic :—

The Judge enthroned, whom bribes not gain,
The closest crimes appear shall plain,
And none unpunished remain.

The unearthing of this author's name, if it be a discovery, was due to accident. No name could be attached to this version of the sequence, until, in searching the Library catalogue of the British Museum for the *Office of Our Lady*, which was known to contain a translation, the writer's attention was attracted to the striking title of *The Great Sacrifice*. A copy of this book had long been in his possession and was well known to him. On referring to the copy in the Museum, it was found to be a later edition of the same work, but with an appendix containing a version in English of *Dies Iræ*. On comparing this version with the translation in *Our Lady's Office*, the two were found to be identical, whilst the title page of *The Great Sacrifice* claimed the authorship of both for "James Dymock, a Clergyman," that is, of course, a Catholic priest.

Both the Rosarists' and Dymock's translations have been reprinted. In the century following their publication, a copy of the last was made for a small square 24mo. edition, in both Latin and English, of the *Office for the Dead*. In the present century, the former was reprinted in America—whither the little old book of the Rosarists had probably been taken by some early and

pious Irish emigrant—some forty years back, in a collection of religious poetry, *Catholic Melodies*, by the Rev. James Hoerner (Baltimore, 1843), with appropriate melodies for singing added. Both also have been widely utilized by subsequent versifiers. Perhaps the most shameless instance of adaptation, in which both versions suffered, may be found in the case of the translation, marked No. 8, in the above table, in a volume of devotions containing, for the use of laymen, the *Entire Office for the Dead*. Internal evidence supplied by the preface, which refers to a work on the *Primitive Liturgies* by the learned Nonjuror, Dr. Brett, proves that this office was printed subsequently to 1718—in which year, it is believed, Dr. Brett published his translation. The version of *Dies Iræ* contained in this volume would be beneath notice were it not for the original manner in which it was created, or perhaps it were truer to say, manufactured. It is to be feared that similar, if less gross, plagiarisms have disgraced our own day. By a comparison of the text of this anonymous version with those of the Benedictines and the Catholic priest respectively, it would seem that the new translation has been made from the two elder ones, by verbally quoting the first (in the same metre), by verbally altering the second (in another metre), and by combining both. Thus, by addition, subtraction, and copying pure and simple, the skilful compiler has made a new version from two others of trochaic and iambic metres severally. Not to waste more space over this monstrosity, it will suffice to print a couple or three of these triplets, indicating by italic letters some of the changes which have been made in earlier renderings:—

The day of wrath, that dreadful day
 Shall *all* the world in ashes lay,
 As David and the Sybils say.
Oh, what a fear will all surprise,
 When the *strict* Judge descends the skies,
 And comes to hold His great assize.
 The last trumpet with dreadful groan,
 Through *all* the graves and regions blown,
 Shall summon all before the throne.

Modern cases of plagiarism, adaptation and imitation, amongst translators of hymns and editors of hymn-books, bad as they are, can scarcely beat this specimen of audacity, if not of success.

The following versions of 1657 and 1687 are those which have been above annotated:—

DIES IRÆ.

A.C. and T.V. 1657.

1. THAT day of wrath, that dreadful day
 Shall all the world in ashes lay;
 As David and Sibylla say.

JAMES DYMCK. 1687.

DAY of wrath, that dreadful day
 Shall the world in ashes lay,
 David and the Sybils say.

2. How shall poor mortals quake with fears,
When their impartial Judge appears,
Who all their causes strictly hears?
 3. His trumpet sounds a dreadful tone;
The noise through all the graves is blown,
And calls the dead before his throne.
 4. Nature and death shall stand at gaze,
When creatures shall their bodies raise,
And answer for their sore-spent days.
 5. The fair-writ book of conscience shown,
Sin's black indictment shall be known,
And every soul its guilt shall own.
 6. So, when the Judge shall sit on high,
All hidden sins shall open lie,
No crime shall from due vengeance fly.
 7. What plea shall wretched I pretend?
What patron move to stand my friend,
When scarce the just themselves defend?
 8. O dreadful God and glorious King,
Who dost the saved freely bring
To bliss, save me, O Mercy's Spring.
 9. Pious Jesu, call to mind
Thy travels, for my good designed;
Grant I may that day mercy find.
 10. Thou sat'st down weary seeking me,
Thou climb'st the cross, my soul to free;
Let not such labour fruitless be.
 11. Dread Judge, whose justice is severe,
My long black score of sin make clear,
Ere the accounting day appear.
 12. I, as a guilty person groan;
My faults are in my blushes known.
Pity, dear Lord, thy suppliant's moan.
 13. Thy granting Magdalen relief,
And opening heaven to the thief,
Hath with sweet hopes allayed my grief.
 14. My worthless prayers deserve no hire;
But thou, mild Lord, thy grace inspire,
And save me from eternal fire.
 15. Amongst thy sheep, grant I may stand,
Far from the goats' accursed band,
Securely placed at thy right hand.
 16. The cursed troop being put to shame,
And pent in hell's ne'er dying flame,
Amongst the blest enrol my name.
 17. With bended knee I make my prayer,
And heart, contrite as ashes are;
Of my last end, dear Lord, take care.
 18. That day of doom, that day of tears,
When guilty man awakes in fears
From dust, and 'fore his Judge appears,
Jesu, whose breast our woes condole,
Preserve him from hell's burning coals;
Give rest to all departed souls.
- What a fear will all surprise,
When the Judge aloft in skies
Comes to hold his great assize.
- The last trump, with dreadful groan,
Through the graves and regions blown,
Summons all before the throne.
- Death and nature both shall quake,
When mankind from death shall wake,
Rising his accounts to make.
- Doom's-day book shall be ordained,
In which all things are contained,
Whereof mankind must be arraigned.
- When the Judge is seated so,
All that's secret all shall know;
Nothing unrevenged shall go.
- Wretch, how shall I then endure
To answer? Or whose aid procure,
When the just is scarce secure?
- King of dreadful glory mine,
Who savest freely those are thine,
Save me, fount of Love divine.
- Jesu, sweet, remember, I
Am the cause thou camest to die;
Damn me not eternally.
- Lost, thou me hast weary sought;
On the cross me dearly bought;
Let not those pains profit nought.
- Thou just Judge of vengeance due,
Pardon of my sins renew,
E'er the accounting day ensue.
- Guilty-like, I wait my case;
Shame of sin doth sting my face;
Spare me, God, who beg for grace.
- Thou, who Mary didst forgive,
And the dying thief reprieve,
Hope to me didst also give.
- Though my prayers deserve no hire,
Yet, good Lord, grant my desire—
I may escape eternal fire.
- Amongst thy sheep let me abide,
From the goats me far divide,
Place me on thy own right side.
- When the wicked are suppress,
And to direful flames address,
Call me to thee with the blest.
- Lowly suppliant, I thee pray,
With a heart contrite as clay,
Guard me on my dying day.
- This is, lo, that day of doom,
Wherein men from ashy tomb
Unto judgment shall arise;
Spare him, Lord, who mercy cries:
Jesu, pious and good Lord,
Eternal rest to them afford.

In close connection with these two versions may conveniently be placed the completest and finest of the more ancient versions which, under protest again, may for the moment pass under the name of the Earl of Roscommon. It also will be new to some readers, though it may, perhaps, be found in some books of Catholic devotion :—

DIES IRÆ.

- | | |
|---|---|
| <p>1. THE day of wrath, that dreadful day,
Shall the whole world in ashes lay,¹
As David and the Sybil say.</p> <p>2. What horror will invade the mind,
When the strict Judge, who would
be kind,
Shall have few venial faults to find?</p> <p>3. The last loud trumpet's wondrous sound
Shall through the rending tombs rebound,
And wake the nations under ground.</p> <p>4. Nature and death shall, with surprise,
Behold the pale offender rise,
And view the Judge with conscious eyes.</p> <p>5. Then shall, with universal dread,
The sacred mystic book be read
To trying the living and the dead.</p> <p>6. The Judge ascends His awful throne;
He makes each secret sin be known,
And all, with shame, confess their own.</p> <p>7. Oh then, what interest shall I make,
To save my last important stake,
When the most just have cause to quake.</p> <p>8. Thou mighty formidable King,
Thou mercy's unexhausted spring,
Some comfortable pity bring.</p> <p>9. Forget not what my ransom cost,
Let not my dear-bought soul be lost,
In storms of guilty terror tost.</p> | <p>10. Thou, who for me didst feel such pain,
Whose precious blood the cross did stain,
Let not these agonies be vain.</p> <p>11. Thou, whom avenging powers obey,
Cancel my debt (too great to pay)
Before the sad accounting day.</p> <p>12. Surrounded with amazing fears,
Whose load my soul with anguish bears,
I sigh, I weep; accept my tears.</p> <p>13. Thou who wast moved with Mary's grief
And, by absolving of the thief,
Hast given me hope, now give relief.</p> <p>14. Reject not my unworthy prayer;
Preserve me from that dangerous snare,
Which death and gaping hell prepare.</p> <p>15. Give my exalted soul a place
Amongst thy chosen righthand race,
The sons of God and heirs of grace.</p> <p>16. From that insatiable abyss,
Where flames devour and serpents hiss,
Promote me to thy seat of bliss.</p> <p>17. Prostrate, my contrite heart I rend;
My God, my father, and my friend,
Do not forsake me in my end.</p> <p>18. Well may they curse their second breath,
Who rise to a reviving death:
Thou great Creator of mankind,
Let guilty man compassion find.</p> |
|---|---|

With this version may be either compared or contrasted the rendering of Drummond of Hawthornden. It may be contrasted if we take the two versions, which is probably the true theory, as representing a Catholic and Protestant rendering severally. It may be compared, if both were written by Protestants and both were published posthumously, as Drummond's version certainly

was thus published. In any case, the following stanzas may be conveniently read in close connection with those which stand above, and some curious speculations will suggest themselves to the reader, who will be at the pains to examine them in conjunction with the rendering attributed to Roscommon. They are quoted in this place for two further reasons. First, in order to be able to deal in the future exclusively with modern versions. And next, because, although the version is called a translation, it is in reality imperfect at the end, and "farced" or enlarged at the beginning of the prose. Drummond translated the first seventeen triplets only, to which he prefixed four stanzas from his own pen. The version, therefore, is composite in character, and is difficult to be dealt with under any one heading. But, as Drummond's translation is easily accessible, a few verses only need be quoted: and the following are some of the more characteristic of his triplets:—

DIES IRÆ.

- | | |
|---|--|
| 1. That dreaded day of wrath and
shame,
In flames shall turn this world's huge
frame,
As sacred prophets do proclaim. | 8. All wholly holy dreadful King,
Who freely life to Thine dost bring,
Of mercy save me, mercy's spring. |
| 3. Shrill-sounding trumpets through
the air
Shall, from dark sepulchres, each-
where,
Force wretched mortals to appear. | 10. In search of me, Thou full of pain
Didst sweat blood, death, on Cross
sustain;
Let not these sufferings be in vain. |
| 5. Displayed then open books shall lie,
Which all those secret crimes descry,
For which the guilty world must die. | 11. Thou supreme Judge, most just and
wise,
Purge me from guilt which on me
lies,
Before that day of thine assize. |
| 7. Oh, who then pity shall poor me,
Or, who mine advocate shall be,
When scarce the justest pass shall
free? | 16. When that the reprobates are all
To everlasting flames made thrall,
Oh, to thy chosen, Lord, me call. |

William Drummond, of Hawthornden, died in 1649, and his version of *Dies Iræ* was published posthumously. The first complete edition of his works appears to have been issued seven years after his death, in London, in the year 1656; at least, such is a probable opinion. The book was edited by Edward Phillips, nephew of Milton; and it contains the funeral prose amongst other poems. The edition here quoted from is Mr. Turnbull's, 1856.

Lord Roscommon's version, or the rendering to which his name is affixed, opens a wide critical and literary question on which it is difficult to say but little. After considerable inquiry and thought, the conclusion at which the writer has arrived, in

brief, is this: that the earl was not the author of the above rendering. Who the author might have been is a more difficult problem to solve. Perhaps, as he is supposed to have anonymously done into English several Latin hymns about the same date, the author may have been the poet Dryden. But, this is a mere suggestion. The facts in regard to Lord Roscommon's claim to the authorship are these: that nobleman died in the year 1684. His version of *Dies Iræ*, if it be his, was published posthumously, at an uncertain date, whether thirty-three or thirty-seven years after his death; and it appeared in a small volume, entitled *Poems on Several Occasions*, by the Earl of Roscommon. So far as can now be ascertained, no reason has been given for the publication of the *Dies Iræ* at this date and in this collection; and none has been assigned why the poem was not published previously, and in former collections by the same author. The earliest volume which contains any of the earl's posthumous poetry was published in 1701, in a *Collection of Poems*, by Lords Normanby, Dorset, Halifax, and others, "with several original poems never before printed," by Roscommon. This book contained a paraphrase of Psalm cxlviii., written by the earl at the tender age of twelve years. Like volumes with this one were put forth in 1709, and again in 1719, in a third edition; and of these poems it was stated, in a preface, that most of them had not been before printed, and some of them were not contained in earlier editions. None of these volumes contain the English of *Dies Iræ*. The version appeared suddenly in the book above named, the preface of which is dated 1717, and the title-page of which bears the date 1721; and appeared without explanation, note, or advertisement, that *Dies Iræ* had been recently discovered, and was then for the first time published. The translation, therefore, was originally published as Lord Roscommon's under somewhat suspicious circumstances. And these suspicions are rather intensified than diminished when we remember, that the authorship of several of the earl's posthumous poems are seriously disputed—among others, the "Prospect of Death" and the "Prayer of Jeremiah." Moreover, here is another element of doubt. The version which bears the earl's name was republished again and again in Roman Catholic books of devotion in the years 1763, 1780, and 1791, without a hint being dropped that the version had not been made by the pen of a Catholic. And this is strong testimony, at that date, of a negative character, that the sequence was not done into English by a Protestant. Whilst, if we give any weight at all to a tradition which seems to have reached Dr. Johnson at third or fourth hand, at least through Waller and Fenton—viz., that the reputed author died with two lines of his own rendering on his

lips—we shall probably hold to the opinion that Lord Roscommon repeated the couplet,*

My God, my father, and my friend,
Do not forsake me in my end,

from the works of no writer but himself. The only other point worthy of notice is the judgment passed by Johnson on the version: that the best line of the sequence owes its origin to Dryden.

It may be admitted that these suggestions are of the vaguest. At the most, they point to a probability that Roscommon was not the author of the version, and to the possibility that Dryden was. Nothing more can be said. But, to one who knows, from the study of modern hymnody, how easily hymns and their authors get misassorted, even within a few years of publication or death respectively, the above remarks, apart from all question of the religion of the author, will not sound extravagant, and may be considered to be justifiable.† A further indirect argument might be raised for a non-Protestant origin of the version, from its Catholic phraseology, which will be apparent on reading, amongst other triplets, the second and thirteenth, in which the author speaks of the "venial" faults of mankind, and of the "absolving of the thief." With the exception of two Protestant translators, who use the term "shriven," perhaps none other non-Catholic has employed the later technical phraseology. No one, probably, besides the author, has used the former in his rendering of *Dies Iræ*. On the other hand, it is only fair to say that the concluding stanza of the version ascribed to Roscommon has not a Catholic tone about its rendering "Let guilty man compassion find" are its last words. These, of course, are no equivalent, either to the original *Dona eis requiem*, or to the other early translations—e.g., "Give rest to all departed souls" (1657), or, "Eternal rest to them afford" (1687). In fact, the final couplet has been omitted.

The *cento* which will be first printed is compiled, as has been said, from eleven different versions, more or less of a paraphrastic character. In their order of publication they are as follows:—1. Sylvester, 1621; 2. Crashaw, 1646; 3. The author of a

* These lines may here be compared with Crashaw's concluding words, which will be again quoted below (1646):—

My hope, my fear, my judge, my friend,
Take charge of me and of my end.

† For instance: an American friend once sent the writer, in MS. and as an original poem of great devotional beauty, one of Faber's altar hymns. Another friend sent him, as the composition of a devout religious, a beautiful subjective hymn of a well-known Protestant author. Both, of course, in good faith.

Translation in Verse of the *Following of Christ*, 1694; 4. Sir Walter Scott, 1805; 5. "O," a writer in the *Christian Remembrancer*, 1825; 6. Lord Macaulay, 1826; 7. F. C. Canon Husenbeth, 1831; 8. R. Dalton Williams, "Shamrock" of the *Nation*, 1848; 9. Rev. J. Hoskyns-Abrahall, a Protestant clergyman, 1868; 10. Dean Stanley, 1868; 11. Father Police, 1881. The *cento* will be composed of eighteen parts, severally or combined; and each part will, as a rule, follow the line of thought contained (it is needless to say to the learned reader) in the translations already printed. But, as the issue will show, it is not always easy to keep the lines of the *cento* to the exact divisions of the original prose. Paraphrases take liberties, not alone with the substance of their originals, but also with their form. Hence, in any given stanza, the subject matter of the one will often either anticipate the purport or supplement the contents of the other, prospectively or retrospectively. The present arrangement, however, is made as artistically as it seems to the writer to be possible; and the reader will be at no loss to recall the original triplet, or the version with which he may be familiar, under the head of the various Arabic numerals indicative of the several stanzas of *Dies Irae*, or from the language of an English rendering. A few words of criticism, or explanation, or suggestion will be added to each division.

I. In spite of its well-known language, the opening stanzas of *Dies Irae* must be given in the words of the earliest of the modern versions, and perhaps of the most widely read paraphrase of the sequence. Sir Walter Scott's rendering originally appeared in 1805, in the poem of the *Lay of the Last Minstrel*, and in the form of a brief fragmentary paraphrase. His version re-introduced the prose to a Protestant nation, and though other versions have since surpassed Scott's in exactitude of translation, few have equalled him in poetic feeling, simplicity, or devotion. In the earlier hymn-books of the Anglican communion, Bishop Heber's amongst others, his version found an honourable place. Dr. Irons's translation seems to be now the favoured version amongst Protestants, but Sir Walter Scott was the pioneer of the prose, and honour is due to him for his discernment and sagacity in making it practically known to Englishmen. His first verse runs as follows:—

"That day of wrath, that dreadful day
When Heaven and earth shall pass away,
What power shall be the sinner's stay,
How shall he meet that dreadful day?"

The only two triplets of Canon Husenbeth's version which,

strictly speaking, are paraphrases of the original are the first. They are these :—

"The dreadful day, the day of ire
Shall kindle the avenging fire
 Around the expiring world;
And earth, as Sybils said of old,
And as the prophet king foretold,
Shall be in ruin hurled."

Canon Husenbeth's version was written half a century ago; and was, it is believed, first made public in his edition of the *Missal for the Laity*, 1831. With these two versions of the opening stanza may be compared Dean Stanley's paraphrase, which first appeared in the pages of *Macmillan's Magazine*, December, 1868 :—

"Day of wrath, O dreadful day,
When this world shall pass away,
And the heavens together roll,
Shrivelling like a parchèd scroll,
Long foretold by saint and sage,
David's harp and Sybil's page."

By way of contrast, the following is Mr. Williams' rendering of the same stanza :—

"Woe is the day of ire,
Shrouding the earth in fire—
Sibil's and David's lyre
 Dimly foretold it:
Strictly the guilty band
By the avenger scanned,
Smitten aghast shall stand
Still, to behold it."

II. Sylvester's is the earliest known English version of *Dies Iræ*. It was entitled by him, in its English dress, "a holy preparation to a joyful resurrection;" and was published in a folio form, at the end of the author's rendering of *Du Bartas' Divine Weeks*, in the year 1621. The version is partly a translation and partly a paraphrase; and the metre is irregular, ending with simple rhymes only. It is, or ought to be, too well known to require criticism. It contains the germ of translated thought of many another version; and even serves as a model in language for imitators to utilise two centuries and a half later, and that not always in the author's happiest moments. Sylvester thus renders verse two :—

"Oh, what horror will be then,
When the Lord shall come agen,
Our deeds of darkness to unfold."

In the version printed in the *Following of Christ*, the same stanza runs thus:—

“What horror then will each invade
When noise of Christ’s approach is made—
That Judge, the sun from whom no crime finds shade.”

III. The next quotation is made from Lord Macaulay’s version, originally published in a Church of England periodical, which at one time, though it has lately died, enjoyed a considerable reputation in that body. It appeared in 1826 in the *Christian Observer*, and the third stanza is thus rendered:—

“Hark, to the great trumpet’s tones,
Pealing o’er the place of bones;
Hark, it waketh from their bed
All the nations of the dead—
In a countless throng to meet,
At the eternal judgment seat.”

With this modern version of the third triplet of *Dies Iræ* may be compared two early renderings, a Protestant and Catholic one respectively. This is Sylvester’s:—

“Shrillest trumpets’ thundering sound
Through earth’s entrails shall rebound
To summon all before the throne.”

And this version is from Crashaw’s *Sacred Poems*:—

“Oh, that trump, whose blast shall run
An even round with th’ circling sun;
And urge the murmuring graves to bring
Pale mankind forth to meet his king.”

IV. The Rev. J. Hoskyns-Abrahall is responsible for the next rendering. His version is, on the whole, a fine and vigorous reproduction of the ideas, rather than a literal translation, of the language of *Dies Iræ*. Here is his rendering of the fourth verse:—

“Death himself hath shrunk astounded—
Nature hidden her, confounded—
Riseth when the whole creation,
Every clime and every nation,
Rendering answer, every being,
To a Judge all secrets seeing.”

This version appeared in the *Christian Remembrancer*, Jan. 1868, the editor oddly enough attaching the paraphrase to a criticism, by another hand probably, on certain Anglican hymn-books current at that date; and he records his dissent from the change adopted by the translator, throughout the translation, to

the English present tense from the Latin future. Canon Husenbeth thus renders the same verse :—

"Nature and death shall see arrayed
Poor trembling man for judgment raised,
Leaving the dreary tomb."

Another version is read thus :—

"Amazed will death and nature be,
When they shall every creature see
Intent to answer his dread scrutiny."

This is, again, from the *Following of Christ*, 1694.

V. Sylvester's characteristic rendering of the next verse is as follows :—

"Open shall the books be laid
Wherein what we have mis-said,
Mis-done, mis-deemed, is registered ;
So that, when the Judge is set,
Closest crimes (concealed as yet)
Revealed, shall all be punished."

Macaulay's version takes this form :—

"The great book shall be unfurled,
Whereby God shall judge the world :
What was distant shall be near,
What was hidden shall be clear :
To what shelter shall I fly ?
To what guardian shall I cry ?"

These efforts may be compared with another, from the pen of R. Dalton Williams, "Shamrock," of the Irish national movement of 1848 :—

"Bring forth the judgment roll,
Blazon aloud the whole
Guilt of each trembling soul—
Justice hath bidden :
Then shall all hearts be known,
Sin's abyss open thrown,
Vengeance shall have her own—
Naught shall be hidden."

Mr. Williams's version was written, in the first instance, for a devotional *Manual of the Sisters of Charity*. Afterwards, it was reprinted in the *Irish Monthly*, amongst his relics, in 1877. The above may be compared, again, with the next stanza—for in these paraphrases it is not always possible, as was before said, to arrange the extracts strictly according to their subject matter. Their authors do not always rigidly adhere to the order of the sequence itself, and sometimes intermingle in one the ideas of several stanzas.

VI. and VII. "Lo, the awful Judge enthroned :
 Secrets of all hearts now owned ;
 Nothing now, as erst, concealed ;
 All things naked and revealed ;
 Now no crime for vengeance crying,
 No foul deed in darkness lying."

Such is the rendering of the sixth triplet by Mr. Abrahall.
 The seventh is also from the same writer.

"Woe is me ; for laws oft broken
 What shall in excuse be spoken ?
 At that court, who my defender ?
 Advocacy who shall render ?
 If the righteous scarce be savèd,
 Where appear one so depravèd ?"

The same two stanzas are thus rendered by Canon Husenbeth :—

"He shall be Judge, whose piercing sight
 Brings every hidden deed to light,
 And leaves no thought concealed :
 Where then shall be the sinner's place,
 When scarcely shall the just find grace
 For all his works revealed ?

Both may be compared, or contrasted, with Dean Stanley's rendering :—

"Then the Judge of all our race
 Shall appoint to each his place :
 Every wrong shall be set right,
 Every secret brought to light :
 Then, in that tremendous day,
 When Heaven and earth shall pass away,
 What shall I, the sinner, say ?
 What shall be the sinner's stay ?
 When the righteous needs to fear,
 Where will my frail soul appear ?"

VIII. The second half of the eighth stanza has served as a model for many a subsequent version made since its publication :—

"Then, alas, what shall I say ?
 To what patron should I pray,
 Sith the justest are not clear ?
 King of awful majesty,
 Health of all that hope on Thee
 My saving health as then appear."

This rendering first appeared in 1621, and is by Sylvester.

IX. and X. Crashaw's is the earliest rendering of *Dies Irae* from the devotion of a Catholic. It appeared in his *Steps to*

the Temple, 1646, the best modern edition of which is that of the Rev. Alexander Grosart. The version is rugged in character and irregular in metre, and is more of an imitation of the original than a translation; at least in some of its stanzas. It contains, however, much delicate play of thought and expression, in language and idea, and in certain parts is touchingly beautiful. As a specimen, these lines may be taken:—

"Dear Lord, remember in that day
Who was the cause Thou cam'st this way:
Thy sheep was strayed; and Thou wouldst be
E'en lost Thy self in seeking me:
Shall all that labour, all that cost
Of love, and e'en that loss be lost?
And this loved soul, judged worth no less
Than all that way and weariness?"

Mr. Abrahall has also attempted the same:—

"Seeking me, the journey dreary
Trodd'st Thou, at the well sat'st weary;
My redemption Thou procuredst,
E'en the cross for me enduredst:
Now, such toils and pains are ended—
Be they not in vain expended."

And "O," in the *Christian Remembrancer* likewise:—

"Remember, Lord, that for my sake
Thou didst Thy wanderings undertake,
And deign our form Thine own to make:
Me Thou didst seek with steps of pain;
For me the shameful cross sustain:
Saviour, shall toil like this be vain?"

Macaulay's paraphrase also may be noted:—

"Though I plead not at Thy throne
Aught that I for Thee have done,
Do not Thou unmindful be
Of what Thou hast borne for me;
Of the wandering, of the scorn,
Of the scourge, and of the thorn."

Nor is Stanley's unworthy of quotation:—

"Thou, in search of me, didst sit
Weary with the noonday heat:
Thou, to save my soul, hast borne
Cross and grief, and hate and scorn:
Oh, may all that toil and pain
Not be wholly spent in vain."

XI. and XII. Mr. Williams thus paraphrases the next stanzas:—

"Just Judge and strong, we pray,
 Ere the accusing day,
 From every stain of clay
 Grant us remission :
 Guilty and sore in fear
 I, clad in shame, appear—
 Yet, for Thy mercy, hear,
 Lord, my petition."

As also Sylvester :—

"O just Judge of each condition,
 Gracious, grant me free remission ;
 Let not my works receive their meed :
 Sighing, I lament my sin ;
 Tears without and fears within ;
 Break not, dear God, this bruised reed."

Canon Husebeth's rendering is as follows :—

"Conscious of guilt, I weep and groan,
 I blush my weight of sins to own ;
 Oh, cleanse my soul's deep stain."

XIII. Mr. Abrahall is the author of the following rendering of the next verse :—

"Thou to Mary from pollution
 Didst pronounce full absolution ;
 Nor wast to the felon dying
 E'en Thy Paradise denying ;
 Thou to me, too, hope hast given,
 That from Thee I am not driven."

Which stanza Dean Stanley has turned thus :—

"Thou, who bad'st the sinner cease
 From her tears and go in peace—
 Thou, who to the dying thief
 Spakest pardon and relief—
 Thou, O Lord, to me hast given,
 E'en to me, the hope of Heaven."

And Crashaw has well paraphrased it :—

"Just mercy, then, Thy reckoning be,
 With my price and not with me ;
 'Twas paid at first with too much pain
 To be paid twice, or once in vain.
 Mercy, my Judge, mercy I cry,
 With blushing cheek and bleeding eye ;
 The conscious colours of my sin
 Are red without and pale within."

XIV. For a copy of the translated sequence contained in the edition of the *Following of Christ*, named and quoted above, the

writer is indebted to the friend who has made *Dies Iræ* a study for years; but he has not seen the original. The version is in a different metre to the Latin, and consists of triplets, with two lines of eight syllables and a third of ten. As this rendering will probably be published at no great interval of time, and as the credit of discovery belongs elsewhere, but a slender use has been made of it in this place. But, the following is the version from the *Following* of verse fourteen:—

"My prayers they are bad 'tis true;
But Thou art good, and goodness do,
Lest I should burn, nay, burn for ever too."

As these selections do not profess to reproduce the best versions only, some lines that are not amongst the best must be occasionally quoted. Those that follow were written by one before quoted, "O" in the *Christian Remembrancer*:—

"No prayers of mine can aught avail:
But since Thy mercies never fail,
Rescue, Oh, rescue me from hell."

XV. The Protestant Sylvester thus translates the following verse:—

"Point my place among the sheep;
Sundered from the goats me keep;
Disposing me on Thy right side."

The Catholic Crashaw renders the same verse in these terms:—

"Oh, when Thy last frown shall proclaim
The flocks of goats to folds of flame,
And all Thy lost sheep found shall be,
Let 'Come ye blessed' then call me."

And R. D. Williams thus paraphrases it:—

"Lamb, for the ransom slain,
Then 'mid Thy snowy train
At Thy right hand to reign
Place me for ever:
While at Thy dread command,
Those at Thy left who stand
Far from the chosen band,
Lightnings shall sever."

XVI. This is a paraphrase of the sixteenth stanza by Mr. Abrahall:—

"When proud sinners meet conviction,
When they hear Thy malediction,
When before their faces blenching,
Leap fierce flames which know not quenching,
With the blessed call me rather,
With the children of Thy Father."

The same is somewhat more concisely given by Canon Husenbeth :—

"When sinners on that day shall know
Their sentence to eternal woe,
Call me to bliss above."

They are paraphrased also by Sylvester, in these words, with which he ends :—

"That the cursed being cast
Into flames that ever last,
I, with the blessed, may abide,
Full of joy, bliss, endless glory,
Freed of fear, grief, sinful folly,
Loud singing, Holy, Holy, 'Holy.'"

And also by Crashaw as follows :—

"When the dread *Ite* shall divide
Those limbs of death from Thy left side,
Let those life-speaking lips command,
That I inherit Thy right hand."

Mr. Williams has depicted the scene in these forcible, even if rather sensational, words :—

"Rings the last thunder shock—
Earth's broken pillars rock—
Down the accursed flock
Numberless falling :
Down to the fiery doom,
Gulfed in hell's hopeless tomb,
Shriek through the ghastly gloom,
Horror appalling."

XVII. The same writer has also paraphrased the next stanza in these words :—

"Contrite in pale dismay,
Lord, hear a sinner pray—
On that tremendous day
Spread Thy shield o'er him :
Day of great anguish, when
God, from the dust again,
Summons us, guilty men,
Wailing before Him.

And Mr. Abrahall has given to the same verse this form :—

"See me suppliant hands extending ;
See me at Thy foot-stool bending ;
Mark my humbled heart's condition,
Crushed, as ashes, with contrition ;
E'en for me a care, then, cherish ;
Let me not for ever perish."

XVIII. Canon Husenbeth thus finishes his translation of the sequence :—

"Spare me then, Lord, receive my prayer ;
Let those who sleep Thy mercy share ;
Grant them eternal rest."

These words are paraphrased by Macaulay :—

"Oh, the horrors of that day ;
When this frame of sinful clay,
Starting from its burial-place,
Must behold Thee face to face :
Hear and pity ; hear and aid ;
Spare the creatures Thou hast made :
Mercy, mercy, save, forgive ;
Who shall look on Thee and live ?"

The rendering by "O" runs thus :—

"Contrite and lowly, thus I pray ;
Oh, grant that I, without dismay,
May see the dawning of that day :
God of mercy, hear the prayer ;
Spare Thy ransomed people, spare ;
Saviour, listen while we plead,
We, the living, for the dead."

R. D. Williams ends with these words :—

"Clement thou art and just ;
Mercy, O God, on dust—
In Thee alone we trust ;
Shelter and save us :
When on the day of dole
Death-bells of nations toll,
Spare the immortal soul
Thy spirit gave us."

And this is the ending adopted by Father Police, who has at once adopted and adapted, and also has added to, the version by Sir Walter Scott :—

"That in that day of fearful doom,
When mankind riseth from the tomb,
Through Thee, with Thee, O Jesu blest,
Mine be an everlasting rest."

But, Crashaw shall conclude the present *cento*, in words which must have been read by and probably were in the mind of the author of the version attributed to Lord Roscommon :—

"Oh, hear a suppliant heart all crushed
And crumbled into contrite dust :
My hope, my fear, my judge, my friend,
Take charge of me and of my end."

In the next paper the writer will hope to deal with some of the more modern versions and translations of *Dies Iræ*.

ART. IV.—IRELAND UNDER THE LEGISLATIVE UNION.

THE interest excited in the public mind by the question of Home Rule for Ireland is evidenced by the number of papers in which it is discussed by writers, of whom some support, and some oppose, the Irish claim. It is, I think, desirable that the English people should understand the nature of that claim as it is understood by the people of Ireland.

On the 22nd of February, 1782, Grattan, in the Irish Parliament, put the case with clearness:—

“Before Ireland goes into her title,” said he, “let us hear the title of England; for the question is not whether Ireland has a right to be free, but whether Great Britain has a right to enslave her. When the latter country asks, what right have the Irish to make laws for themselves? Ireland will not answer, but demands, what right has England to make laws for Ireland? From Nature she has none. Nature has not given any one nation a right over another. Has she that right from covenant? Let her show the covenant. In what roll do we find it? In what history is it recorded? There is no such thing in legislation.”

It is the fixed conviction of the Irish masses that the Irish people are as well entitled to govern Ireland as the English are to govern England; that the Irish are as well entitled to an Irish Parliament as the people of England are to an English Parliament. They believe that their right exists in full force, although its exercise is suspended by the adverse power of the English Government, operating through the measure called an Union.

The claim of Ireland is not a new claim. The Union is an innovation which subverts our ancient constitution. We seek to get rid of the innovation. The King of England's Irish subjects possessed a resident legislature for more than six hundred years, so that in demanding a domestic legislature we demand nothing new. We seek to recover for Ireland a privilege possessed by our predecessors for over six centuries. Henry the Second convoked an Irish Parliament in which was enacted a statute regulating the executive government of the kingdom. The Irish Act of the 10th year of King Henry the Fourth declares that no law should be of force in Ireland until it should be confirmed by the Irish Parliament. Another Act of the 29th of Henry the Sixth repeats this declaration. In the 38th year of Henry the Sixth, some attempts on the part of England to usurp jurisdiction over the King's Irish subjects elicited from the Irish Parliament an act, of which the provisions are thus described by the historian Leland:—

That Ireland is, and always has been, incorporated within itself by ancient laws and customs ; and is only to be governed by such laws as by the lords and commons of the land in parliament assembled have been advised, accepted, affirmed, and proclaimed ; that by custom, privilege, and franchise, there has ever been a royal seal peculiar to Ireland, to which alone the subjects are to pay obedience ; that this realm hath also its constable and marshal, before whom all appeals are finally determinable ; yet as orders have of late been issued under another seal, and the subjects summoned into England to prosecute their suits before a foreign jurisdiction, to the great grievance of the people, and in violation of the rights and franchises of the land, they enact that for the future no persons shall be obliged, under any other seal than that of Ireland, to answer any appeal, or any other matter, out of the said land ; and that no officer to whom such commandment may come shall put the same into execution, under penalty of forfeiture of goods and chattels, and 1,000 marks, half to the king and half to the prosecutor ; and further, that all appeals of treason in Ireland shall be determined before the constable and marshal of Ireland, and in no other place.

The Irish Act of Faculties in the reign of Henry VIII. thus addresses that sovereign :—

This your Grace's realm, recognizing no superior under God but your Grace, hath been, and yet is, free from subjection to any man's laws, but such as have been devised and ordained within this realm ; or to such other, as, by sufferance of your Grace and your progenitors the people of this realm have taken at their free liberty by their own consent.

Could language express more explicitly the legislative independence of Ireland ? It will be observed that the statutes of Henry IV., Henry VI., and Henry VIII. do not profess to set up any new claim. They merely reassert rights that had previously existed. The Irish Parliament is coeval with the connection of Ireland and England.

Two objections have been made to our claim. One objection is that the ancient Irish Parliaments which assert their legislative sovereignty were the Parliaments of the Pale ; and that their authority did not extend to the whole of Ireland. To this it may be answered that if their legislative authority was supreme within the limits of their jurisdiction, that authority assuredly was not lost or impaired when the sphere of their jurisdiction was expanded to embrace the whole island. If they repelled the interference of England as an intolerable intrusion when only a section of the people were subject to their sway, they certainly lost none of their independence when that sway embraced all the inhabitants of Ireland.

It is sometimes objected that those ancient Parliaments from Henry the Second to Henry the Eighth were only the Parlia-

ments of such of the Irish people as then acknowledged allegiance to the King of England. To this it may be answered that as we inherit their allegiance to the sovereign of both kingdoms, so we inherit along with it their parliamentary rights.

On the 26th of July, 1641, the Irish Legislature again declared its independence of English authority. The Parliament of James the Second, in 1689, made a similar declaration of right. It is true that from causes which I have explained in a former paper, the national weakness that followed the Williamite victories at the end of the seventeenth century extended to the Irish Parliament, which in its enervated condition was insulted by the English Act, 6th George I., declaring that the Parliament of England was entitled to bind Ireland by its statutes. But this (as well as certain other English Acts of similar tendency) was a usurpation; an unlawful encroachment of might against right. Being merely a usurpation, it no more supplies an argument against our title to legislative independence than the encroachments of Henry the Eighth, of James the First, of Charles the First on the English House of Commons supply an argument against the legislative rights of that assembly. If successful usurpation could be justly pleaded against the privileges it has overthrown, it might have been urged in the seventeenth century that the rights of the English monarchy had expired, because they were laid prostrate for a time by Cromwell.

Again, it is objected to the Irish claim that the origin of the Irish Parliament dates from the invasion of Henry the Second. "The Parliament you claim," it is said, "was obtained from an invader." But Hallam, in his work on "Europe during the Middle Ages," shows that the origin of the English Parliament dates subsequently to the invasion and conquest of England by William of Normandy. Legislative institutions are seldom matured until years, or generations, have gradually moulded them into something like conformity with national sentiment and national requirements. Hallam cannot discover an instance of county representation in England before the fifteenth year of King John; and of this he says that the evidence is so obscure that he can only say "with hesitation" that there may have been such an instance. He affirms that it was not until 1265, the forty-ninth year of King Henry III.—just two centuries after the invasion—that the representation of the Commons in the English Parliament becomes indisputably manifest. Whence did England obtain her parliamentary constitution? From the dynasty of a French invader; just as we in Ireland obtained ours from an Anglo-French invader. So that if the foreign origin of the Irish Parliament is urged as a disparagement of our legislative rights, an argument might be urged on similar grounds to disparage the legislative rights of the people of England.

I shall pass briefly over the dreary interval between the reign of Henry the Eighth and the era of Grattan's great triumph; the enormous confiscations and their bitter fruits—the sanguinary means employed to force the Protestant religion on the Irish Catholics—the incessant aggressions on Irish trade, manufactures, commerce, and even agriculture, resulting in periodical famines; the feeble efforts of the Irish Parliament to promote the interests of their country, so far as this could be done consistently with penal laws and Protestant ascendancy. Yet even in that dismal time there were some signs of national life. The Parliament, although crippled in its legislative functions and stained with bigotry, was gradually acquiring, if not an identity of feeling with the Catholic multitude, at least a strong sentiment of nationality which time would have developed into a policy as noble as that of Henry Grattan. The members of the House of Commons then sat for life, unless the demise of the monarch should dissolve Parliament. But they sat and legislated at home. And the very fact that home was the seat of their legislative labours necessarily generated love of their country and pride in her fame. Their historical position as descendants of the confiscators did indeed seriously weaken their patriotic tendencies; yet, as time went on, they approximated gradually to a policy of real patriotism, and honestly endeavoured to uphold the material interests of Ireland. Arthur Young records that about 1759 Ireland, instead of being burthened with a national debt, had, at the end of every session of Parliament, a surplus revenue of from fifty to sixty thousand pounds in her exchequer. Although in the disposal of this money there was much private jobbery, yet Young acknowledges that it was frequently employed in the construction of some excellent works of public utility, “such as harbours, piers, churches, schools, bridges, &c., built and executed by some gentlemen, if not with economy, at least without any dishonourable misapplication.”

Young's concluding remark suggests a strong contrast between the control of Irish revenue by an Irish Parliament and the absorption of Irish revenue by an English Parliament; “as the whole,” he says, “was spent within the kingdom, it certainly was far from being any great national evil.”

This is indeed self-evident. It is equally evident that the transfer of Irish revenue to the English exchequer under the pretext of imperial incorporation, is, to Ireland, an evil of great magnitude.

Mr. Lecky, speaking of the Irish Parliament of the period in question, observes that, notwithstanding its grave faults, it had redeeming features:—

“An assembly of resident landlords,” he says, “can scarcely fail

to take real interest in the material welfare of their country, or to bring a large amount of valuable experience to legislation. Many measures of practical, unobtrusive utility were passed, and a real check was put upon the extravagance of the executive. Had there been no parliament—had the whole revenue of the country remained under the control of such statesmen as Newcastle or Walpole” (Mr. Lecky might have added, “or Gladstone”) “there can be no reasonable doubt that the condition of Ireland would have been much worse.”—*England in the Eighteenth Century*, vol. ii. p. 313.

It is interesting and historically important to observe the unquestionable efficacy of home legislation in producing patriotic sentiment and action in an assembly constituted as the Irish Parliament then was. The members were exclusively members of the Anglican Church. The borough system filled two-thirds of the seats in the lower house with the nominees of private patrons. The members were elected for life, so that once seated they had no fear of being called to account by a querulous constituency: the political atmosphere was saturated with the dread of popery; and English intrigue was constantly at work to obtain measures for the court. Yet that parliament kept down taxation; jealously guarded the national revenue; relinquished, by the Octennial Act in 1768, their privilege of seats for life; in 1778 repealed the most oppressive penal laws and admitted the Catholics to the rights of property; in 1779 abolished the commercial shackles which England had imposed on Irish trade; and in 1782 asserted their exclusive legislative sovereignty within this kingdom.

Let us pause at the memorable date of 1782.

The address of the Irish House of Commons to King George III., then moved by Grattan and unanimously carried, assured his majesty,

That by our fundamental laws and franchises (laws and franchises which we on the part of the nation do claim as her birthright) the subjects of this kingdom cannot be bound, affected, or obliged by any legislature, save only by the king, lords, and commons in this his majesty's realm of Ireland; nor is there any other body of men who have power or authority to make laws for the same. To assure his majesty that his majesty's subjects of Ireland conceive that in this privilege is contained the very essence of their liberty, and that they treasure it as they do their lives; and accordingly with one voice have declared and protested against the interposition of any other parliament in the legislation of this country.

Legislative independence, proclaimed in 1782 to be our birth-right, is equally our birthright at the present day. We have done nothing to forfeit it. The criminal destruction of the Irish Parliament was not in any real sense the act of the Irish nation. Mr. Saurin, who for many years was Attorney-General for

Ireland, was emphatic on the moral invalidity of the Union. "You may," he said, "make the Union binding as a law, but you never can make it obligatory on conscience. It will be obeyed as long as England is strong ; but resistance to it will be in the abstract a duty ; and the exhibition of that resistance will be merely a question of prudence."

In 1782 the Duke of Portland was Viceroy of Ireland. In closing the session of that year he professes his cordial satisfaction at the triumph of Irish legislative independence ; congratulates the houses of parliament on their great constitutional acquisition, which he calls a "compact" between the two countries ; and he tells them that in faithfully adhering to that compact will consist the best security for future international friendship. He says, "Convince the people in your several districts as you are yourselves convinced, that every cause of past jealousies and discontents is finally removed ; that both countries have pledged their good faith to each other, and that their best security will be an inviolable adherence to that compact."

There is no doubt that if England had adhered to her pledged faith in that international settlement, the two countries would have advanced side by side in a career of reciprocal amity. We should not have seen the governmental conspiracy to drive our people into the rebellion of 1798 ; we should not have been afflicted with the Union and its resulting train of oppression, extortion, turbulence, famines, evictions, enforced emigration, and fifty Coercion Acts. All these we should have escaped, if England had been faithful to the compact of 1782. We should have advanced in a course of prosperity eminently calculated to promote cordial friendship with England, inasmuch as England would have ceased to obstruct our progress by the exercise of her usurped authority.

The proofs are numerous and conclusive of the prosperity which resulted in our getting rid of English legislation. It is to be remembered that the advance we then made was the more remarkable, inasmuch as we had to contend with an adverse executive ; and that we had to recover from the deadening effects of the inhuman commercial restrictions which had paralyzed our national energies for several generations.

Grattan saw that so long as Catholic emancipation was withheld, the basis of our liberties could not be perfectly secure. But among those persons who had joined him in rescuing Ireland from English legislation, there were many who desired to exclude the Catholics from political power. All rights of property they were willing to concede, but no rights strictly political. Their plan was to preserve the exclusively Protestant character of the Irish Constitution. Grattan characteristically said, "the

penal laws were the shell in which the Protestant power has been hatched; and now that it has become a bird, it must either burst the shell or perish in it."

There was, however, an undoubted advance of liberal principles among the leading Protestants.

But Pitt had no notion of adhering to the international compact of 1782. He used the unsettled dispositions of the Protestants on the Catholic question, and the Catholic aspirations for liberty, as a means of gradually weakening and ultimately breaking that compact. The Duke of Portland had indeed said that the two countries had "pledged their good faith to each other." Grattan, incapable of falsehood himself, appears to have credited Pitt with the purpose of observing the "good faith" thus pledged. In 1794 Gerard Hamilton said to Grattan, "I would not trust Pitt, for, depend on it, he'll cheat you." And Mr. Serjeant Adair also warned him in these words: "All that is to be done should be set down in writing; for if you have any dealings with Pitt he'll cheat you; I never would act with him except I had pen, ink, and paper."*

The tale of Pitt's duplicity on the Catholic question has often been told; his empowering the Viceroy, Earl Fitzwilliam, to give emancipation a handsome support on the part of the Government; his promise to Grattan to the same effect; his abrupt breach of faith and change of policy; his insisting on the continuance in office of the agents under whose auspices the people were persecuted into insurrection.

While Pitt amused Grattan and Earl Fitzwilliam with assurances of his support to Catholic emancipation, he privately told Lord Westmoreland that the Catholic Bill should not pass, and that the removal of the noxious and mischievous officials—a removal anxiously demanded by Lord Fitzwilliam—should *not* take place.†

As that persecution was an essential part of the policy whose ultimate object was the Union, it is right to give some instances showing its nature.

Lord Gosford issued the following address to the magistracy of his county (Armagh), which was printed in the *Dublin Journal* on the 5th of January, 1796:—

A persecution, accompanied with all the circumstances of ferocious cruelty, is now raging in this country. Neither age, nor sex, nor even acknowledged innocence, can excite mercy. The only crime which the wretched objects are charged with is the profession of the Roman Catholic faith. A lawless banditti have constituted them-

* "Grattan's Life," by his Son, vol. iv. pp. 176, 177

† *Ibid.* vol. iv. p. 214.

selves judges of this new delinquency, and the sentence they pronounce is equally concise and terrible: it is nothing less than confiscation of property and immediate banishment. It would be painful to detail the horrors of this proscription—a proscription that exceeds, in the number of its victims, every example of ancient and modern history. For, when have we heard or read of more than half the inhabitants of their populous country being deprived of the fruits of their industry, and driven to seek shelter for themselves and their families where chance may guide them? *These horrors are now acting with impunity.*

Of course impunity attended the perpetrators, as their crimes were auxiliary to the ultimate plans of the Government. Lord Holland, in his “Memoirs of the Whig Party,” describes the triumphant Orange faction as being surrounded “with burning cottages, tortured backs, and frequent executions;” and he says, “the fact is incontrovertible that the people of Ireland were driven to resistance.”

The Earl of Moira, when giving details of personal torture inflicted on Irish peasants, said, in a speech delivered in the English House of Lords on the 22nd of November, 1797:—“These were not particular acts of cruelty, but formed part of the new system.”

On the 20th of February, 1796, Grattan, in the Irish House of Commons, thus characterized the “new system,”—“a persecution conceived in the bitterness of bigotry; carried on with the most ferocious barbarity by a banditti who, being of the religion of the State, had committed with great audacity and confidence the most horrid murders, and had proceeded from robbery and massacre to extermination.”

At a later period (16th November, 1799) the Marquis Cornwallis, then viceroy, distinctly said that the country had been driven into rebellion by violence and cruelty. He had previously described the violence as having consisted in the burning of houses, the murder of their inmates, torture by flogging, and universal rape and robbery.*

Two important documents, of which I shall now present extracts to the reader, will exhibit the success with which Pitt had operated to inflame the sectarian passions of the bigots, and to corrupt the Irish Parliament. The first is an Address to King George III., agreed on at a meeting of the county Armagh convened by the High Sheriff. Its date is April 19th, 1797.

We complain, sire, that the British constitution is enjoyed by us in name only. The English Cabinet is the real power which guides, directs, and actuates the Irish Government. Through its influence laws are capriciously enacted and repealed; under its guidance a

* “Cornwallis Correspondence,” vol. iii. pp. 89, 144, 145.

system of organized corruption has established itself; and measures are carried into effect, not by arguments drawn from reason and policy, but by the efforts of venality, frontless and unblushing. Coercive laws are made and penalties inflicted, altogether disproportioned to the alleged offences. The people are goaded to madness by accumulated miseries and oppression; and if they sigh or murmur, the sigh is treason and the murmur death. . . . The Roman Catholics exist under restrictions hostile to the common rights of mankind, and disgraceful to the age in which we live. Your majesty's ministers, sire, ungenerously taking advantage of these restrictions, have too long propagated amongst us religious animosities and the fiery persecutions of merciless bigotry. Against these men, sire, Irishmen of every religious persuasion lift up their voices with one accord. We arraign them of crimes against which humanity shudders and from which Christianity turns an abhorrent eye. Of these enormities we accuse them before our country—before the whole British Empire—before our king—in the face of the world—in the presence of God.

For these reasons, sire, we pray your majesty to aid your people in reforming the parliament, in emancipating the Catholics, and to dismiss your present ministers from your councils for ever.*

Pitt probably smiled at such remonstrances, which in fact were attestations of the success of his anti-Irish policy. The king was not naturally cruel or tyrannical; but he was a narrow-minded bigot, and having scant power of reasoning and abundant prejudice, could be easily persuaded that reform of parliament and Catholic emancipation were synonymous with revolution and dethronement.

On the 8th of May, 1797, the county Antrim, convened by the high sheriff, thus addressed his majesty:—

“Your ministers have laboured with the most remorseless perseverance to revive those senseless and barbarous religious antipathies, so fatal to morals and to peace, and so abhorrent to the mild and merciful spirit of the gospel.”

Of course when the explosion came for which the train had been so successfully laid by the Government, religious antipathies were inflamed to frenzy, and the cruelties committed upon either side were ascribed by the sufferers to the creed of their opponents. All seemed now prepared for the last grand act of the sanguinary tragedy—the Union. The kingdom was occupied by an army numbering 137,590, and their presence was deemed necessary to the success of that measure. Martial law prevailed. Sheriffs, appointed by the Government, refused to convene anti-Union meetings. Yet, notwithstanding all these preparations, the Union was rejected by a small majority of the Commons in 1799. Dublin was illuminated. Charles James Fox congratulated

* “Grattan’s Life,” vol. iv. pp. 295, 296.

Grattan on the defeat of the measure, in a letter dated 4th Feb. 1799, in which he said, "I think it was one of the most unequivocal attempts of establishing the principles as well as the practice of despotism that has been made in our time." This joy was unfortunately short-lived. Pitt resumed his attack on the Irish Constitution. It was not to be tolerated that after having gone to the trouble of exciting a rebellion, of sacrificing thousands of lives, of inflaming sectarian animosities, of expending vast sums of money in military preparation and parliamentary corruption—it was not to be tolerated that all this elaborate activity should go for nothing, and that our constitution should still be permitted to survive. The renewed attack in the following year was successful. The gigantic crime was consummated. Ireland was butchered into the Union.

I would ask all men who, like myself, desire that an *entente cordiale* should exist between Ireland and England, and that a manly allegiance to her majesty's throne should animate the hearts of all her subjects—I would ask how such desirable results can be secured by the greatest legislative crime on record? When Pitt achieved the ghastly triumph of carnage and corruption which he called a Union, he established a perennial source of enmity between the two nations. He calculated that Ireland was finally crushed, and that she could thenceforth, however recalcitrant, be for ever held down beneath the superincumbent weight of English power. But what a condition of things was thus created! In the words of Mr. Adderley on Canadian affairs, "if you wish for permanent friendship with anybody, its terms must be fair and equal on both sides." And permanent friendship with England would have followed from the settlement of 1782, had England kept her pledged faith by an honest adherence to that compact. "What philosopher," says Goldwin Smith, "if he has at all corrected his philosophy by reference to the experience of history, does not know that institutions, to command the hearty allegiance of a nation, must be planted in its young heart?" ("The Empire," p. 135.) What, then, can be said of institutions, or of measures, that are planted in national hatred, and incessantly produce a rankling and intolerable sense of national degradation?

Again: "It is contrary to all experience to suppose that a government of strangers and sojourners, however powerful and however wise, can ever take root in the hearts of the people?" ("The Empire," p. 279.) With what force does the case of Ireland exemplify the truth of this remark! The hatred of England, engendered by the Union, powerfully actuates not only the Irish at home but their exiled brethren. Mr. Philip H. Bagenal, in a recent publication, writes thus of his American experiences:—

The sons of Irish parents are really often more Irish in sentiment

than their own fathers and mothers. He also says, "I never completely realized the true feeling of the Irish in America until I myself moved among them, and in the cities and states of the Union appreciated to the full the existence, 3,000 miles away, of a people numerous, comfortable, influential, animated by a spirit of nationality beyond all belief, and impelled to action by a deep-seated hostility to the British government.

Once more :—

I have, he says, met men of the second generation, Americans in voice and appearance, who have never set foot on Irish soil, with as ardent an affection for Ireland as the most national native-born inhabitant of Cork, the very capital of Irish nationality.

These exiles know that the Union has struck down the banner of their ancient country, and has driven them into banishment by destroying their home sources of support. They know that Irish prosperity was rapidly advancing under the constitution of 1782, despite the counteractive influences of a hostile executive ; and they are bitterly aware of the decay that has followed the destruction of our parliament.

In Mr. Goldwin Smith's work already quoted, I find the following reference to the Union :—

In the case of England and Ireland the jarring of the two independent parliaments was such, and the whole system was found so intolerable, that, to abolish it, Pitt himself waded knee-deep in pollution.

To what, it may be asked, was the Irish constitution intolerable? How could it be intolerable to any honest English interest that Ireland should regulate her own concerns, should retain her own revenue at home and expend it for her own advantage, should encourage her native manufactures, should afford to her artisans, her merchants, to all the producers of articles of luxury or necessity, the inestimable benefit of a brisk home market which the residence of a wealthy proprietary and the general diffusion of wealth among her people would secure? Is the free constitution of Norway intolerable to Sweden? Laing in his book on Norway says, "The Norwegians are unquestionably a loyal people, attached in the highest degree to their Sovereign and his family." Naturally so : because Sweden is wise enough to abstain from interference with Norwegian constitutional rights. If Sweden attempted to corrupt their parliament, or to dragoon them into a legislative union, we should soon see an end to their loyalty.

I can, indeed, well understand how the Irish constitution was intolerable to English hostility or to English jealousy ; intolerable to the British manufacturers who called for its destruction in order to crush Irish manufacturing rivalry ; intolerable to the arrogant

lust of domination that had prompted numberless aggressions on Irish industrial enterprise; intolerable to the spirit of commercial greed that had beggared our merchants by embargos and by adverse legislation; intolerable to the English hatred of Irish prosperity that in the words of Swift had consigned our people to starvation. To the spirit of the hostile usurper our constitution may indeed have been intolerable, but to English honour, to English integrity, to English respect for a solemn compact, to English good faith—supposing the existence of such qualities—to these our constitution could not be intolerable. We are told of the jarring of the two parliaments. The Swedish and Norwegian Senates do not jar, because Sweden has the wisdom to leave the domestic affairs of Norway in the exclusive control of the Storting. Similar abstention on the part of England would, in our case, have also left the international relations of these islands unruffled.

Much has been made of the Regency question in 1789. It was making a mountain of a mole-hill. The King's malady disabled him from the performance of executive functions, and the appointment of a regent became necessary. Both parliaments concurred in appointing the Prince of Wales. The English Parliament limited his royal privileges. The Irish Parliament invested him as regent, with full prerogatives. The same person was naturally, I will say necessarily, chosen as the regent of both kingdoms. Had the king died, the prince would have succeeded to the throne. When illness suspended his majesty's capacity, the prince should as naturally succeed to the executive power. The King's recovery put an end to the appointment of His Royal Highness. But if his majesty's illness had continued, is it rational to suppose that the prince, as regent of Ireland, would or could have done any act injurious to the interests of England? The Unionists however, were determined, as Sydney Smith would say, to sweep the horizon for difficulties. They accordingly started the supposition that the Irish houses of parliament might, if they had pleased, have selected as regent a different person from the regent of England. To meet this fantastic supposition, Mr. James Fitzgerald, the Prime Serjeant, introduced a Bill, providing that in any suspension of the royal authority the regent of England should be *ipso facto* regent of Ireland; and it seems plain that the identity of the regent should follow from the principle of the law that ordains the identity of the monarch. The Bill was opposed by the Government, because it would have deprived them of what they attempted to exalt into an argument against the Irish constitution.

There are, among the numerous records of the Union period, two documents, which, if we regard them as State Papers, are

worth referring to, in order to compare the magnificent promises that accompanied the Union with the actual results of that measure. These are the great speech of Mr. Pitt in the English House of Commons on the 31st of January, 1799; and a pamphlet by Mr. Edward Cooke, written under Ministerial inspection, and entitled, "Arguments for and against an Union Considered."

Mr. Cooke was Under-Secretary at the Castle, having, I believe, received the appointment to that office in the time of Lord Camden's viceroyalty. His arrival in Ireland dates from 1777. Sir Richard Heron, who was then Chief Secretary to the Viceroy, Lord Buckinghamshire, wanted the assistance in his office of what he called "a faithful drudge." Cooke was recommended as being competent to perform the duties of drudge with perfect fidelity. He assisted his patrons by writing in the the periodical press in support of the Ministerial policy. He was also employed to hang upon the rear and watch the motions of the parliamentary Opposition. He was rewarded for his services by a place of £200 per annum in the Dublin Custom-house, and subsequently by the lucrative situation of chief clerk of the House of Commons. In progress of time he was returned to parliament for the borough of Old Leighlin, by the Bishop of Ferns, Dr. Euseby Cleaver, patron of the borough, in conjunction with the notorious Dr. Patrick Duigenan. He was Castlereagh's most active agent in the parliamentary corruption of 1799 and 1800.

Ten thousand copies of Mr. Pitt's speech were gratuitously distributed in Ireland by the Government; and it is certain that Mr. Cooke's pamphlet obtained large circulation as an authentic manifesto of the Ministry.

I begin with Mr. Pitt. Having by his machinations lashed Ireland into a devastating civil war, he makes use of the anarchy he had himself created as an argument for extinguishing the Irish Parliament. Having inflamed the religious rancour of the different churches to the utmost point of internecine rage, he employs the sectarian fury he had excited as a plea for the Union. For "the hostile divisions of its sects, the animosities existing between ancient settlers and original inhabitants," he says, "there is no cure but in the formation of a general Imperial Legislature." And Mr. Cooke predicts that under the Union, "Sectarian struggle will terminate, and, tranquillity being restored, animosities will gradually relax."

The Union was to create a reign of peace. Has it done so? The hostile divisions of the sects have raged furiously during much of this century. We have seen Catholic tenants expelled and replaced by Protestants in numerous cases; we have seen the formation of a Protestant Tenantry Society under dignified patronage; we have seen brisk controversial crusades carried on

against the Catholic Church ; we have read episcopal and other ecclesiastical utterances in which theological vituperation was pushed to its *ne plus ultra*.

Then, the Union was to terminate "the animosities existing between ancient settlers and original inhabitants."

On the contrary, it has inflamed their animosities by withdrawing much of the residence, and more of the sympathies, of the landlord class from their native country. Sectarian prejudice has largely contributed to this fatal alienation. When Dublin ceased to be the centre of political life, it ceased also to be the centre of social and intellectual life. London became the source to which every description of adventurer, every aspirant for place, every waiter on Providence, every caterer for literary fame, looked for advancement. The tone of anti-Irish thought that pervaded the new source of patronage diffused itself through the class whom Mr. Pitt terms "the ancient settlers"—that is, the descendants of the confiscators. Whether his prediction that the Union would extinguish the animosities existing between that class and the peasantry has been fulfilled, let Mr. Parnell's Land League agitation tell.

Mr. Pitt says the Union will give Ireland the common use of English capital.

The Union, on the contrary, has drained Ireland of income to an extent that prevents her from accumulating sufficient capital of her own ; while English capital has been largely employed in driving our manufacturers out of the market by underselling them.

Mr. Pitt says the Union will diffuse a large amount of wealth in Ireland. Both he and Mr. Cooke are eloquent on the prosperity the Union is to introduce.

The mode in which this promise has been realized may be seen from the Third Report of the Poor Inquiry Commissioners. "We cannot," they say in 1836, "estimate the number of persons out of work and in distress during thirty weeks of the year, at less than 585,000, nor the number of persons dependent on them at less than 1,800,000 ; making in the whole 2,385,000."

The *Times* newspaper on the 26th of June, 1845 (previously, it will be observed, to the great famine that commenced at the end of that year), thus describes the condition of our people in the 46th year of the Union :—"The facts of Irish destitution are ridiculously simple. They are almost too commonplace to be told. The people have not enough to eat. They are suffering a real, though an artificial famine. Nature does her duty. Nor can it be fairly said that man is wanting. The Irishman is disposed to work. In fact, man and Nature together do produce abundantly. The island is full and overflowing with human food.

But something ever interposes between the hungry mouth and the ample banquet. The famished victim of a mysterious sentence stretches out his hands to the viands which his own industry has placed before him, but no sooner are they touched than they fly. A perpetual decree of *sic vos non vobis* condemns him to toil without enjoyment. Social atrophy drains off the vital juices of the nation."

Pitt and Cooke had promised a vast influx of wealth. The actual performance is social atrophy and intermittent famine. Can any one believe that the inhabitants of a self-governed country could starve when surrounded by abundant food produced by their own industry? Such can only be the fate of a country which is grasped in the hands of another.

In 1864 Mr. Edward Senior told General Dunne's Committee on Irish Taxation that the peasantry of Ireland were worse fed, worse clothed, and worse lodged, than the peasantry of any continental country he had visited.*

Pitt asserts that his Union is the measure "which above all other considerations is likely to give quiet, security, and internal repose to Ireland." This assertion is in curious contrast with the repeated Coercion Acts which from 1800 to the present day have been passed to repress the turbulence excited by the popular sufferings which in a great degree are traceable to the want of home government.

Pitt described his Union as giving to the Irish "a full participation of the wealth, the power, and the glory of the British Empire."

As to the wealth, we have seen the fulfilment of that generous offer in gigantic pauperism. In several parts of his speech he treats the introduction of British capital into Ireland as a certain effect of the Union. The promise was of course illusory. But in truth it is not British capital that Ireland wants. Capital consists in the savings of income which remain above consumption. "It is not getting but saving," says Sir Walter Scott, "that is the mother of riches." "Parsimony," says Adam Smith, "and not industry, is the immediate cause of the increase of capital."

Industry indeed acquires; but the acquisitions of industry would never constitute capital unless parsimony saved and stored them up. Now, the acquisitions of Irish industry are perpetually swept out of the country by the operation of the Union. The effort to accumulate savings into capital is fatally arrested at the outset. I do not wish to encumber your pages with columns of figures. The monetary relations of Ireland and Great Britain would require for their elucidation a separate paper. I shall merely say

* "Report," Question 5529.

in this place that the aggregate drains of income under the following heads have been estimated by careful inquirers to amount to £13,000,000 per annum: taxes exported to England; absentee rents; the money expended in the purchase of English manufactures, our own having been undersold and beaten out of the market by the operation of English capital; the expenses of passing local Bills for Ireland in the English Parliament; the interest upon loans; the commercial profits of banks and insurance offices that are governed by an English directorate; the expenses of Irish law students whom a disgraceful system compels to pass some of their educational terms in London. Thirteen millions per annum; an enormous and ruinous drain. But it may be said that the amount is exaggerated; for although the outgoings are certain, yet the extent of some of the items cannot be stated with absolute accuracy.

Well, then, to set aside all cavil, let us strike off more than half the amount. Let us say that the annual export of Irish income to England is only £5,000,000 per annum on the average of the last eighty years. The amount is indeed far below the truth. But if we adopt it we shall find that five millions, multiplied by eighty years, form a drain of £400,000,000 sterling; to which must be added the vast loss that Ireland sustains from being deprived of the profits that would have resulted from the domestic employment of her means.

Can any man wonder that the country should, since 1800, chronicle a miserable alternation of famine and turbulence? Can any man wonder that there was a desolating famine in 1816? or in 1822? Can any man wonder that in 1836 an official report should tell us of 2,385,000 human beings who for thirty weeks in each year were in a state of destitution? Can any man wonder that in 1845 and the six or seven following years the failure of a single crop caused enormous mortality—mortality, be it well noted, in a country which at that very time contained corn and cattle, pigs and sheep, more than sufficient to feed all its inhabitants, but which corn and cattle, pigs and sheep were as usual sold to satisfy the Union drains, the taxes, and the rackrents? Can any man wonder that the myriad exiles from Ireland curse, in their inmost hearts, the system that has banished them?

The Union was to overwhelm Ireland with wealth and prosperity. Pitt, as Grattan said, went on asserting and asserting, with great convenience to himself and without any obligation to act. On the subject of the power which the Union was to confer on Ireland, Pitt said less than of the great commercial advantages we were to receive. He skimmed rather lightly over that part of the subject. Mr. Cooke was less reticent. Pitt's promises were, in the speech I have before me, chiefly confined

to our proportional participation in imperial power. Cooke, less prudent than the astute Premier, inadvertently spoke of the special gains which Ireland was in this respect to derive from the Union. That measure, as he represented it, was at the same time to diminish and to increase our power. If the Irish Parliament were extinguished, there would, he said, be "*no fear of Ireland becoming too strong to be governed*;" an awkward admission that the existence of our Parliament was a bulwark of our strength. "Too powerful to govern," literally meant too powerful to rob or to oppress. "The people of Ireland," says Junius, "have been uniformly plundered and oppressed" (*Letter to the King*, December 19, 1769.) "Too powerful to govern" implied that with a domestic legislature we were strong enough to defend ourselves from plunder and oppression. But then, by some mysterious process, the act which deprived us of strength was to make us stronger. "The British Cabinet would," Cooke predicted, "receive a mixture of Irishmen; and the counsels of the British Parliament would be much influenced by the weight and ability of the Irish members."

Notwithstanding the weight and ability by which the Irish members were to sway the British Parliament, Catholic emancipation, although frequently supported by Irish majorities, was as frequently defeated, until O'Connell forced the conviction on Wellington and Peel that the alternative was civil war.

Of our commanding influence in the English Parliament the extension of the income tax to Ireland also furnishes an instance. When Mr. Gladstone introduced that measure, 72 Irish members voted against it; 31 supported it; two did not vote; total 105. Thus, against an Irish majority of more than two to one who opposed the tax, it was carried by the adverse weight of British members.

In wealth, power, and glory we were largely to participate. There now remains glory, in which our share is indicated by Mr. Ticknor's evidence of the view in which Ireland is regarded by political coteries in London: "An American of the highest class and of the highest talent," writes Miss Mitford to an Irish correspondent, "Mr. Ticknor, of Boston, who visited me the other day in his way from London to Dublin, assured me that in London, even at such houses as Lord Lansdowne's and Lord Grey's, they think no more about Ireland than they do of St. Kitts, or any other trifling colony." (*Life of Mary Russell Mitford*, vol. iii. p. 33.)

In June, 1876, the *Economist*, which I believe is regarded as an oracle by a large class of English readers, described Ireland as "only a fragment, and relatively a diminishing fragment, of the state into which it is absorbed." And the *Economist* urged that

because of the diminution of the fragment, the representatives of Ireland should be reduced to seventy.

It is not without historical interest to observe that Pitt reasons on the assumption that Ireland, while her parliament continued separate, was deemed by the foreign enemy to be the most vulnerable part of the empire. Is she less so now? The *Times* of the 17th of February last thus describes her condition :—

Ireland is held by a powerful army; the prisons are full of determined enemies of the British Government and British law; newspapers are suppressed, meetings are forbidden, the nationalists proclaim in Parliament and out of it that they are resolved to rid themselves of the British yoke.

Does the *Times* here describe a vulnerable country? In truth, the Union makes us vulnerable. It deprives us of that priceless possession which is best worth preserving against foreign assailants—home government and an independent legislature. The preservation intact of the “doctrine, worship, discipline, and government” of the Protestant State Church in Ireland is provided for by Pitt in the fifth article of his proposed Union. Cooke is emphatic on this subject. When read in the light of subsequent events, there is something almost ludicrous in his assurance that “if Ireland was once united to Great Britain by a legislative union, and the maintenance of the Protestant Establishment were made a fundamental article of that union, then the whole power of the empire would be pledged to the Church Establishment of Ireland, and the property of the whole empire would be pledged to support the property of every part.”

The anti-Irish State Church is thus protruded as being incompatible with our legislative independence. The national Parliament must be destroyed that the anti-national Establishment may be preserved. This was in historical accordance with its origin. Spenser, in 1596, wrote that it was forced on the Irish “by terror and sharp penalties,” and that the Catholic priests who returned from the foreign universities to officiate in the land of their birth, came to a country “where peril of death awayteth them.”

What Cooke considered the natural situation of Ireland may be seen from the following passage :—“Ireland would be in a natural situation, for all the Protestants of the Empire being united, she would have the proportion of fourteen to three in favour of her (Church) Establishment, whereas at present there is a proportion of three to one against it.”

What a notion of our “natural situation!” The ecclesiastical condition of Ireland was to be rendered natural by fortifying to all future time the monopoly of her ecclesiastical State revenues

by the clergy of a fraction of her people. And why? Because in another country there was a large majority of Protestants!

It would, I think, be doing great injustice to Pitt's sagacious intellect to suppose that he placed the least faith in his assertions that Ireland, by the Union, would share the wealth, the power, and the glory of Great Britain. He calls his Union "a compact;" he speaks of it as to be accomplished by "free consent, and on just and equal terms." He calls it "the free and voluntary association of two great countries which join for their common benefit." And all this, while he knew that it was execrated by the Irish people, and that, as Lord Castlereagh wrote on the 22nd of November, 1798, its success was altogether dependent on the continuance of a large military force in Ireland.

Belfast was, in the last decade of the eighteenth century, the nucleus of Irish nationality. The objects of the United Irishmen were originally moderate and strictly constitutional. In December, 1796, they held a public meeting in Belfast, at which a committee that included many of their leaders drew up the following resolutions, which were laid before the Viceroy:—

That the imperfect state of the representation in the House of Commons is the primary cause of discontent:

That the public mind would be restored to tranquillity, and every impending danger averted, by such a reform as would secure to population and property their due weight, without distinction on account of religion:

That a declaration fairly manifested on the part of the Government to comply with the just desires of the people, would produce the happiest effects, as it would conciliate the affections of the people, whose object was reform alone, and thus bid defiance to foreign and domestic enemies.

These resolutions were placed before the Lord Lieutenant. They indicate a readiness to submit to a just government. But if their policy had been adopted, there would not have been a rebellion; there would have been no pretext for martial law and for an army of occupation; our national strength would have been consolidated by the removal of grievances; and our parliament, when reformed, would have been to a large extent inaccessible to the corrupting influences of the English Government. A Union would have been impossible. So that, instead of conceding the moderate demands of the Belfast patriots, the Government adopted a system described by a contemporary writer as "military despotism, plunder, and free quarters, the torture, the rack, the whip, the scourge, and the halter."*

* Memoir of Marquis Cornwallis, in "Public Character" of 1798, 1799.

How fatally successful this policy was in demoralizing the public mind, in driving the persecuted people into armed resistance, and in exasperating religious animosities to a point of the fiercest reciprocal hatred, can be learned by contrasting the state of public feeling in 1795 as described by Earl Fitzwilliam, with the state to which Pitt's policy had brought it in 1798 as described by the Marquis Cornwallis.

In May, 1795, the Duke of Norfolk moved in the English House of Lords for copies of the correspondence between the Government and the late Lord Lieutenant (Fitzwilliam). The motion was rejected by a majority of one hundred to twenty-five. Lords Fitzwilliam and Ponsonby protested against the rejection of the duke's motion. In their protest the state of public feeling in Ireland in 1795 is thus described by Earl Fitzwilliam :—Emancipation he found “to be ardently desired by the Catholics, to be asked for by very many Protestants, and to be cheerfully acquiesced in by almost all.”

Mark, now, the contrast between this calm, moral, harmonious state of feeling and the fiendish passions which Pitt's policy evoked a few years later.

Lord Cornwallis, on the 24th of July, 1798, thus writes to General Ross :—

But all this (namely martial law) is trifling compared to the numberless murders that are hourly committed by our people without any process or examination whatever. The yeomanry are in the style of the loyalists in America, only much more numerous and powerful, and a thousand times more ferocious. These men have saved the country, but they now take the lead in rapine and murder. . . . The conversation of the principal persons of the country all tends to encourage this system of blood; and the conversation, even at my table, where you will suppose I do all I can to prevent it, always turns on hanging, shooting, burning, &c. &c., and if a priest has been put to death the greatest joy is expressed by the whole company.”—*Cornwallis Correspondence*, vol. iii. p. 371.

What a change—what a horrible change—from the not remote time when Catholic emancipation had been asked for by very many Protestants, and cheerfully acquiesced in by almost all! Pitt's policy of division was successful.

Since the enactment of the Union in 1800, the great majority of the Irish people have almost incessantly demanded its repeal. It is a measure which, as Judge Moore said, “time never can cement.” The perpetual claim for its reversal has kept our right before the public. We have not suffered that right to fall into abeyance—to be barred by any political statute of limitation.

As time went on, the *odium thelogicum* raged furiously.

There is no doubt that the State clergy in general, and those whom they could influence, were gradually attracted to the Union, not in the least by any idea that it was good for Ireland, but by the belief that it would secure to them their lucrative establishment. They had been told that the whole power of the empire was pledged for its preservation, and when at last disestablishment came, they looked on the Union as being virtually repealed. There could not be an institution better calculated to denationalize its followers than the State Church. English in its origin, English in its sympathies, its members—among whom there were many persons of great personal worth—habitually looked to England for its preservation, and habitually styled it “the Church of England.” In a spirit of grotesque fun they now entitle it “the Church of Ireland;” for which designation I can find no better reason than that Mr. Gladstone, by what is called Disendowment, has allowed its clergy to walk off with the lion’s share of the National Church property.

The Orangemen, as a matter of course, resented disestablishment. On the 9th and 10th of December, 1868, the Grand Orange Lodge met at their hall in York-street, Dublin, and resolved “that the disestablishment and disendowment of the Church in Ireland would be a direct violation of that Act (the Union), and would annul, cancel, and render void every word and article thereof; and that the legislative union of Ireland with Great Britain would thereafter be maintained by superior physical force solely.”

In this resolution there was much of resentment; but it is also true that many of the Tory party began to look without hostility, and even with complacency, on the Home Rule agitation. I remember attending a large Home Rule meeting in the immediate vicinity of the town which gives his title to the Grand Master of the Orangemen, the Earl of Enniskillen. A large procession with magnificent green banners marched unmolested through the principal street, and cheers were given at the meeting for Lord Enniskillen. What we earnestly sought for was the amalgamation of all parties and creeds in the cause of Ireland, and there were indications that our efforts were not unavailing. Our cause demanded all the strength that could be given by a combination of our countrymen of every class and party. The alien feeling of the landlords, originally dating from the confiscations, revived by the Union, and, so to speak, consecrated by the sectarian prejudices of the English Church, was, we had reason to believe, gradually disappearing. All things looked hopeful; when a violent agitation, directed not merely against rackrents, but against the whole system of landlordism, sprang up to throw the kingdom into disorder, to perpetuate the antagonism that was

subsiding into either friendship or neutrality, and to call into active exercise the worst qualities of human nature. An agitation against rackrents is entitled to the sympathy of every honest man. But where is the wrong or the injustice, if he who possesses land leases it at a just, fair, moderate rent to his tenant? The extortioners and evictors have discredited the whole system; and in this way they are responsible for the existence of the Land League.

But the abominable crimes that have accompanied the agitation of that League deserve our utmost reprobation. The infamous perpetrators are, of course, incapable of knowing that it is not by burning houses and hayricks, by maiming or murdering men and women, by barbarously mutilating cattle, by universal turbulence and outrage—that it is not by such crimes as these they can demonstrate the fitness of Ireland for self-government. And I cannot place confidence in leaders who could look coldly on while these crimes were multiplied, and who never made any vigorous, earnest, effective endeavour to check their perpetration.

We must, however, trust and pray that the wave of wickedness that has deluged our land may pass away, and that God in his mercy may restore us to morality, good order, and constitutional modes of agitation.

Meanwhile our right remains, although its exercise has been suppressed. The Canadian Parliament, recognizing that right, knowing by experience the blessing of Home Rule and the misery into which its suppression has flung Ireland, nobly and generously comes forward to represent with deep respect, to Her Majesty, the wisdom and necessity of conceding our national demand.

Let no man imagine that the Union was a compact. It was, as Judge Moore said, a conquest, not a compact. Now, Mr. Goldwin Smith, in his interesting volume, "*The Empire*," cites with approval Pym's doctrine that the condition of the conquered involves a right to recover by force—if they can—what force has taken from them.

"Title by conquest," he says, "always implies such a right on the part of the conquered. Strafford pleaded in justification of his arbitrary government of Ireland that Ireland was a conquered country: Pym replied with overwhelming force that this plea warranted rebellion; 'if the king, by the right of a conqueror, gives laws to his people, shall not the people, by the same reason, be restored to the right of the conquered, to recover their liberty if they can?'"*

According to Pym's doctrine, which Mr. Goldwin Smith

* "*The Empire*," p. 210.

endorses, the Union involves a right on the part of Ireland to get rid of it by force. Never was a measure more destitute of the moral character of a compact.

What has been done in Canada, and in Australia, can as easily be done in Ireland. It is unstatesmanlike to prolong by force an unnatural and irritating species of connection that requires a large army for its preservation. How Ireland would rejoice if Queen Victoria solved the problem! if Her Majesty ended the quarrels of seven centuries in the only way in which they can be ended; if she opened her restored Irish Parliament, and by that act of honest restitution should inaugurate an era of Irish loyalty and imperial strength.

W. J. O'NEILL DAUNT.

ART. V.—THE THIRD ORDER OF S. FRANCIS.

THE issuing of an Encyclical Letter, by the Pope, though a thing of frequent occurrence, is yet not an event of small importance. For the Pope is not accustomed to address himself in an official Letter to all the Bishops of the Catholic world, except for the purpose of opening his mind to them on some grave matter, more or less directly affecting the salvation of souls—of conveying to them some special instructions for the more sure and safe guidance of the different portions of the universal flock committed to their pastoral care. His words also, on such an occasion, derive additional weight from the well-grounded certainty that they are the result of much mature reflection, the outcome of many anxious thoughts that “reach far deeper than the human aspect of things,” and that they are dictated by a far-seeing and practical wisdom, enlightened and directed from above. It is the duty, therefore, of all who acknowledge in the person of the Pope, their chief spiritual Father, and their divinely-appointed teacher and guide, to listen to his voice with humble and respectful submission, to weigh his utterances, and study their drift, and show a willing readiness to meet and embrace his views, and carry out his clearly-expressed desires. To slight his exhortations and pursue our course heedless of his advice, would be to incur no little responsibility. When he speaks, he does not mean to “beat the air”—his words, like those of his Master, must not remain void, barren and fruitless.

Thoughts similar to these have no doubt been suggested to many of our readers by a recent Encyclical of Pope Leo XIII. Before offering a few remarks on the subject which it treats, it

will be useful to give a translation in full of the Letter itself. The Latin text will be found at page 201 of the present number.

A happy circumstance enables the Christian world to celebrate, at a not far distant interval, the memory of two men who, having been called to receive in heaven the eternal reward of their holiness, have left on earth a crowd of disciples, the ever increasing offspring from their virtues. For, after the centenary solemnities in honour of S. Benedict, the father and law-giver of the monks of the West, the opportunity of paying public honours to S. Francis of Assisi will likewise be furnished by the seventh centenary of his birth. It is not without reason that We see therein a merciful intention of Divine Providence. For, by calling on men to celebrate the birthdays of these illustrious Fathers, God would seem to wish that they should be induced to keep in mind their signal merits, and at the same time to understand that the Religious Orders they founded ought on no account to have been the objects of such unbefitting acts of violence, least of all in those States where the seeds of civilization and of fame were cast by their labour, their genius and their zeal.

We are confident that these solemn feasts will not prove fruitless to the Christian world, which has always, and rightly, deemed the Religious Orders its friends; and thus, having honoured as it has, with love and gratitude, the name of S. Benedict, it will strive with equal ardour, by public festivities and by numerous acts of piety, to revive the memory of S. Francis. Nor is the field whereon this noble rivalry in devotion will be displayed bounded by the limits of the region where this great saint first saw the light, nor by those of the neighbouring territories enlightened by his presence, but it extends to every part of the earth, wherever the name of Francis has become known and his institutions flourish.

Certainly We, of all others, approve of this zeal for so excellent an object, especially because we have been accustomed from Our youth to admire Francis of Assisi and to pay him a particular veneration; because We glory in being on the roll of the Franciscan family: and because, more than once We have, out of devotion, climbed with eagerness and joy the sacred heights of Alvernia; there the image of that great man presented itself to Us wherever We trod, and that solitude, teeming with memories, held Our spirit rapt in silent contemplation.

But, however praiseworthy this zeal may be, it is not enough; it must be understood that the honours in preparation for S. Francis will be especially pleasing to him who is honoured, if they who pay them derive profit therefrom. Now their solid and

lasting fruit is in the attaining some likeness to him whose eminent virtue is an object of admiration, and in endeavouring to improve by imitating him. If, with the help of God, this practice is zealously followed, an opportune and extremely efficacious remedy will have been found for the evils of the present time.

And therefore it is that We wish, venerable brethren, not only that these Letters should convey to you the public testimony of Our devotion to S. Francis, but that they should, moreover, excite your charity to labour with Us for the salvation of men by means of the remedy We have just pointed out.

Jesus Christ, the Liberator of mankind, is the everlasting and ever-flowing source of all the good things that come to us from the infinite bounty of God; so that He who has once saved the world is He who will save it throughout all ages; "for there is no other name under heaven given to men whereby we must be saved."* If then the human race fall into sin, either through its natural propensities or through the faults of men, it is absolutely indispensable to have recourse to Jesus Christ and to recognise in Him the most powerful and the most sure means of salvation. For so great and so efficacious is His divine virtue that it is at once a defence from all dangers and a remedy for all evils. And the cure is certain, if mankind returns to the profession of Christian doctrine, and to the rules of life laid down by the Gospel.

When the evils We have spoken of arise, as soon as the providentially appointed hour of help has struck, God raises up a man, not one of the common herd, but eminent and unique, to whom He assigns the salvation of all. Such is what came to pass at the end of the twelfth century and in the few subsequent years; S. Francis was the agent in this great work.

That period is sufficiently well known, and its character of mingled virtues and vices. The Catholic faith was deeply rooted in men's souls, and it was a glorious sight to see multitudes inflamed by piety set forth for Palestine, resolved to conquer or to die. But licentiousness had greatly impaired popular morality, and nothing was more needed by men than a return to Christian sentiments. Now the perfection of Christian virtue lies in that disposition of soul which dares all that is arduous or difficult; its symbol is the Cross, which those who would follow Jesus Christ must carry on their shoulder. The effects of this disposition are a heart detached from mortal things, complete self-control, and a gentle and resigned endurance of adversity. In fine, the love of God and of one's neighbour is the mistress and sovereign of all

* Acts iv. 12.

other virtues ; such is its power that it wipes away all the hardships that accompany the fulfilment of duty, and renders the hardest labours not only bearable but agreeable. There was a dearth of such virtue in the twelfth century ; for too many among men, enslaved by the things of this world, either coveted madly honours and wealth, or lived a life of luxury and self-gratification. All power was centred in a few, and had almost become an instrument of oppression to the wretched and despised masses ; and those even who ought by their profession to have been an example to others, had not avoided defiling themselves with the prevalent vices. The extinction of charity in divers places was followed by scourges manifold and daily ; envy, jealousy, hatred, were rife ; and minds were so divided and hostile that on the slightest pretext neighbouring cities waged war amongst themselves and individuals armed themselves against one another.

In this century appeared S. Francis. With wondrous resolution and equal simplicity he undertook to place before the eyes of a decrepit world, in his words and deeds, the complete model of Christian perfection.

And even as at that period the blessed Father Dominic Guzman was occupied in defending the integrity of heaven-sent doctrine and in dissipating the perverse errors of heresy by the light of Christian wisdom, so was the grace granted to S. Francis, whom God was guiding to the execution of great works, of inciting Christians to virtue, and of bringing back to the imitation of Christ those men who had gone both long and far astray. It was certainly no mere chance that brought to the ears of the youth these counsels of the Gospel : " Do not possess gold, nor silver, nor money in your purses ; nor scrip for your journey, nor two coats, nor shoes, nor a staff."* And again, " If thou wilt be perfect, go sell what thou hast, and give to the poor . . . and come, follow Me."† Considering these words as directed personally to himself, he at once deprived himself of all, changed his clothing, adopted poverty as his associate and companion during the remainder of his life, and resolved to make those great maxims of virtue, which he had embraced with a lofty and courageous mind, the fundamental rules of his Order.

Thenceforth, amidst the effeminacy and fastidiousness of the time, he is seen to go about careless and roughly clad, begging his food from door to door, not only enduring what is generally deemed most hard to bear—the senseless ridicule of the crowd—but even to welcome it with a wondrous readiness and joy. And

* Matt. x. 9, 10.

† Matt. xix. 21.

this because he had embraced the folly of the Cross of Jesus Christ, and because he deemed it the highest wisdom. Having penetrated and understood its awful mysteries, he plainly saw that nowhere else could his glory be better placed.

Together with the love of the Cross, an ardent charity penetrated the heart of S. Francis, and urged him to propagate zealously the Christian Faith, to devote himself to that work, though at the risk of his life and with a certainty of peril. This charity he extended to all men; but the poorest and most repulsive were the special objects of his predilection; so that those seemed to afford him the greatest pleasure whom others are wont to avoid or over-proudly to despise.

Wherefore has he deserved well of that brotherhood established and perfected by Jesus Christ, which has made of all mankind one only family, under the authority of God, the common Father of all.

By his numerous virtues, then, and above all by his austerity of life, this irreproachable man endeavoured to reproduce in himself the image of Jesus Christ. But the finger of Providence was again visible in granting to him a likeness to the Divine Redeemer, even in external things.

Thus, like Jesus Christ, it happened that S. Francis was born in a stable; little child as he was, his couch was of straw and on the ground. And it is also related that, at that moment, the presence of angelic choirs, and melodies wafted through the air, completed this resemblance. Again, like Christ and his apostles, Francis associated with himself some chosen disciples, whom he sent to traverse the earth as messengers of Christian peace and eternal salvation. Bereft of all, mocked, cast off by his own, he had again this great point in common with Jesus Christ—he would not have a corner wherein he might lay his head.

As a last mark of resemblance, he received on his Calvary, Mount Alvernia (by a miracle till then unheard of) the sacred stigmata, and was thus, so to speak, crucified. We here recall a fact no less striking as a miracle than considered famous by the voice of hundreds of years. One day S. Francis was absorbed in ardent contemplation of the wounds of Jesus crucified, and was seeking to take to himself and drink in their exceeding bitterness, when an angel from heaven appeared before him, from whom some mysterious virtue emanated: at once S. Francis felt his hands and feet transfixed, as it were, with nails, and his side pierced by a sharp spear. Thenceforth was begotten an immense charity in his soul; on his body he bore the living tokens of the wounds of Jesus Christ.

Such miracles, worthy rather of the songs of angels than of the lips of men, show us sufficiently how great was this man, and

how worthy that God should choose him to bring back his contemporaries to Christian ways. It was undoubtedly a superhuman voice that bade S. Francis, when near the church of S. Damien, "Go thou and uphold my tottering house." Nor is the heavenly vision which presented itself to the gaze of Innocent III. less worthy of admiration, wherein it seemed to him that S. Francis was supporting on his shoulders the falling walls of the Lateran Basilica. The object and meaning of such manifestations are evident; they signify that S. Francis was to be in those times a steadfast protector and pillar of Christendom. Nor, in truth, did he delay about his task.

Those twelve disciples who had been the first to place themselves under his government were like a small seed, which by the grace of God, and under the fostering care of the Sovereign Pontiff, quickly became an abundant harvest. After having holily instructed them in the school of Christ, he allotted to them for the preaching of the Gospel the various parts of Italy and of Europe; and some he sent even as far as Africa. There was no delay; poor, ignorant, unrefined, they mingled with the people; in the highways, and in the public squares, with no preparation of place or pomp of rhetoric, they set themselves to exhort men to despise earthly things and to think of the time to come. It is marvellous to see the fruits produced by the enterprise of such workers, apparently so inadequate. Crowds gathered round them, eager to hear them; faults were bitterly bewept, injuries were forgotten, and peace was restored by the appeasing of discords.

It is impossible to express the enthusiasm with which the multitude flocked to S. Francis. Wherever he went he was followed by an immense concourse; and in the largest cities, as in the smallest towns, it was a common occurrence for men of every state of life to come and beg of him to be admitted to his rule.

Such were the reasons for which the saint determined to institute the brotherhood of the Third Order, which was to admit all ranks, all ages, both sexes, and yet in no way necessitate the rupture of family or social ties. For its rules consist only in obedience to God and his Church, to avoid factions and quarrels, and in no way to defraud our neighbour; to take up arms only for the defence of religion and of one's country; to be moderate in food and in clothing, to shun luxury, and to abstain from the dangerous seductions of dances and plays.

It is easy to understand what immense advantages must have flowed from an institution of this kind, as salutary in itself as it was admirably adapted to the times. That it was opportune is sufficiently established by the foundation of so many similar associations which issued from the family of S. Dominic and from

other religious orders, and by the facts themselves of history. Indeed, from the lowest ranks to the highest, there prevailed an enthusiasm and a generous and eager ardour to be affiliated to this Franciscan Order. Amongst others, King Louis IX., of France, and S. Elizabeth of Hungary, sought this honour; and in the course of centuries, many Sovereign Pontiffs, cardinals, bishops, kings, and princes have not deemed the Franciscan badges derogatory to their dignity. The associates of the Third Order displayed always as much courage as piety in the defence of the Catholic religion; and if their virtues were objects of hatred to the wicked, they never lacked the approbation of the good and wise, which is the greatest and only desirable honour. More than this, Our predecessor, Gregory IX., publicly praised their faith and courage; nor did he hesitate to shelter them with his authority, and to call them as a mark of honour, "*Soldiers of Christ, new Machabees*": and deservedly so. For the public welfare found a powerful safeguard in that body of men who, guided by the virtues and rules of their founder, applied themselves to revive Christian morality as far as lay in their power, and to restore it to its ancient place of honour in the State. Certain it is, that to them and their example it was often due that the rivalries of parties were quenched or softened down, arms were torn from the furious hands that grasped them, the causes of litigation and dispute were suppressed, consolation was brought to the poor and abandoned; and luxury, the ruin of fortunes and instrument of corruption, was subdued. And thus domestic peace, incorrupt morality, gentleness of behaviour, the legitimate use and preservation of private wealth, civilization and social stability, spring as from a root from the Franciscan Third Order; and it is in great measure to S. Francis that Europe owes the preservation of these advantages.

Italy, however, owes more to Francis than any other nation whatsoever; as it was the principal theatre of his virtues, so, also, it received most plentifully his benefits; and, indeed, at a time when many were bent on multiplying the sufferings of mankind, he was always offering the right hand of help to the afflicted and downcast; rich in the greatest poverty, he never desisted from relieving other's wants, neglectful of his own. In his mouth his native tongue, new-born, sweetly uttered its infant cries; he gave utterance to the power of charity and of poetry in his canticles composed for the common people, and which have proved not unworthy of the admiration of a learned posterity. We owe to the mind of Francis that a certain breath of inspiration nobler than human has stirred up the minds of our countrymen so that, in reproducing his deeds in painting, poetry, and sculpture, emulation has stirred the industry of the greatest artists. Dante

found in Francis inspiration for his noble and sweetest verse ; Cimabue and Giotto drew from his history subjects which they immortalized with the pencil of a Parrhasius ; celebrated architects found in him the motive for their magnificent structures, whether at the tomb of the Poor Man himself, or at the Church of St. Mary of the Angels, the witness of so many and so great miracles. And to these temples men from all parts are wont to come in throngs to venerate the Saint of Assisi, the father of the poor, upon whom, as he had utterly despoiled himself of all human things, the gifts of the divine bounty so largely and copiously flowed.

It is manifest that from this one man innumerable benefits have flowed into the Christian and civil republic. But since that spirit of his, thoroughly and surpassingly Christian, is wonderfully fitted for all times and places, no one can doubt that the Franciscan institutions would be specially beneficial in this our age. And especially for this reason, that the tone and temper of our times seem for many reasons to be similar to those ; for as in the twelfth century divine charity had grown cold, so also is it now ; nor is the neglect of Christian duties small, whether from ignorance or negligence ; and, with the same bent and like desires, many consume their days in hunting for the conveniences of life, and greedily following after pleasures. Overflowing with luxury, they waste their own, and covet the substance of others ; extolling indeed the name of human fraternity, they nevertheless speak more fraternally than they act ; for they are carried away by self-love, and genuine charity towards the poorer and the helpless is daily diminished. In the time we are speaking of, the manifold errors of the Albigenses, by stirring up the masses against the power of the Church, had disturbed society and paved the way to a certain kind of *Socialism*. And in our day, likewise, the favourers and propagators of *Materialism* have increased, who obstinately deny that submission to the Church is due, and thence proceeding gradually beyond all bounds, do not spare the civil power ; they approve of violence and sedition among the people, they attempt agrarian outbreaks, they flatter the desires of the proletariat, and they weaken the foundations of domestic and public order.

In these many and so great miseries, you well know, venerable brethren, that no small alleviation is to be found in the institutes of S. Francis, if only they are brought back to their pristine state ; for, if they only were in a flourishing condition, faith and piety and every Christian virtue would easily flourish ; the lawless desire for perishing things would be broken ; nor would men refuse to have their desires ruled by virtue, though that seems to many to be a most hateful burthen. Men, bound together by

the bonds of true fraternal concord, would mutually love each other, and would give that reverence which is becoming to the poor and distressed, as bearing the image of Christ. Besides, those who are thoroughly imbued with the Christian religion feel a conviction that those who are in legitimate authority are to be obeyed for conscience' sake, and that in nothing is any one to be injured.

Than this disposition of mind nothing is more efficacious to extinguish utterly every vice of this kind, whether violence, injuries, desire for revolution, hatred among the different ranks of society in all which vices the beginnings and the weapons of Socialism are found. Lastly, the question that politicians so laboriously aim at solving—viz., the relations which exist between the rich and poor, would be thoroughly solved if they held this as a fixed principle—viz., that poverty is not wanting in dignity; that the rich should be merciful and munificent, and the poor content with their lot and labour; and, since neither was born for these changeable goods, the one is to attain heaven by patience the other by liberality.

For these reasons it has been long and specially our desire that every one should, to the utmost of his power, aim at imitating S. Francis of Assisi; therefore, as hitherto we have always bestowed special care upon the Third Order of S. Francis, so now, being called by the supreme mercy of God to the office of Sovereign Pontiff, since thereby we can most opportunely do the same, we exhort Christian men not to refuse to enrol themselves in this sacred army of Jesus Christ. Many are those who everywhere, of both sexes, have already begun to walk in the footsteps of the Seraphic Father with courage and alacrity, whose zeal we praise and specially commend, so that, venerable brethren, we desire that by your endeavours especially it may be increased and extended to many. And the special point which we commend is that those who have adopted the insignia of *Penance* shall look to the image of its most holy founder, and strive to imitate him, without which the good that they would expect would be futile. Therefore take pains that the people may become acquainted with the Third Order and truly esteem it; provide that those who have the cure of souls sedulously teach what it is, how easily any one may enter it, with how great privileges tending to salvation it abounds, what advantages, public and private, it promises; and in so doing all the more pains are to be taken because the Franciscans of the First and Second Order, having been struck recently with a heavy blow, are in a most piteous condition. God grant that they, defended by the patronage of their Father, may emerge, youthful and flourishing, from so many disasters; may He also grant that Christian people may tend towards the

discipline of the Third Order with the same alacrity and the same numbers as formerly from all parts they threw themselves into the arms of S. Francis himself with a holy emulation.

We ask it above all, and with yet more reason, of the Italians, from whom community of country and the particular abundance of benefits received demand a greater devotion to S. Francis, and also a greater gratitude. Thus, at the end of seven centuries, Italy and the entire Christian world would be brought to see itself led back from disorder to peace, from destruction to safety, by the favour of the Saint of Assisi. Let us especially in these days beg this grace, in united prayer to S. Francis himself; let us implore it of Mary, the Virgin Mother of God, who always rewards the piety and the faith of her client by heavenly protection and by particular gifts.

These are beautiful words; words coming from the abundance of the heart—of a heart full to overflowing of a tender devotion to S. Francis and a loving admiration for the work he accomplished seven centuries ago. But it is not mere personal devotion to the Saint of Assisi which has dictated them, and induced the Holy Father to speak them in the hearing, so to say, of the world. It was not simply to make known and publish abroad his high veneration and esteem for S. Francis, that he chose this great servant of God and his admirable virtues for the theme and subject-matter of an Encyclical. Nor must the Pope's Letter be viewed only in the light of a grateful tribute to the memory of one who, in his day, did great things for the Church of God. For, all the founders of religious orders have rendered eminent services to religion and conferred signal benefits on the Christian world. Each in his turn was raised up by heaven to do a certain work, and each is deserving of the Church's eternal gratitude. And yet on the occasion of the centenaries of S. Benedict, the founder of the great Benedictine Order and the Father of Western Monasticism, and of S. Theresa, the splendour and glory of the Order of Carmel—we might almost say its foundress—the Pope did not honour either of these two illustrious saints, as on a like occasion he honoured S. Francis. Why is it then that the Pope has singled out "the poor man of Assisi" for the admiration and study of all Christians? Why does he at the present moment bring under the notice of the whole Catholic world the work and mission of S. Francis? It is, as he himself tells us in his Encyclical, because he sees in the "Institutions" which St. Francis has left behind him, and more particularly in his Third Order, a remedy and an antidote against the evils that afflict our age.

Already in former Encyclicals Leo XIII. has pointed out the

chief errors of the misguided intellect—errors concerning the rights and privileges of the Holy See, the nature of Christian marriage, the mutual obligations of rulers and subjects. And now, in his last Apostolical Letter, he calls attention to the sores and wounds of the heart—the moral disorders that are now rife amongst men—and to counteract these he advises the imitation of S. Francis, the acquisition of his spirit, and warmly counsels the spread of his Third Order amongst the masses of the people. And he feels fully justified in proposing this remedy and entirely confident of its efficacy, if zealously adopted, when he considers that before now it has healed and saved society in times similar in many respects to our own. In the thirteenth century the “Franciscan Institutions” rolled back the tide of moral corruption and depravity that ruthlessly swept over the face of the Christian Commonwealth; why should they not be able, under God’s blessing, if properly organized and directed and imbued with the true spirit of their holy founder, to render a like service to the world at the present day, and stem the torrent of lawless iniquity that threatens to carry all before it, and to change and transform the hearts of men and turn their minds to higher and better things?

The twelfth century, as the Holy Father says, had its dark and its bright sides. Looking back at this distance of time, one is inclined to think that the dark predominated. For example, in two of the principal kingdoms of Europe, during the last decade of the century—that is to say, in England, under King John, and in France, under Philip Augustus—an Interdict, lasting for three or four years, had laid the Church and the people under the most terrible of visitations. The time of Interdict was one in which religion seemed to cease; and the crimes of kings, which had called down the awful censure, to have the world to themselves. The reign of Innocent III. (1198–1216) was a period of triumph and victory for the Church; but it was one of continual struggle, turmoil, and war. That great Pope had to contend with, to threaten, and to punish, literally, every European ruler, great and small. There was civil war and persecution in England, constant fighting in France, the most desperate contest with the Saracens in Spain, war between rival claimants of the Empire in Central Europe, and perpetual contests in Italy between city and city. But the most serious trouble was the rise of the Albigensian heresy and rebellion in that district, of which Toulouse is the centre. The question which was solved by the terrible struggle, so short and so fierce, which desolated Southern France at the beginning of the thirteenth century, was whether the most fertile part of Europe should or should not relapse into sensual Paganism, or perhaps Mahomedanism. Yet

the Albigensian heresy, while it gave the widest liberty to sensual crime, carried the cloak of a strict and mortified life. It was this profession of the "perfect life" which made it so dangerous to the multitude in France and in Northern Italy. By prayer, by preaching, and by the just, though stern, action of the civil powers, it was crushed and strangled to death. But when S. Francis was young the air was full of the rumours of its struggle, and in many an Italian city there were those who leaned secretly to its cause. Whilst heresy and fleshly Paganism raised their heads on high, it must also be said that the guardians of the sanctuary were only too remiss in their resistance. It was the moment when the hand of the secular power lay heaviest on the Church, when priests, and too often bishops also had to be the humble servants of fierce feudal chiefs. Innocent III. changed this; but it was a crying evil at the moment. The great nobles and military leaders were in those days the lords of men and of things. We may see, in the mighty castles which at this very time were built by groaning serfs all over England, an illustration of what was true of Europe in general, of the enormous and irresponsible power of the feudal nobles. Most of these men cared little for law, for religion, or for men's lives and rights. To them, the poor were "cattle," and the priests their menials. In Italy, even in the sovereign cities, it was no better. The sovereignty of a city meant the despotic powers of an armed oligarchy. Yet, with all these drawbacks, the Catholic faith was alive, and deeply rooted in men's souls. It was a period of crusades; it was a time when in Spain Christians beat back the Saracen, and in Languedoc rooted out the heretic; it was a time when the voice of the Pope was effective, sooner or later, throughout the length and breadth of Europe. Such was the beginning of that century in which S. Francis of Assisi was to institute his Order.

He was born at Assisi, a small town situated in the valley of Umbria, in Italy, in 1182. In his early youth he was captivated by the glitter and show of the amusements and pleasures of the world. But at the age of twenty-two, after a severe fit of illness, during which his eyes were opened, he resolved on devoting himself entirely to the service of God, in the exercise of penance and self-denial, and the practice of the most absolute poverty; in imitation of Him, who left us an example of suffering that we should follow it, and who from rich became poor for love of us. How he carried his resolution into effect; how he began to afflict himself by fasting and every austerity, and to spend much time in prayer and holy contemplation, this is not the place to relate. Having made a voluntary renunciation in the hands of his bishop of all he possessed and was entitled to inherit, and

put on a coarse woollen habit, which he girt about him with a cord, he went forth to preach penance to a corrupt, sinful and depraved world. The populations were touched and moved by the earnest winning eloquence of his words and the sanctity of his life. Many were moved to repentance and a better life; and not a few attached themselves to him, and placed themselves under his spiritual guidance. Each day saw fresh disciples flock around him, eager to walk in his footsteps, and throw in their lot with his: and their number being now considerable, S. Francis formed them into a religious family or community. He accordingly drew up for them a rule of life, and had the happiness to obtain for it the approbation of Innocent III.

Thus was established in 1209 the Order of the Friars-Minor—the First Order of S. Francis. It was founded exclusively for men. But there were many pious and devout persons of the other sex, anxious to lead, under his direction, a life of poverty, penance, and prayer, and to immolate and sacrifice themselves for the sins of the world. For these he founded in 1212 a second Order—the Order of the Poor Clares; so called after the holy virgin, St. Clare of Assisi, the first to receive at his hands the holy habit of religion. By the institution of his Second Order, S. Francis secured the zealous co-operation of many pure and holy souls—souls powerful with God by their prayers and their pleadings, in the work he had so much at heart, and for which alone he lived—the conversion of sinners. And being shortly afterwards made sure, by a special revelation, in a moment when doubts rested on his mind as to whether he should devote himself to that work by prayer only, or by preaching also, that he was called to evangelize the world, and lead an apostolic life for the sake of the multitudes that were perishing, he gathered around him his companions, made known to them the will of God in his and their regard, and, filled with a holy enthusiasm, he exclaimed: “Let us go in the name of the Lord.” Marvellous were the fruits of grace that everywhere attended their missionary labours. They showed themselves living examples of the humility, patience, poverty, and charity of Christ. Their example gave efficacy to their words. Their words carried conviction to the minds of their hearers, and softened their stony hearts. The faith that was dead was quickened into life again, lost hope was recovered, the charity that had waxed cold began to glow with ardour. Enmities ceased; families were reconciled; rival factions laid down their arms. Former sins were bitterly deplored; forgiveness was sought from God with burning tears; and solemn promises made to repair the past. The sincerity of these promises was nobly and generously attested by the great numbers who sought refuge in the cloister under his fostering care and that of his spiritual

daughter S. Clare. This forsaking of the world soon became one of the ordinary results of S. Francis's preaching. The heart of the multitudes was stirred; and a craving for solitude, a longing for the retirement of a religious life, became so general and assumed such alarming proportions, that on one occasion when the saint was discoursing with his usual fervid eloquence on the eternal punishment of sin, at Canaria, near Assisi, all the inhabitants of the little town and many from the neighbouring villages who had flocked to hear him—people of every rank and station, young and old, men and women, married and single—eagerly besought him to admit them into one of his orders, that they might the better save their souls. The same thing occurred at Florence and in other parts of Tuscany. But S. Francis, who was no rash enthusiast, prudently advised them, in answer to their entreaties, to remain where they were, and to endeavour to sanctify themselves and “escape the wrath to come” by a conscientious discharge of their respective states in life. At the same time, however, he promised to provide them with a rule for their safe guidance through the dangers of the world, by following which they might practise holiness, advance in virtue and perfection, please God, and gain heaven. Thus arose the Third Order, for persons living in the world. Paissing one day, in the course of his apostolic journeys, in 1220, through the little town of Poggi-Bonzi—in Tuscany—he there met a certain wealthy tradesman, named Luchesio, who had been one of the gay companions of his youthful days. Luchesio, no doubt under the influence of S. Francis's holy example, had come to think more seriously than before of the next world, and he was preparing himself for it by the practice of every good work of charity and religion. His wife, Bonadonna, was equally imbued with pious sentiments, well-disposed, devout, and charitable. They both applied to the saint for some instruction as to how they might the better sanctify themselves and serve God in their position in life. Seized with a sudden inspiration, S. Francis said to them: “I have long felt the necessity of instituting some kind of order, into which married people and others could enter who are desirous of leading more holy and perfect lives,” and, he added, “I think you could not do better than become its first members.” They gladly accepted the proposal, and begged to be at once received into it. The saint gave them a coarse habit and a cord like those worn by the members of his First and Second Orders, and framed some regulations which would serve for their spiritual guidance until such time as he should compose a Rule of Life, suitable for a proper religious organization such as he intended to establish. This he did the following year. He at once submitted the Rule to Honorius III., who gave to it his verbal approbation. It was

many years afterwards—in 1289—that it was, with some slight alterations, solemnly confirmed by Nicholas IV. S. Francis called his new order the Order of the Brethren of Penance, but it has since generally obtained the name of the Third Order, in contradistinction to the two older orders already mentioned.

The Third Order, as may be seen, had a very humble beginning; but there was a grand and glorious future in store for it. It was a small tiny seed which was to grow up into a large tree, with rich luxuriant foliage, and wide-spreading branches. It was one of those weak instruments which God is often pleased to choose for the execution of some high purpose and design. But before we describe its wonderful progress and the still more wonderful influence it came to exert upon the world, we shall here give a brief sketch or outline of the Rule which it received from its holy founder. As a first and all-essential condition for admission into the order, S. Francis required a profession of the Catholic faith and of loyalty to the Holy See. This he also demanded in the case of those who would join either of his other two orders, and nothing was more necessary in those days when the poison of the Albigensian heresy had tainted the minds of many in Italy, as well as in France, and when the Ghibelline faction that opposed the Holy See had not a few adherents amongst all classes of the people. S. Francis was truly *vir catholicus et apostolicus*; and he would have all his spiritual children distinguished for their deep attachment to the one true faith, imbued with the same spirit of intense loving devotion to the Vicar of Christ by which he himself was ever animated and influenced. He knew well that right faith is the foundation of all sanctity, and love for the Church the only source of lasting success in any work undertaken for God's glory. Besides this profession of Catholic doctrine and declaration of fidelity to the Holy See, all applicants to the order were obliged before their reception to restore all ill-gotten goods to their lawful owners, and sincerely reconcile themselves with any with whom they might be at variance. For what would it avail them to offer themselves to God, or how could they please the God of peace and charity, if they wronged their neighbours unjustly, and lived in enmity with their fellow-men? The members of the Third Order were, moreover, called upon to give an example of Christian modesty and decency in their apparel, to shun all dangerous, profane, and sinful amusements, to avoid all unnecessary oaths and lawsuits, and never to take up arms except to defend the Church and their country. Thus did S. Francis seek to check and destroy that foolish passion for vanity and extravagance in dress—that love of pleasure and self-indulgence—and those revengeful quarrels and party-feuds which are the fruitful source of so much misery and sin. The Rule also enjoined the

Brothers and Sisters to fast and abstain at stated times ; to recite daily the seven canonical Hours, or the Little Office of Our Lady, or fifty-four " Our Fathers " instead ; to hear Mass as frequently as possible ; to visit and console one another in sickness ; to provide decent Christian burial for the dead, and to pray for the departed.

These are the chief points—the main features—of the Rule of the Third Order, which bears the impress of the heavenly wisdom of the saintly legislator who framed it. It was suited for persons of every condition, living in the world, laden with the world's cares and responsibilities, and exposed to its dangers and temptations. And it was admirably adapted to meet the needs and mitigate, if not entirely extirpate, the evils of the unhappy times which called it forth. This is sufficiently attested by the rapid extension of the Order, its marvellous success as a means of moral regeneration, and the astonishing results for good which everywhere attended its spread and accompanied its growth. Enriched from the beginning with the sanction of the Church and the blessing of its holy founder, it could not but prosper. No sooner was it instituted than multitudes hastened to seek for admission. To be allowed to join it was a privilege which all who conveniently could eagerly embraced. Not a town or village but soon had its congregation of Tertiaries ; scarcely a family but could boast of having at least one of its members enrolled in the new religious organization. After striking its roots deeply into the soil of Italy, the land of its birth, it spread itself gradually into France, Spain, and Germany, and found its way into many other countries. And wherever it went it was readily welcomed ; there was the same eagerness on all sides to join it. Popes, cardinals, bishops, priests, emperors, kings and queens, the noblest of the land, the brightest intellects of the day, high and low, rich and poor, men and women of every class and condition, all deemed it an honour to wear the humble livery of S. Francis. We can here mention but a few of the most illustrious Tertiaries. Michael Paleologus, Emperor of Constantinople ; Rudolph of Hapsburg, Emperor of Germany ; Charles V. and his royal consort ; Philip II. and Philip III., Kings of Spain ; Anne of Austria ; Maria Teresa, Queen of France, married to Louis XIV. ; Bela IV., King of Hungary ; Jagallen, King of Poland ; John, King of Aragon ; Charles IV., King of Bohemia ; Charles II. and Robert, Kings of Sicily and Jerusalem ; Alexander VII., Duke of Savoy ; the unfortunate Catherine of Aragon, Queen of England, wife of Henry VIII. ; Sir Thomas More ; all these were members of the Third Order. The celebrated painters Cimabue and Giotto ; Raphael and Michael Angelo, eminent alike in painting and in sculpture ; poets like Dante, Tasso, and Petrarch, and Lopez de Vega, the great

satirical poet of Spain, paid the homage of their genius to S. Francis, requesting the favour of being buried in the Tertiary habit. Christopher Columbus was a most pious and devout Tertiary; he said the Divine Office daily, and was clothed in the habit of the order when he made the discovery of the New World. And many others besides, men distinguished for their genius, eminent in every department of science, literature and art, did not think it beneath them to become spiritual children of the "Poor man of Assisi," but rather gloried in it. This feeling of just and legitimate pride, in belonging to the Third Order, is beautifully expressed in a letter which a certain great Spanish cardinal wrote in 1623 to Father Wadding of Limerick, the learned author of the annals of the Franciscan Order: "You praise me," said the cardinal, with some surprise, "that I should have taken the habit and made solemn profession to adhere to the rules of the Third Order of S. Francis. But is not the garb of S. Francis a real purple, which may adorn the dignity of kings and cardinals? Yes, it is a true purple, dyed in the blood of Jesus Christ, and in the blood which issued from the stigmata of his servant. It gives, therefore, a royal dignity to those who wear it, and far from being humiliated by putting on this holy habit, I have reason to fear that I have done myself too much honour, and that I derive from it too much glory."

With the progress and extension of the Third Order, there came a remarkable change for the better over the face of society. The Third Order infused a true Christian spirit into allwhom it admitted into its ranks. It taught them the necessity of self-abnegation and sacrifice. It made them meek, humble, kind, forgiving, charitable. It also offered to them the means of leading in their respective states a holy and perfect life. It enabled them to live in the world the life of the cloister, to unite the duties of Martha with those of Mary, to sit in silent contemplation "at the feet of Jesus," even while being "troubled about many things." It thus formed a body of Christians, fervent, religious and devout; all striving to please God by faithfully keeping His commands, and following closely in the steps of S. Francis. It sanctified as many as practised its rule. It produced heroes of sanctity in every sphere of life. It can boast of having given to the Church as many canonized saints as any other order. S. Louis, King of France; S. Ferdinand, King of Castile; Bl. Henry, King of Denmark; Bl. Amadeus IX., Duke of Savoy; S. Elizabeth, Queen of Hungary; S. Elizabeth, Queen of Portugal; S. Elzear, Count of Ariano, and S. Delphine, his wife; S. Yves, a priest in Brittany; S. Roch of Montpellier; S. Rose of Viterbo; S. Margaret of Cortona; these are but a few of the more illustrious saints of the Third Order. Besides these, many others—martyrs, confessors,

and virgins—adorned the order with their virtues, sanctity, and miracles. It is worthy of notice that many founders of religious orders and congregations, approved by the Church, were Tertiaries of S. Francis. Thus S. Angela Merici, foundress of the Ursulines; S. Brigitt, foundress of the Brigittines; S. Ignatius, founder of the Society of Jesus; S. Francis of Paola, founder of the Minims; S. Vincent de Paul, founder of the priests of the mission and the Sisters of Charity; Cardinal de Berulle, the founder of the Oratory, and M. Ollier, founder of the Congregation of S. Sulpice, belonged to the Third Order. Through the practical holiness of its members, the Third Order proved a powerful agent for the revival of Christian faith and morality. The saintly lives of Tertiaries were everywhere a standing reproach to evildoers, an unceasing condemnation of vice, an irresistible exhortation and encouragement to virtue. Their holy examples were not lost upon the world that witnessed them. They had many imitators; and society soon became leavened with the spirit of S. Francis, the spirit of the Gospel—of Jesus Christ Himself. Under its quickening influence it began to live a new life, to wear a new and improved aspect, to give evidence of a total change and transformation, to show forth the most admirable fruits of virtue, piety, and religion; it arose, as it were, from the tomb of moral corruption and depravity, in which it had so long lain buried, in all the freshness, beauty, vigour and health of a renewed and perfected existence. We may here remark that, shortly after the death of S. Francis, many of his Tertiary children, of both sexes, began to live together in communities, in order to devote themselves entirely to works of Christian charity. Some ministered to the wants of the poor and destitute; some gave instruction to the ignorant; others looked after orphans; others waited upon the aged and infirm; others again tended and nursed the sick; and others took charge of the insane. There was no work of mercy, spiritual or corporal, which their loving charity did not embrace. Now, besides the mere material gain accruing to society, from the care taken by these Tertiaries of all its suffering and afflicted members, what a strong moral influence it must have exercised; what a beneficial humanizing effect it must have produced on an age of barbarous cruelty and oppression by the spectacle it offered of so much tender devotion to all that was weak and helpless! Religious houses of Tertiaries exist to this day in every country in Europe; they are to be found in even these islands where once they were so numerous; thirty-two having, as Wadding tells us, been destroyed in Ireland alone by the devastating hand of heresy; and they are still carrying on the work initiated and begun centuries ago, under the inspiration of their holy founder—still consecrating themselves with untiring

zeal and energy to the relief of every want, to the alleviation of every human misery and infirmity.

We shall now mention one fact in particular which goes uncontestedly to prove the deep hold which the Third Order soon obtained on the populations, amongst which it was spread, and the signal services it rendered to religion, in a time of great trial, a few years only after its institution. When Frederick II. (1194–1250), King of Sicily and Emperor of Germany, was in arms against the Holy See, and trampling under foot all its most sacred rights, it was the Tertiaries of S. Francis that rose up everywhere in the defence of the Church's freedom—that offered a determined resistance to the Emperor's project of reducing all Italy under his sway, and compelled him to renounce his ambitious designs, and give up the struggle as hopeless. This is no fable—no exaggeration; but plain history. It is the open and candid confession of the Emperor's Minister of State, Peter de Vignes, who in a letter to his Imperial Master, explaining the cause of his defeat and humiliation, writes these remarkable words: "The Friars-Minor have risen up against us. They have publicly reprov'd our life and our enterprises. They have trampled on our rights, and made nothing of us. And to entirely destroy our predominance and wean the people's affection from us, they have erected a new Confraternity for men and women, into which everybody is rushing, so that there is hardly any one whose name is not upon its muster-roll." Thus did the Tertiaries show themselves true children of the Church, faithful and devoted servants of the Vicar of Christ. Their devotion to the Holy See, on this and many other occasions, gained for them the gratitude of the then reigning Pontiff and his immediate successors, who never lost an opportunity of defending them against the ill-will and slander of their enemies, honouring them with rare privileges, and earnestly recommending the bishops to take them under their special care and protection.

That the regeneration of the thirteenth century was mainly brought about by the Tertiary movement is admitted by all who have made the history of that age their particular study. We quote an eminent Protestant authority in support of this assertion:—

The founder says (Sir James Stephen) of such a confederacy (the Third Order) must have had some of the higher moral instincts of a legislator. It would be difficult even now, with all the aid of history and philosophy, to devise a scheme better adapted to restrain the licentiousness, to soften the manners, and to mitigate all the oppressions of an iron-age . . . and it would be mere prejudice or ignorance to deny that it sustained an important office in the general advancement of civilization and truth.—"Essays in Ecclesiastical Biography, S. Francis of Assisi" p. 84.

But we have the higher testimony of Leo XIII., bearing witness in the Encyclical to the same fact.

The associates (writes his Holiness) of the Third Order displayed always as much courage as piety in defence of the Catholic religion in them also the public welfare found a powerful safeguard certain it is, that to them and their example it was often due that the rivalries of parties were quenched or softened down; arms were torn from the furious hands that grasped them, the causes of litigation and dispute were suppressed, consolation was brought to the poor and the abandoned, and luxury, the ruin of fortunes and instrument of corruption, was subdued.*

At first sight, the thirteenth century and the nineteenth seem to have little in common. Instead of war, privilege and oppression, we have now the supremacy of law, equality and safety. And, on the other hand, the influence of faith and of the Holy See has, to a great extent, disappeared from public and private life. Yet it is true that, as the Supreme Pontiff says, "the character of our times seems, in divers ways, to approach the character of those days." In those days sensuality, irresponsible power, brute violence, and impatience of religion, made the world turbulent and the life of many Christians miserable. In our days, sensuality, indifferentism, money-grasping, irresponsibility, and impatience of religious restraints,—is it not true that these are the curses of the times and the causes of misery and trouble which are spreading day by day?

What proved a healing balsam once, will, under the like circumstances, prove so again. The spirit of S. Francis, permeating and acting upon society, is once more the remedy. The sainted curé of Ars, himself a Tertiary, frequently during his lifetime declared it as his conviction that the Third Order was the means chosen by Providence for the regeneration of the world in these days. Pius IX., also a Tertiary, on many occasions during his long pontificate spoke of it as being especially designed by God to counteract the prevailing evils of the times. At a general congress of Catholics held at Paris in April, 1879, the desire of all present was expressed that the Third Order should everywhere be encouraged and supported as being the best safe-

* It was once a flourishing institution in England. We have before us a manual of the Third Order, printed in 1643 for English-speaking Tertiaries, and dedicated to the Dowager Countess Rivers, a lady-in-waiting to Queen Henrietta, wife of Charles I., and a Tertiary also. In the dedicatory epistle, the author speaks of the Third Order "beginning anew to take root and life" in the country from which it was well-nigh banished in time of fierce persecution. This is proof sufficient that the Third Order of S. Francis was far from being unknown amongst us in days gone by.

guard against the moral decay and dissolution of society. A proposition to the same effect was carried with unanimity at a congress of Catholics held at Modena the same year. And thus there seems to have been for some time past a kind of presentiment—a growing conviction—that the Third Order was destined to play a no mean part in the renovation of modern society. This conviction has been considerably strengthened by the extraordinary revival and extension of the Third Order within the last quarter of a century. Many bishops have joined it, and earnestly recommended their flocks to follow their example. Many priests also have enrolled themselves in it, and established congregations of Tertiaries in their several parishes. And hundreds and thousands of every class have generously embraced the Rule of the Third Order in imitation of their pastors. A French periodical sums up in the following words the general feeling of the Catholic world in favour of the Third Order as a powerful instrument of social and religious amelioration :—

Now-a-days the Third Order of S. Francis is much spoken of. Its importance is seriously discussed in Catholic congresses. It is considered by all as one of the chief means which God will make use of to raise up society from the low and wretched state to which it has fallen. Everywhere Catholic papers speak of its progress, record its marvellous diffusion, and are unanimous in their praise of its salutary and regenerating influence.*

His Holiness, by his second Encyclical, has solemnly confirmed the correctness of Catholic anticipations and Catholic opinion in regard to the Third Order. After telling us that all the Franciscan institutions, on account of the thoroughly and pre-eminently Christian spirit of their founder, cannot fail to be of the greatest benefit to this age, to bring much alleviation and relief to the miseries and troubles of the times; he mentions how he has ever had a special interest in the Third Order; he praises the zeal of those who already belong to it; warmly exhorts all others to become members of it, and earnestly calls upon the bishops of the Church to promote and further its increase by every means in their power, to see that the priests under them “teach what the Third Order is, how easily any one may enter it, with how great privileges tending to salvation it abounds.” He then expresses a hope that the people will flock to the Third Order with the same alacrity as formerly they threw themselves into the arms of S. Francis himself. And he foretells, as the result of their doing so, the peace and salvation of the Christian world. Now, “if ever,” as Cardinal Newman writes :—

* “*Semaine du Clergé*,” tom. xv., Jan. 1880, p. 473.

There was a power on earth who had an eye for the times, who has confined himself to the practicable, and has been happy in his anticipations, and whose words have been facts such is he in the history of ages, who sits from generation to generation in the chair of the Apostles, as the Vicar of Christ from the first he has looked through the wide world, of which he has the burden; and according to the need of the day, and the inspirations of his Lord, he has set himself, now to one thing, now to another, but to all in season, and to nothing in vain.”*

We have no doubt, then, that the Pope has a clear insight into the need of the day; that he has set himself to the right thing in recommending the Third Order; that he has chosen a seasonable and opportune time for calling attention to this remedy; and, moreover, we feel confident that he has not spoken to the world in vain.

We do not, indeed, think that the Holy Father’s appeal to join the Third Order will be answered to the full extent of his desire. That all Christians will become Tertiaries is not to be expected. “All do not obey the Gospel” of Jesus Christ; much less will all listen favourably to a mere exhortation, however earnest and pathetic, of His Vicar. But we believe that the Pope’s words, when properly explained and their drift made known, will not remain fruitless and barren, but will have a large measure of success; that many of the faithful will hearken to the voice of their Spiritual Father and Guide; that when people are taught what His Holiness desires they should be taught concerning the Third Order, they will hasten to enlist in considerable numbers, “in this Sacred Army of Jesus Christ.” Now there are four things which the Holy Father wishes the people to know about the Third Order—viz., what it is; how easily it can be joined; how valuable are the privileges its members enjoy; and how great are the benefits it confers on individuals and on society. We shall endeavour to give some information on each of these points.

1. As already stated, it is an order, instituted by S. Francis, to aid persons living in the world, to serve God more perfectly, by the observance of certain rules of conduct and exercises of piety, devotion and penance, compatible with their secular state. We have had occasion to remark, that some members of the order, desirous of higher perfection, live in community, and bind themselves by vows: these form the Third Order regular. By far the greater number, however, live in the world; and of these, some are attached to particular congregations of the order, established in some church or chapel, under the direction of any duly authorized priest, and holding regularly the monthly

* “Idea of a University,” p. 13.

meetings prescribed by the Rule ; whilst others are mere *isolated* members of the order, belonging to no properly organized congregation, but striving by themselves, according to their respective states in life, to keep and follow the Rule as best they can. But all Tertiaries, whether regular or secular, are members of the one Third Order of S. Francis,—the third branch of the great Franciscan family. And this Third Order, even in so far as it comprises seculars only, is not a simple confraternity or congregation, such as that for instance of the Rosary, or of the Scapular, or of the Cord, or any other of those numerous associations of pious Christians which adorn the Church ; it is something more ; it is a real order : not a religious order in the strict sense of the word, since it has not the three vows essential to the religious state—but still an order. This has been frequently declared by the Sovereign Pontiffs, but by none so clearly and distinctly as by Benedict XIII. in his Bull “*Paterna Sedis*” :—

We decree and declare that the Third Order has always been, and still remains, holy, meritorious and conformable to Christian perfection ; and, moreover, that it is a true and proper order, uniting in one seculars scattered all over the world and regulars living in community and enclosure ; and that it is entirely distinct from every other confraternity, inasmuch as it has its own special Rule approved by the Holy See, its novitiate, its profession, and a habit of determinate form and material.

The Third Order, then, is an institution far superior in the eyes of the Church to any other religious association of seculars ; and is a true order—an order animating all its members of every class and condition with true Catholic sentiments ; binding and holding them together by a uniform and pious Rule of life, and making of them a chosen band of Christians, zealously devoted to God’s service, in the midst of a world “*seated in wickedness.*”

2. The order is open to all who are sincerely desirous of leading a good life. It is for rich and poor, high and low. No state, no calling, no line of profession, need prove a hindrance to any one’s joining it. None, however, should rush into the Third Order, blindly and recklessly, without knowing what they are doing. This would be neither wise nor profitable. When any one thinks himself called to it, he should seek to become acquainted with its spirit and rules. He should ask the advice of his confessor, or of some other priest, qualified, by his knowledge of the order, to enlighten and assist him. If he be encouraged to enter, then he should apply to some Franciscan father, or to any other priest, duly delegated, and humbly ask for admission. If he cannot find any one having faculties to receive him, then he has only to write to the Father Provincial or other head superior of any branch of the First Order, naming a priest of his choice, and

asking for him the necessary powers. These are never refused. The postulant at his reception into the Third Order is invested with a scapular and cord. The scapular is in lieu of the habit originally worn, even in public: it reminds the Tertiary that he must clothe himself with the virtues of the great saint, whose livery he wears. The knotted cord warns him that henceforth he must overcome himself, and lead a mortified and penitent life. The scapular and cord are to be worn day and night, and should not be laid aside without some serious reason. When they are no longer serviceable, they are to be replaced by others; and these do not require a fresh blessing.

After receiving the cord and scapular, there is put into the postulant's hands a copy of the Rule of Life which, as a child of S. Francis, he is to follow. We have already given a summary of its main obligations. It wears a certain aspect of severity which deters many from embracing it: but its severity is more apparent than real. For, in the first place, there is no point of it which does not admit of dispensation for a just and reasonable cause, such as ill-health, weakness of constitution, hard work, pressure of domestic occupations. S. Francis did not intend that those who could not keep every prescription of the Rule, should on that account refrain from professing it. He wished that all should take it for their guide, but observe as much of it only as their condition in life would permit. "He desired," says an expositor of the Rule, "to leave the door of his Order open to all Christians—to the sick as to the healthy, to the weak and the strong, the old and the young—and that no one should be obliged to do more than he reasonably could."* None therefore should remain outside the Third Order because they cannot comply with all its austerities; but they should enter it with a good-will to do what they can, and then apply for dispensation from those parts of it which they find it very difficult or impossible to observe. This dispensation should be asked from the Director of the Congregation, where a Congregation of Tertiaries exists; otherwise, from each one's ordinary confessor. Directors and confessors readily grant the dispensation asked for; but they are careful, when they deem it expedient, to commute the obligation from which they have released the Tertiary into some other good work easy of performance. By this commutation the spirit of the Rule remains intact, and the Tertiary suffers no spiritual loss. We give a few examples of commutation; a Tertiary who cannot abstain from flesh-meat on Wednesday or Saturday might be told to abstain from intoxicating drinks, or make a visit to the Blessed Sacrament, or say the Psalm *Miserere* or some other

* "Elzear," No. 2, c. 18, p. 135.

prayer. Another, who is unable to fast might instead hear Mass, or say one or two decades of the Rosary, or give an alms to the poor. A third, who finds it impossible to say the "Office of the Beads," might be enjoined the recitation, morning and evening, of the Litany of the Holy Name of Jesus or of Our Lady, &c. Besides being easily dispensed when necessity requires, the Rule of the Third Order does not bind in any way under pain of sin; so that those who violate any part of it do not thereby offend God, unless they act out of contempt, or unless the particular obligation which they transgress be binding upon them in virtue of some other law, either of God or of the Church.

3. We are safe in saying that no order in the Church has been enriched with more spiritual favours and privileges than the Third Order of S. Francis. The Supreme Pontiffs seem to have taken a special delight in pouring out upon it all the treasures of grace entrusted to their keeping. The limits of this paper will allow us to mention a few only of the most singular distinctions conferred upon it.

The members of the Third Order may, if in the state of grace, gain all the indulgences of the Sanctuaries of the Holy Land, of all the Basilicas, churches and sanctuaries of Rome, of Portiuncula, and of S. James of Compostella, by simply reciting, anywhere and at any time, six *Paters*, *Aves*, *Glorias*, for the welfare of the Church and the intentions of the Pope. Tertiaries may also gain the celebrated Indulgence of the Portiuncula on the 2nd of August in any church, chapel, or oratory, in which they have a congregation canonically established, provided it be not near a church or chapel of the Friars-Minor.

They have, moreover, the great privilege of receiving on the principal festivals throughout the year the priceless blessing of the *general absolution* to which is annexed a Plenary Indulgence. And further still, they may receive the Papal blessing four times in the year.*

These extraordinary spiritual advantages, besides numerous others to be found mentioned in every manual of the Third Order, should be sufficient to draw the hearts of many to an association so highly favoured—so richly endowed—with all the choicest blessings the Vicars of Christ have in their power to bestow.

4. A body of men and women, like the Tertiaries, united together in the bond of religion, animated with a true Christian

* The reduction recently made by Leo XIII. in the number of times that the Papal blessing may be given within the year, does not apply to that which is usually given to Tertiaries, but only to the solemn Papal blessing which some religious orders had the faculty of imparting to all the faithful visiting their Churches on certain fixed days.—"Revue Théologique," tom. xiv. No. 7, Sept. 7, 1882.

spirit, frequently meeting to receive good advice and instruction, and to join together in prayer, cannot but edify, assist, and strengthen and encourage one another. It is clear also that their holy lives and exemplary conduct must exert a great influence for good over those with whom they mix in daily intercourse, especially in the family circle. Tertiaries, living up to the spirit of their Rule, cannot fail to raise the moral tone of their homes, to sanctify them, to make them homes of peace, charity and religion. Society naturally gains by this improvement and amelioration of families; and the more Tertiary families there are, showing forth the beauty of Christian holiness, and shedding abroad the influence of their practical catholicity, the more surely also and the more rapidly will society be renewed and regenerated, touched to its very heart, and brought to the knowledge and worship of that God whom at present it forgets, and even ignores. We do not expect a universal transformation of society by the spread of the Third Order; but we confidently look forward to a gradual and striking change. We believe that the spirit of S. Francis will, through the means of his Tertiary children, destroy in many the spirit of the world, raise their minds to higher things, purify their thoughts and affections, and remove some of the most malignant plague-spots of the modern world. There is one evil, in particular, which the Third Order will probably do much to destroy—and that is, Secret Societies. The Tertiaries of S. Francis necessarily form an organization which will wither the organizations of evil. They will not only diminish the power of the Societies to obtain recruits, and dry up all sources of sympathy with them; but they will be a most formidable band of themselves, fitted to take an active part in the Church questions, the school questions, the society questions, and the labour questions which are troubling the world at this moment.

Probably, also, the spread of the "Tertiary" movement will have a considerable influence on the luxury and the ostentation of modern life. One difference between our days and the century of S. Francis is that in his time fine clothes and splendid appointments were displayed in the streets and in public, whilst in ours there is comparative sobriety outside, but a perfect worship of comfort and luxury within doors. The dress of women, which is so costly, and in which that foolish competition which is called the "fashion" carries Christian ladies to extremes they often regret, will perhaps be regulated and kept within the bounds of moderation and decorum. The luxury of well-to-do men, which it has become a first principle in society to cultivate and arrange for, and which, even when it is despised or disregarded (as it often is, for a time or a purpose), is despised on

Pagan principles, will be tempered by the application of the great "Franciscan" rule that inconvenience and suffering are the best choice we can make, because they draw our hearts nearer to Christ. With gentlemen and with ladies, if we may venture to say so, it ought to be a valid explanation on occasions when "custom" seems to require luxurious display, to say, "I am a Tertiary of S. Francis." It is a great mistake to suppose that "Franciscan institutions" are intended only for the poor, for servants, or for the "lower middle class." Their spirit is the spirit of poverty and of self-denial, and it is precisely for those whose means and position give them wealth and the opportunities of luxury that this spirit is useful and even necessary. For the poor and for the hard-working classes of every grade they are useful, too. Progress and prosperity are not forbidden by the spirit of the Third Order. There is, no doubt, some difficulty in these days in applying that principle which Pope Leo XIII. states afresh in the recent Encyclical, that all should be content with their state. In days when the grades of society were sharply defined, this Rule meant a very definite matter. In these days, when "one man is as good as another," its application must be somewhat more vague. But it evidently means that such a spirit of "content" is to be cultivated as may exclude from the struggle for wealth all dishonesty, malice, envy, and mere pride; such as may take away the impulse to Communism, crime, and revolution; and such as may prepare even those who are striving to lessen their poverty to see that poverty is a good and desirable state. It is not too much to say that few social problems would remain if the rich did not love but only used their riches, if the money-making classes did not covet wealth, but only opportunities for doing good, and if the poor, whilst striving for their wives and their little ones, were convinced that the mere fact of their being worse off than their neighbours was a matter of very little consequence. This would be the beginning of an era of Socialism and Communism, not of the type of Proudhon and S. Simon, but of Jesus Christ.

ART. VI.—S. FRANCIS DE SALES, DOCTOR OF THE
CHURCH. III. HIS DOCTRINE.

1. *Concessionis Tituli Doctoris*, &c. Romæ. 1877.
2. *Œuvres complètes de S. François de Sales*. Paris : Blaise. 1821.
3. *Vie de S. F. de Sales*. Par M. HAMON. Paris : Lecoffre. 1875.

IN two previous articles we have vindicated certain facts in the life of S. Francis de Sales, and given an external description of his works. We now proceed to say what his teaching actually consists in. And as we have divided his writings into two classes, the devotional and controversial, so we will now, in the first place, consider his system of devotion, and then view him as the upholder of those distinctively Catholic doctrines on which true devotion must be based.

We speak of his system, because his various teachings not only have their separate excellences, but also coalesce into an harmonious whole, which we may call, in the noblest and fullest sense of the word, "the art" of a devout life. He gives the ideal of the perfect service of God, and teaches the way to realize it. He applies his laws to actual needs and difficulties, he furnishes the scientific justification of them, and he presents them with an attractiveness and persuasiveness calculated to turn the most indifferent reader into an ardent disciple. The Church sums up his work in saying that he has taught a "safe, an easy, and a sweet way to Christian perfection."*

It is safe, because solidly founded on the maxims of the Gospel; it is, indeed, but the Gospel applied. It has so permeated the Church, that many of our readers will be surprised to hear that its safeness could ever be called in question. But in his own day the voice of the rigid teaching, then too prevalent, made itself loudly heard amid the general approval. A preacher of an austere order tore up in the pulpit a copy of the "Introduction," denouncing it as "the work of a corrupting and corrupted Doctor." And even now there is sometimes a certain distrust of his teaching, as if it tended to conceal the cross, and make the spiritual life too easy and too sweet. Such an idea can only spring from ignorance of what that teaching really is. "He brings forward perfection," as Bossuet says, "in its natural dress,

* See Breviary Lessons for his Feast, and the Decree ordering the publication of the Bull, "Dives in Misericordiâ."

with its cross, its thorns, its detachment, and its sufferings.”* We can tear out from his works, as from the works of any other author, passages which at first sight might seem to give some countenance to laxness. But, viewing the particular point as part of a whole system, we shall find that if he withdraws a safeguard it is only to substitute a nobler and more effective one; if he tolerates what is practically inevitable, he at the same time condemns that part in which the real evil lies. We shall always find the danger of lowering the Christian standard, and, as far as possible, the danger of being misapprehended, removed by some fine but clear distinction, some appeal to a wider principle or a higher law. And it must be remembered, that he is safe not only in the substance of his teaching, but also because he so hides perfection under the simple and the common, that he makes us perfect without our suspecting it, keeps down movements of pride and self-trust, lessens the danger of reaction after strictness, and thus at once removes many of the snares which beset the apparently higher path of a professedly austere system. And here we strike upon the quality which makes his teaching easy as well as safe. He graduates our progress, and familiarizes us with our work as we go. He does not terrify us by insisting on the height we must reach, or the difficulties that must be surmounted; but after describing the end in such attractive colours as to make us ever feel that any labour is well spent in attaining it, he keeps our eyes to what lies immediately before us. As Bossuet again says:† “He does not attack the citadel of pride in front, but gains it by a long *détour* through the valleys.” At the same time it is in a relative, not in an absolute, sense that he makes perfection easy, as easy as such a path can be made; easy, not to corrupt nature, but to a good will. In such essentially hard matters, the possible may be called easy. To quote the beautiful words of Cardinal Wiseman‡:—

He could not make the narrow road a wide one—God forbid! But how many unnecessary briars has he not plucked out of it, how many a heavy stone has he not rolled aside from before our feet, how many a yawning chasm has he not bridged over for our secure passage, how many a dark nook and gloomy turn has he not lighted up by his cheerful torch! Has he not made meditation more easy, prayer more confident, confession less painful, communion more refreshing, scruples less annoying, temptations less formidable, the world less dangerous, the love of God more practicable, and virtue more amiable?”

Sanctity, indeed, implies heroism. S. Francis places the heroism in the persevering repetition of little acts, instead of requiring a smaller number of giant’s blows. He raises the weight by an

* “Panegyric.”

† *Ib.*

‡ Preface to “The Conferences.”

inclined plane, and pays the heavy debt by instalments. Finally, and chiefly, his way is easy, because it is the way of love. And in this word the facility of his system melts into its sweetness. It is sweet because it presents as its one motive the love of the most amiable will of God. Its one practice is the fulfilment of this. Of course, no approved system could rest fundamentally on anything else, but his treatment of it is special, unique. He has dedicated hundreds of pages to the development of it. He makes it not only the motive and the end, but also the method and the means. He clearly and formally reduces all virtues to it, defines them by it, recommends them by it; and the sweetness of this truth passes into his manner and into all his words. So that, as the Decree says, his very mission seems to have been "to bring into human practice the Divine saying: 'My yoke is sweet, and My burden light.'" How differently the same truths read in him, and, for instance, in the "Spiritual Combat!" This was his own favourite book. He formed himself on it, and it contains, says Camus,* as in a seed, the whole of his teaching. But the food he considered not too bitter for himself, he thought not sweet enough for his children, and, taking it part by part, beginning with the title, we see how he softens it and breaks it up and makes it palatable, while leaving all its strength. And we note that he ceases to recommend the "Combat," after the appearance of the "Introduction to a Devout Life." From this last-named work we now proceed to show the first principles and earliest laws of his safe and easy way to perfection.

Professing, then, to teach any person, sunk (it may be) in habits of sin, how to build up stone by stone the edifice of his moral character, he begins by describing the object of his efforts. He points out what seems now a truism, but was then in practice scarcely remembered as a truth, that devotion does not consist in its exercises, but in the spirit and result of them, that it is not different in kind from the charity required for salvation, but is the higher degree of that charity. Charity consists in doing the will of God, and devotion in doing the will of God promptly, actively, diligently. Hence, it necessarily follows that devotion may be practised by carrying out diligently the duties of any lawful state of life. Ordinary duties, instead of being a distraction, are the very field of exercise of devotion, and the courtier, the lawyer, the mechanic, can be as devout as professed ascetics, though their devotion is practised in a different sphere. He then warns that the art cannot be so taught as to prevent the need of a master or guide, who is to apply principles to the individual case, and give the merit of obedience. He says that among ten

* "Esprit," pt. iii. ch. 7.

thousand only one such guide can be found, but of course in necessity God would supply, and the saint himself has made the necessity less absolute and direction far easier. And then—almost the first word of the “Introduction,” as it is the last—courage! We must not expect to gain our end at once, like Magdalen or Zaccheus. Entire conversion of heart is not usually instantaneous, but the result of a gradual action of understanding and will, working back to a height from which the soul has fallen. It is like the passage from bodily sickness to health, or as if a man turned round, and, after throwing off a heavy burden, began to take steps similar to those he had made before, though in the opposite direction. The new ideal, hope, desire, must be realized slowly, and after the manner of human nature. The way is long, but then the end is secure; perfection does not come at once, but imperfection is not failure.

The first care must be to turn the full power of the will against sin, against the deeply-rooted, often-gratified love of the pleasures of sin, with all the habits, tastes, desires belonging to this evil love. And as the whole process of purification is a reasonable one, so this first part of it is not that convulsive, emotional movement, which is called “conversion” by modern sectaries, but the conclusion of a deliberate, self-possessed action of the reason, assisted by grace. This action consists in a course of spiritual thought, calculated to produce a very strong apprehension of the excellence of virtue and evil of sin, and thence a very vehement sorrow, and a hatred, not only for sin, but for all the miserable concomitants of it. This is the well-known series of ten meditations, which are to be made and ruminated over during ten consecutive days. These belong precisely to this place in his system, and are not to be taken as specimens of the kind of meditations he would recommend for general use. Then follows the sacramental confession, usually a general one, the absolution, and then the protestation. This is not an ordinary prayer, but a sort of destructive blow given to old idols. It is a solemn, legal form, to be written out and signed with the hand, and read before the confessor as before the officer of God. It is a grand document, this confession of unfaithfulness and treason, this promise of fidelity, consecrating body and spirit to God. It is to be repeated every month, and its sense continually, as we see to have been done by the saint’s own immediate disciples, such as his mother and S. Jane. By this protestation the convert declares “his will, intention, and inviolable, irrevocable resolution.” Then he receives the Lord’s Body, in which God “seals the resolution with Himself,” and this is the end of the first series of exercises.

They are intended to change the simple desire into a “com-

plete resolution ;” and they need not (except the protestation) be repeated. But the momentum of them—a certain spirit of earnestness, intenseness, felt motive—must be maintained, the stress must ever be kept on the great lever, the will, and it might be necessary to return to them, or to thoughts of similar effect, if the will grew weaker.

Before describing the further and perpetual exercises of prayer which form the matter of the 2nd Book of the “Introduction,” S. Francis states, in the three last chapters of the 1st Book, the object of these exercises—the cleansing the heart more and more from all sinful remains and inclinations, and making it entirely God’s. These are three important chapters, belong to the very essence of his system, and well illustrate its safeness and its sweetness. He will have the evil driven out to its very last fibre, but at the same time he is careful to show exactly where the evil lies, and not to lead to an opposite extreme.

Speaking to Philothea, the Devout Soul, he says : “ As the Holy Spirit enlightens your conscience, you will discover that, besides the mortal sins and the affection to mortal sins, from which you have been purged by the foregoing exercises, you have still in your heart many inclinations and affections for venial sins : I do not say you will discover venial sins, but I say you will discover affections and inclinations to them ; the one is very different from the other.” Here he touches and removes a difficulty which perplexes and discourages many who begin the spiritual life under less able masters, the difficulty of reconciling their faultiness with the honesty of their determination to love God. The real evil does not lie in the act of sin, but in the deliberate entertained affection for the act. It is a solemn but consoling thing to hear one of the safest teachers of the Church say : “ To tell a little lie in gaiety of heart, to be a little ill-regulated in words, in acts, in looks, in dress, amusements, games, dances, is nothing, provided that as soon as these spiritual spiders enter our conscience we hunt them out.” It is these affections, then, which “ are directly contrary to devotion, weaken the spirit, hinder divine consolations, open the door to temptation, and though they do not kill the soul, make it extremely ill.” “ Venial sin,” he adds, with one of his persuasive arguments which seem to compel us to love or hate by the mere description of the object, “ venial sin displeases God. A deliberate will and affection towards it is then a deliberate will and affection to displease God, and can a noble soul will, not only to displease its God, but to have an affection for displeasing Him ?” The next question is the attitude of the devout man towards the dangers of the world—dancing, plays, feastings, and worldly amusements. It is one of our saint’s glories to have vindi-

cated the true principles of ethics about these things against the practice of the majority of directors in his day. It had come to be considered that they were so dangerous that taking part in them, if not actually sinful, was incompatible with devotion. Hence those who were best calculated to influence society for good withdrew into a cloister or adopted a retired and semi-conventual life in the world, devotion was branded as selfish, singular and bigoted, and the words *devot* and *dévôte* became words of contempt. S. Francis taught that, although these things were dangerous, they might still be done without compromising devotion, if the proper precautions were taken. The evil lies, as in the case of venial sin, not in the act, but in the affection. "The heart which loads itself with such useless, superfluous, dangerous affections cannot possibly run after God." But, "Perfection does not lie in not seeing, but in not loving the world."* When the real danger has been pointed out, he is most emphatic in his warning. Far from being "the advocate of balls," he is their determined enemy, as may be seen in the 33rd Chapter of Part III. of the "Introduction." Still he is human. He allows for social necessity. While no encouragement for license could legitimately be drawn from his teaching, he made it possible for the devout matron or maiden to join in those forms of pleasure necessarily connected with their state of life without injuring their duty to God. At the same time, he exacted a greater sacrifice. It is harder to do such things with detachment of heart than to avoid them altogether. He forbade it as a pleasure while he allowed it as a duty.

He fully makes up for the liberty necessarily tolerated here by requiring his disciples not only thus to sacrifice their affection for what is unlawful or dangerous, but also to fight against faults of character. Many who would be scandalized at the idea of going to a ball would never strive to correct stiffness or churlishness, never think of making allowance for others, or studying thoughtfulness for those with whom they live. His devout people may go to balls when charity requires, but they must consistently fulfil all the other duties of charity.

Then he comes to that great means, that great process—prayer, by which all these various sinful and unworthy affections are to be destroyed. "As prayer puts our understanding in the clearness of the divine light, and exposes our will to the heat of heavenly love, there is nothing which so purges our understanding of its ignorance or our will of its depraved inclinations. As children, by listening to their mothers and stammering with them, learn to speak, so we, by keeping near our Saviour and

* "Letters to Persons in the World," vi. 52.

observing His words, His actions, and His affections, learn by His grace to speak, act and will like He does,"* It will have been seen already that S. Francis requires serious and effective spiritual reflection. He says, indeed, it will be made an objection against his system that he supposes every one to have the power of mental prayer, and that therefore it cannot be meant for persons in the world. This shows how far devotion and ordinary life had come to be considered discordant. He harmonizes them again. He says that those who have not the power can, with few exceptions, easily acquire it, and while he does not prescribe, but rather prohibits, lengthy or wearying forms of prayer, he still insists absolutely on certain regular spiritual exercises, and will have all the actions of ordinary life performed in virtue of prayer, and as far as possible in the very spirit and act of prayer. Then life flows naturally. It becomes possible to give the whole heart to God without robbing our neighbour of his due. What the servants of Madame de Chantal used to say of their mistress well represents the difference between the old and the new way. "Madam's first director made her pray only three times a day, and every one was upset. Monsieur,† of Geneva, makes her pray all day, and nobody suffers for it."

He divides his exercises of prayer into two kinds, prayer in the ordinary sense, by which we go to God, and the sacraments, by which God comes to us. The first exercise of prayer is meditation, which is to last for about an hour, or less. Half an hour is the time usually prescribed in the letters. Madame de Chantal, a saint already, is to take "an hour, that is three-quarters at most." A young lady "of inconceivable vivacity," is told that a quarter of an hour will do, or even less if she make up by ejaculations during the day. The subject of meditation is to be, generally, the life of Christ, and the method such as reason itself points out—banishing foreign thoughts by remembering the presence of God, seriously pondering a spiritual truth, expressing by affections the influence of this truth on our emotions and will, and applying our strengthened knowledge and desire to our lives, by practical resolutions. There must be a certain fixed form, in order to prevent waste of time and evagations of mind, but this must not prevent the following any special attraction of God, and there must be full liberty in selecting this form. We may have various points, or one truth, we may use or dispense with a book, according as we pray better with or without it, and above all we must stop our considerations when the fountain of

* "Introduction," ii, 1.

† It was not then the custom in France, though it was in Savoy, to call bishops Monseigneur.

affections is properly opened, for that, with our resolution, is our very object, and to insist then on keeping to reflections, would be the same as if a traveller, reaching his journey's end more quickly than he expected, went back to take the road and time he had beforehand thought necessary. A period of such meditation must enter into each day of the devout man as his main-spring, or as the fountain of his spiritual energy. Its power is to spread through the day, not only by its resolutions and its spirit, but actually, in providing matter for thought and affections, in the nosegay, with which we are all familiar, consisting of spiritual flowers culled from the meditation, with which to refresh the soul from time to time. Then Philothea must, "a little before the evening meal, kindle up again the fire of the morning's meditation by a dozen lively aspirations, humiliations, and loving movements of heart." This is the evening exercise, distinct from the examination of conscience, which is made later.* There is also, as a necessary point of daily practice, the morning exercise, which, in addition to the usual acts, requires the devout soul to forecast the probable affairs and temptations of the day, and to make express resolutions about them, going so far as to prepare the exact means for carrying out the resolutions. Vocal prayer is recommended, and a certain small amount of it ordered, but it is not treated as a distinct exercise. The point on which most stress is laid is that practice of continual recollected thought for which, it has just been said, meditation naturally furnishes the material. This is called the "Spiritual Retreat." It means the retiring of the soul—its thoughts, desires, affections—inwards, as far as outward actions do not require the attention of the spirit; the having an interior and spiritual oratory—a holy thought, a mystery of religion, a word of Christ, the Sacred Heart; and the expressing therein, by formed ejaculations, the various affections of our will—our love, our gratitude, our penitence. He thus beautifully describes at once the object and the method of this. "Aspire after God continually by short, but ardent, movements of your heart, admire His beauty, invoke His help . . . address Him about your salvation, give Him your heart a thousand times . . . give your hand to Him as a little child to its father, that He may lead you . . . put Him on your breast as a delicious nosegay . . . and make a thousand movements of your heart, in order—to give yourself the love of God, and to excite yourself to a passionate and tender love of this divine spouse. This love need not be emotional, though the words may seem to

* We do not find the Particular Examen recommended as an exercise, but of course the directing attention and effort to a particular fault or virtue necessarily finds place in a system so philosophical as the Saint's. See "Introduction," iv. 10, on "Fortifying the Heart."

imply it. It is enough that our acts express the complete devotion of the will. Hence there is no "unreality," in using the most ardent words of Divine love, while the heart feels quite stony and dead. To be real is to mean them, not to feel them. Prayer is often more real and pure in such a state than in a time of warm feeling. It is a service under greater difficulties. Hence S. Francis says, after S. Catherine of Genoa, that Our Lord "loves us to come *with reluctance* to kiss his feet." As a fact, however, such ardent words usually come to act strongly on the emotions. When the object of love is sensible, the emotions are first touched, and express themselves in words. When it is the invisible God, the will first speaks, but soon comes, by a sort of reverse action, to stir the emotions, and excite a literally "passionate and tender" love of Him. Of the importance and necessity of this exercise he says: "Here I wish you most affectionately to follow my counsel: for in this article lies one of the most assured means of your spiritual advancement." And more strongly: "In this exercise of the Spiritual Retreat and ejaculatory prayer lies *the great work* of devotion, it can supply the lack of all other prayers; but the failure of this can scarcely be made up by any other means. Without it the contemplative life cannot be properly followed, nor the active lived otherwise than ill: without it repose is only idleness, and labour only embarrassment; wherefore I beseech you to embrace it with all your heart, and never to abandon it."

And so here, in the method of prayer, we find the easy, the safe, and the sweet way. Easy, because the stand-point or pivot of the heart is shifted quite gradually; safe, because its shifting is from earthly to heavenly love; easy, because with the same machinery the motive power is increased—love, ever growing, makes difficulties which are perhaps harder in themselves, easier to surmount: safe, because, while no dizzy heights of contemplation are as yet proposed, continual prayer keeps the soul in its humility ever close to God, and gradually subdues will and heart and feelings to His empire. At the same time it gives room for the heroism of sanctity in the consistent patient renouncing of idle thoughts and desires, and keeping the thoughts to recollection. It is sweet because, as S. Bernard says, "it is this very consideration or spiritual thought which makes sweet the yoke of virtue, the grace which ordinary Christians possess only makes it possible."*

The "Spiritual Retreat" concludes the series of exercises of private prayer. It is not necessary to dwell on the public ones. He calls the Mass "the sum of spiritual exercises, the

* "De Consideratione," i.

centre of religion, the heart of devotion, the soul of piety"—so that every effort must be made to assist at it daily. At Vespers also, Sermons, and other public offices, he would have his disciples assiduous. He dwells on the duty of invoking the angels and saints, of familiarizing ourselves with them, living with them, and learning from them the way of praising God, "as little nightingales learn to sing with the big." We are "to revere with a special love the sacred and glorious Virgin Mary . . . and like little children throw ourselves into her bosom with a perfect confidence at every moment, on every occurrence." Each day we are to hear or read the Word of God, the lives or works of His Saints. Finally, we must remember that the initiative of our spiritual life must be from God, and that the whole of it, beyond fulfilling His already known will, consists in waiting for and promptly effecting His holy inspirations. "The Morning Exercise and the Spiritual Retreat serve marvellously for this."

Instruction on prayer would not be complete if it did not include the Sacraments. It is well known that one of the advances, or rather one of the returns, to early Christian fervour effected by S. Francis, is in the frequent receiving of Holy Communion. He calls it "the Christian life." He says to Philothea: "Hares become white in our mountains during the winter because they see and eat nothing but snow; and by adoring and eating beauty, goodness, purity itself in this Divine Sacrament, you will become all lovely, and good and pure." He lays down that a month is the greatest possible interval between communions for those who are aiming at devotion, that those who have no affection for venial sin, and who have a strong desire of communion, should approach every week, and that those who have surmounted the greater part of their bad inclinations may go oftener, and as often, at last, with the advice of their spiritual father, as every day. But it must be carefully remembered that he does not refer to a passive or otiose receiving. His principles have been gladly adopted, perhaps occasionally stretched, while his limitations have not been equally observed. He makes the right to frequent communion, and the fruit to be expected from it, depend very considerably on the dispositions and correspondence of the communicant. It is calculated to work every good effect on the soul, but the soul must be adapted for it, as appetite and good digestion are required to profit by earthly food. He would say to the half-fervent—do not increase the number of your communions, perhaps lessen it, but improve your dispositions: go with stronger desire, bring forth more fruit of fervour in your life. He tells a girl who did not sufficiently strive against vanity that she must not communicate so often, and he thus writes to a mother about her young daughter: "If this

little soul fully discerns that to frequent Holy Communion she must have great purity and fervour, and if she aspires after these, and is careful to cultivate them, in that case I consider that she may be let approach often—that is, every fortnight. But if she has ardour only for communion, and not for the mortification of the little imperfections of youth, I think it would suffice to let her confess every week, and communicate once a month. My dear child, I think communion is the great means for attaining perfection, but it must be received with the desire and the care to take away from the heart all that displeases Him whom we wish to lodge there.”* It is noteworthy that he did not grant S. Jane Frances daily communion till she had been six years under his direction. His daughters of the Visitation are to communicate from twice to thrice a week, his Hermits of Mount Voiron on Sundays and the solemn feasts. The vital importance he attaches to the activity of the soul itself in the work of grace is well shown in his insisting on the importance of the Sacrament of Penance, which he often recommends to be received more frequently than the Holy Eucharist. His daughters are to confess twice in the week, he himself confessed every two or three days. It is noticeable that S. Francis of Assisi, while ordering his nuns only six communions in the year, orders twelve confessions.

To sum up the exercises of prayer which are to form the groundwork and more important part of the devout life, we find that they consist of the Morning and the Evening exercise, daily Meditation, continual Recollection with Ejaculations, attention to inspirations, Examen of Conscience, living with Our Lady, the Angels and the Saints, Spiritual Reading, regularity in attending Mass and other public devotions, receiving the Sacraments at fixed time, the monthly Protestation. Besides these there is to be a manifestation to the director every two or three months of the state of our inclinations and of our prayer, and, finally, an annual review or retreat after a method (developed in Part V. of the “Introduction”), which does not interfere with the continuance of the ordinary duties of life. It will easily be seen that prayer thus covers, or rather underlies, the whole of life. The same forms are continued day by day, with, of course, a variety of matter as life changes, and the soul advances. There will be new circumstances to adapt ourselves to, new difficulties to forecast in the morning exercise, meditation gradually passes into contemplation; aspirations, the same in words, express gradually deeper knowledge, a fuller heart, and a more resolute will.

We now come to inquire what is to be the other part of the

* “Letters to Persons,” &c. vi. 19.

life of one who follows these exercises, what the power gained in prayer is to be applied to. We have seen that the very end, and therefore the very foundation, of devotion is to do the will of God promptly for love. For this end we practise prayer. It is the same with the virtues. The saint's one general, all-embracing rule is—do God's will. This is, in one sense, only saying, be obedient, humble, chaste. Indeed, in the "Introduction" he goes on almost immediately (Part III.) to these particular virtues, but he indicates here, and fully describes elsewhere, a sort of fundamental virtue, which is the real life, or, as philosophers call it, the *form* of the others. These we are not to regard for their own sake, but simply as being God's will. We are to love and practise humility, because God's will means humility. To do God's will as such, must first be realized as the virtue of virtues. To each soul, it is said: God's will is for you to be here, exactly in such a place, with certain strict duties, antecedent to all other duties, with certain work to do, certain burdens, certain means. Bend your will to these, have no choice. Let nothing come between you and these; however holy it might seem, it would be a separation between you and your God. "This is the grand truth; we must look at what God wants, and when we know it we must try to do it gaily, or, at least, courageously; and not only that, but we must love this will of God, and the obligation which comes from it, were it to keep pigs all our life, and to do the most abject things in the world; for in what sauce God puts us it should be all one: this is the bull's-eye of perfection at which we must all aim."* The wanting to serve God in their own way he found everywhere, he says, to be the fault of devout people. Each wanted to work in his neighbour's field. Wives and mothers would neglect their troublesome home duties for the delights of contemplation; bishops would leave their dioceses to work elsewhere; enclosed monks would go out to preach, Benedictine nuns would learn to be Carmelites. But he says: "Let us be what we are, and let us be it well, in honour of the Master whose work we are. . . . Let us be what God likes, so long as we are His, and let us not be what we want to be if against His intention: for if we were the most excellent creatures under heaven, what would it profit us if we were not according to the pleasure of God's will?"† "Do not desire not to be what you are, but desire to be very well what you are . . . and believe me this is the great truth, and the least understood in spiritual conduct. Every one loves according to his taste, few according to their duty and the taste of Our Lord. What is the use of building castles in Spain, when we

* "Letters," &c. vi. 17.

† *Ib.* 39.

have to live in France? It is my old lesson, and you know it well.”* “Kiss the crosses which Our Lord has Himself placed on your shoulders. . . . It is remarkable that this always comes back to my mind, and that I know only this song. Without doubt, my dear sister, it is the canticle of the Lamb: it is a little sad, but it is harmonious and beautiful. ‘My father, be it not as I will, but as Thou wilt.’”† It needs no words to show that this is the safe, the easy, and the sweet way of perfection. Who can say that he is unable to do the will of God in each small duty as it comes?—yet perseverance in this is the very death of self-love. And who can resist the sweet force of such an appeal as this which sums up all we have said: “Regard not at all the substance of the things you do, but the honour they have, however trifling they may be, to be willed by God, to be in the order of His providence, and disposed by His wisdom: in a word, being agreeable to God, and recognized as such, to whom can they be disagreeable.”‡ The same safety and sweetness is shown in the developments of this main principle and rule, in which the sublimest virtues are taught to hide themselves under the little, the humble, the unpraised, almost the unknown. It used to be said of the saint himself by many of his familiar friends that he could never be canonized, because he was “so exactly like every one else;” a grand illustration of his way of finding the materials of heroic sanctity under the common duties of his state.

This principle then of purely doing God’s will, leads him to propose for continual study what he calls “The little virtues,” which are always appointed, always at hand for practice, but which are ignored, while what we call a grand field and great opportunities are being waited for. Such are simplicity, gentleness, quickly renouncing small selfish or impracticable desires, mortification of humours, fidelity in small things, owning faults readily, bearing patiently the defects of ourselves as of others, tenderness and minute consideration for others, accommodating ourselves to them.

The same principle is at the bottom of his continual recommendation of the hidden, the useful, the substantial, the self-effacing virtues, in preference to the more apparent and more showy virtues—“the less of self,” he says, “the more of God’s will.” This again makes him instruct us to cultivate the more universal virtues, and especially humility and charity. “These are the mainstays to which all the other ropes are fastened, and the mother-virtues which the others follow as chickens their

* “Letters,” &c. vi. 19.

† *Ib.* 22.‡ *Ib.* 39.

dam.”* It is this again which makes his teaching so practical and full of common sense. All extravagance is avoided, nay, he looks with distrust on the extraordinary, until it has proved its Divine character by exceptional credentials. We are to take God’s limits. It is His world, and we must take it as it is. He would have us “not good angels, but good men and women.” He looks with suspicion on ecstasies, except the noblest ecstasy of a superhuman life. We are to be prepared in heart to serve God perfectly, but at the same time we are to know that we never can perfectly succeed, and so we must be patient. Hence his exclamation, containing in itself a treatise on the spiritual life: “Dear imperfections, which make us acknowledge our misery, and exercise us in humility, contempt of self, patience and diligence!”†

The above are instances of the way in which he uses his principle of God’s will to direct us in the choice of virtues. By it also he discovers to us what appear under his description to be new virtues, and which yet belong to the very elements of the spiritual life. Such a virtue is quietude. His devout man must live in an atmosphere of tranquillity, there must be no eagerness nor excitement, affairs must be conducted seriously, but without solicitude or haste, still more must actual disquiet be avoided. This is a sign and a form of self-love. If the only object of the soul be God’s will it must be ever in peace, because this will can ever be done. “Disquiet is the greatest evil of the soul after sin.” “The height of virtue is to correct immoderation moderately.”‡ Hence, he insists on a great simplicity of aspect. We must not ever be seeking some secret art of prayer. He calls it a superstition to keep the will on the balance between two small good things of about equal value. He would have no closer self-inspection than is necessary for manifesting our sins and inclinations. We must not fret about the past: even our faults we must hate with tranquillity.

Do not examine whether what you do is little or much, good or ill, provided that in good faith you will to do it for God. As far as you can, do perfectly what you do, but when it is done, think of it no more; rather think of what is to be done, quite simply in the way of God, and do not torment your spirit. We must hate our faults, but with a tranquil and gentle hate, not with an angry and restless hate; and so we must have patience when we see them, and draw from them the profit of a holy abasement of ourselves. “Without this, my child, your imperfections which you see subtly, trouble you by getting still more subtle, and by this means sustain themselves, as there is nothing which more preserves our weeds than disquietude and eagerness in removing them.”§

* “Letters,” &c. vi. 14.

† *Ib.* i. 5.‡ *Ib.* iv. 3.§ *Ib.* vi. 25.

With this agrees his way of treating "small temptations." We are to take particular pains to strengthen ourselves against their attacks, but when they actually arrive, we are to take no direct notice of them, "making a simple return of the heart to Jesus crucified, and kissing His feet by an act of love. It is the best way to conquer the enemy in little and in great temptations, for the love of God containing in itself all the perfections of all virtues, and more excellently than the virtues themselves, it is also a more sovereign remedy against all vices, and your spirit, accustoming itself to this general *rendezvous*, will not be forced to look and examine what temptations it has, but simply, finding itself troubled, will quiet itself with this grand medicine; which, besides, is so terrible to the evil one that, when he sees his temptations provoke to Divine love, he will give them up."*

Another virtue which the pursuit of God's will discovers to us as if we had scarcely known it before, is to keep down the desires of such things as we cannot effect. If His will be our only object, the desire of it must be our only desire. How clearly true is this, and yet how little realized! How many souls are hampered by such useless desires of the impracticable, desires which being useless are also hurtful, because they dissipate and disquiet the spirit, and take up the room of good desires. We should desire to do our duty, we should ardently desire to advance in the love of God. But we are not to waste our time in devising or desiring particular means or opportunities which we do not possess. We know his grand saying: "I desire few things; and what I do desire I desire very slightly; I have scarcely any desires, but if I could be born again I would have none at all."† "To be dissatisfied and fret about the world when we must of necessity be in it, is a great temptation. The Providence of God is wiser than we. We fancy that by changing our ships we shall get on better; yes, if we change ourselves. I am sworn enemy of these useless, dangerous and bad desires: for though what we desire is good, the desire is bad, because God does not will us this kind of good, but another, in which He wants us to exercise ourselves."‡

Finally, amongst these virtues comes his grand "Liberty of spirit," which he defines as "the detachment of the Christian heart from all things to follow the known will of God."§ This is the virtue opposed on the one hand to license, which continually changes rule, exercises, state of life at our own taste and fancy; on the other hand to constraint, which would hold us to one fixed plan even when it was clearly God's will for us to change it. No teacher lays more stress on exactitude of rules, because no one

* "Introduction," iv. 9.

† "Letters," &c. vi. 25.

‡ "Conference," xxi.

§ *Ib.* iii. 11.

realizes better that man is unsteady, a creature of habit, and must have a path marked out for him. Look at the regulation of his own life, his own household, the rules of the Holy House of Thonon, the "Directory" of the Visitation. But, on the other hand, the spirit of liberty must not be destroyed by the very things set up for its protection. The rule is made, the plan is formed, as the best antecedent expression of God's will; but when the voice of obedience, charity or necessity shows that on occasion God's will is otherwise, the clinging to our means becomes a superstition.

With the same largeness he treats the special virtues, going deep into their essence, to the perfection of their practice, throwing new light on them, expressing and impressing his doctrine by brief, pithy, persuasive sentences. Treating of humility, for instance, he shows on the one hand that it is consistent with a full acknowledgment of God's gifts in us; on the other hand, that it must go as low as to "the love of our own abjection,"—one of the forms of it, which his beautiful description brings out as a new virtue. He dwells sweetly on that department of gentleness which is "patience with ourselves." In his chapter "On having a Reasonable Spirit," the golden rule of fraternal charity seems to grow more golden under his manipulation. He reproaches men with "having two hearts—one for themselves, sweet, gracious, and considerate; the other, hard, severe, and rigorous for their neighbours. And what we get by our small injustices, is only a sham gain: for nothing is lost by living generously, nobly, *courtoisement*, and with a royal, equitable, and reasonable heart." His doctrine on poverty, to which we may reduce what he says on station, on dress, on conversation, is grandly and distinctively developed. There is an order of the world, an inequality in the distribution of the good things thereof, which is certainly of God's appointment. The saint would, except when there was an expression of God's particular will, leave this as he found it—leave his rich man rich, leave his poor man poor or bettering himself, have his nobleman grand, his lady of the world a lady, his servant a servant. But he takes the sting and danger, the worldly glory or ignominy, out of all, because he finds it all on God. He would embalm the world, taking out what could not be kept from corruption, but preserving the rest in its natural form by the infusion of his virtuous liquor. The rich man must love his wealth—for God's sake. "I would put," he says, "riches and poverty together in the heart, a great contempt and a great care." So he would have his devout man more careful to preserve and improve his property than the worldling. He must take more care of God's things than if he looked on them as his own, "as the gardeners of great princes are more diligent for

the gardens they have in charge, than for those they have in ownership." The same principle makes him say: "I would have my devout people always the best dressed of the company," that is, dressed (according to their station) with the greatest dignity and true taste. So the conversation of the devout must be light and recreative at proper times, not from dissipation of spirit, but to contribute towards that social joy which God approves.

Thus the saint removes all the objections that the world could, with any show of reason, urge against devotion. It was said to make persons careless or weak in the ordinary duties of life, especially in a high station. He would make the devout more careful, more practical, more sensible. His king should be more royal, his magistrate more active, more impartial, when necessary, more rigorous. It was said to make persons unsocial, gloomy, selfish, singular, ridiculous. All this falls to the ground before such an ideal as he gives. His devout man is eminently reasonable, eminently social, there is no shutting himself away from the world by any rule that would help himself to the loss of others, no looking on his fellows as merely a hindrance or a snare, no contempt or dread of innocent joys. His works are full of such instructions as the following:—

You must not only be devout and love devotion, but you must make it amiable, useful, and agreeable to every one. The sick will love your devotion if they are charitably consoled by it; your family will love it, if they find you more careful of their good, more gentle in little accidents that happen, more kind in correcting, and so on; your husband, if he sees that as your devotion increases you are more devoted in his regard, and sweet in your love to him; your parents and friends, if they perceive in you more generosity, tolerance and condescension towards their wills, when not against the will of God.*

Closely linked with this is his doctrine on the important subject of mortification. How many are misled by the stress which spiritual writers lay on the merely exterior practice of this virtue! It is quite a mistake to think that S. Francis in any way discourages it. We know his own austere practice. He frequently recommends the discipline,† and the hair shirt, and as much fasting as will "let the devil know we can fast." But he shows the dangers of fasting, and prefers labour as a mortification. "We can bring down our bodily strength at any time, but we cannot always repair it when we like." "We are to take as much of the night for sleep as we may require to watch usefully

* "Letters," &c. ii. 5.

† In particular against sadness (Introd. iv. 12), to encourage fervour (Let. iii. 11). But he says somewhere, "Take care that your discipline does not make you careless about other things, as sometimes happens."

in the day.” As to mortification of the palate he lays down that—

A continual and moderate sobriety is better than violent abstinences interrupted by great relaxations. I think it a greater virtue to eat without choice, and in the order things are offered, whether it suits your taste or not, than always to choose the worst. The latter seems more austere, but the other has more resignation, for in the one case you renounce only your taste, in the other your choice also: and it is no little austerity to turn our taste about anyhow, and keep it subject to every chance. *Add* that this sort of virtue makes no show, troubles no one, and is uniquely suited for social life.

In fine, mortification, like every other virtue, resides in the heart and will, and must go from within outwards. When the heart is gained, all is gained. A rebellious heart is consistent with great austerities, an obedient heart is inconsistent with sin. Many, with Balaam, strike the ass, when it is not the body, the ass, that is at fault, but the soul, the man. And so he extols the spiritual killing of the heart, making mortification yet another aspect of the many-sided will of God. He seems scarcely to remember the austerities of S. John the Baptist, when thinking of that mortification of heart by which he kept from his beloved Master, at his Master's will. This example he selects as the greatest mortification in all the lives of the saints, and says: “It suffocates me with its grandeur.”* So while admiring the corporal austerities of S. Charles, he still more esteems the abnegation with which he put his severe rules on one side, in order to keep an influence with his drinking neighbours, the Swiss: and he is more edified when S. Ignatius immediately consents to eat meat, on Wednesday in Holy Week, at the order of his doctor, than he would have been by an austere refusal to relax his fast.

Such is an outline of the principles expressed or implied in the “Introduction.” There remains to see what is the perfection to which it introduces. It is sometimes said that the only mistake in that glorious work is its name, that it is really a treatise of absolute perfection. But it is not really such, and its author never meant it as such. What he modestly calls “the more delicate sentiments of piety”—that is, the noblest laws of the practice of virtue and contemplation, the profoundest science of the spiritual life, the fullest and most entrancing description of the ideal of perfection—are reserved for the treatise on “The Love of God.”

Hitherto, we have spoken almost exclusively of that aspect

* *Il.* iii. 11.

of the Divine will which theologians call *voluntas signata*, the will of God known and *signified* to us by His commandments, counsels, and particular inspirations. There is another form of it, which is called the *voluntas beneplaciti*, the will of good pleasure, the order of Providence, which is unknown to us till the event, and which therefore we cannot precisely obey, but which we can submit to. The attitude of the human will which leads to submission is called by the saint, Indifference, and completes the perfect fulfilment of the law of love. It is indeed but the counterpart of perfect love. Indifference to all others is but the negative expression of loving one alone. Even with regard to the known will of God, while Indifference is changed into obedience as to the means, it remains actually as to the end. To take one of the saint's examples :—

My mother (or the same principle would apply to myself) is ill in bed. I do not know whether God means her to die, but, while awaiting the event of His good pleasure, I well know that I must follow His signified will by using the proper means to cure her. I will, therefore, do so most faithfully. . . . But as soon as the event certifies me of His will of good pleasure, I, with the supreme point of my spirit, will amorously acquiesce therein, in spite of all the repugnance of my lower powers.”*

The doctrine of Indifference is so ill-understood, and when ill-understood so peculiarly liable to abuse, that it is necessary, before positively explaining it, to say what it is not. In the first place, it must not be confounded with Fatalism. The fatalist, if he know that an end cannot be gained, ceases to strive for it, and as he can scarcely ever have this knowledge, he continually takes false indications of fate ; for instance, concluding from a first failure that a thing is impracticable. But the indifferent man would work with the same earnestness if he foresaw what the world calls failure, as if he expected success. Man has succeeded in his part of the work when he has obeyed. S. Louis may have foreseen that his crusades would fail. It made no difference to him. God willed him then to try and fail—quite a different thing from not trying. The attempt had its place in the course of the world, and completed thousands of individual lives. So a first failure, or a fiftieth failure, is not by itself a full indication of God's ultimate will. There are such vocations as to be always trying our vocation. While I am actually changing circumstances, I must acquiesce in them till they are changed. It is God's will that they should at once be,

* “Love of God” (Book ix. ch. 6). The doctrine of Indifference is contained chiefly in this Book. The Conferences contain portions of the same in a somewhat simpler form.

and be altered. This is only the elementary truth of faith, that whatever is must be by God's good pleasure. Yet, in practice even good people subtract whole departments of events from the domain of God's will, and therefore from the sphere of Indifference. They see God's will in the weather, perhaps in sickness or death, but they cannot see it in the changes of trade, the rise and fall of stocks, or in events that come from the carelessness of others or themselves. But surely a moment's reflection would show that these are equally God's will, that is, are equally in the course of his Providence. And the principle is the same even with regard to sin. The sin itself is a negation, but the positive of it, the state of things which has arisen in consequence of it, is as much God's will as any other event. A master may give an order through arrogance, but if the command be lawful, his voice is the voice of God to his servant. The sin of the Jews in crucifying our Saviour was contrary to God's will, but that death was the very height of God's satisfaction. A man may be about to expiate his crimes on the scaffold, or dying of some loathsome disease brought on by the indulgence of his passions. It is God's will for him at that moment to be in that state, and, while he hates the sin, he must lovingly accept the punishment. He may still attain Indifference and perfection, as the Good Thief did. Indifference, however, does not imply, as is often supposed, a certain callousness to natural emotions of grief, or fear, or pain. The word, like many another noble word, has had its sense degraded in this world of sin. The indifferent heart has indeed little interest in the trifling pleasures or pains of life, but this is only a question of the object; the faculty, the feelings themselves, may be, and usually are, exquisitely sensitive, the more so for being less dissipated on unworthy or trifling objects. Our Lord's agony and prayer are ample proof of this. "I am not a stone," says S. Francis. Indifference does not lie in having no feelings, but in not letting them draw away the supreme will. It is our Maker's very will for us to feel such things, obedience to His natural law requires us to give way to them up to a certain point. It is the triumph of Indifference to keep the supreme will above in a serene atmosphere of amorous acceptance, during the crucifixion of the lower nature by felt and abhorred pain.

The saint does not delay long in thus applying the doctrine of Indifference to matters of this world; he chiefly brings out its practice in the spiritual life. It does not forbid, but rather encourages, a certain predilection for poverty, suffering, virginity, because God has already shown that these are specially dear to Him, and nobler in themselves. It is only required that when He shows His will for a given soul to have wealth, or a high station, or robust health, it should lovingly and humbly acquiesce

in what S. Francis would call a spiritual abjection. But, whatever be its predilections, the indifferent soul must have no real attachment to the holiest exercise, or to its very advancement in perfection. "It must be as a ball of wax in the hands of God." To love prayer and holy practices is not precisely virtue. They are only creatures, and in loving them we do not purely love God, but self in a more subtle way. The willingness to serve God in God's way is the test of sincere love. To love contemplation so as for it to neglect ordinary duties, is "to love, not the pleasing God, but the pleasure of pleasing Him." The saint compares the indifferent soul to a prince's lutist, who, after he has become deaf, and even in the absence of his master, continues to play because such is the prince's wish. He has no pleasure in his own music; he has not even the pleasure of giving pleasure to his master. But, further, we must cling to God's will, not only in the absence of every pleasure, but in spite of every pain, of every spiritual desolation and martyrdom, when the feelings are being crushed and the very will is slain. The soul, in mystic imitation of its Saviour, is led through a first agony of resignation, in which the will still lives and has its own loves, though it conforms itself to its supreme love, up to a second agony of Indifference, when it cannot even say, "Not my will, but Thine be done," but can only commend its dying spirit into the hands of its heavenly Father. Then, at last, it begins to lead its true life, "in union, or rather in unity, of will" with its God. This state of the will may be compared to that of an infant "which has not yet the use of its will to desire or love anything but the face and bosom of its mother, with whom it fancies itself to be one thing . . . and which does not strive to accommodate its will to its mother's because it does not know it has one, but simply leaves to its mother all care to go, act, move, and will as she thinks best." The saint ventures, with a winning simplicity of humble love, to take our Saviour Himself for an example:—

If the sweet infant Jesus, in the arms of His mother, had been asked whither He was going, would He not have been right in answering, "I do not go, my mother goes for me." "But at least you are going with your mother?" "No, I am not going, or if I go where my mother bears me, it is not by my own steps but by hers." "But at least you will let yourself be carried by your sweet mother." "No, I do not; as my all-good mother walks for me, she also wills for me, and as I walk only by her steps, so I will only by her will, and when I am in her arms I pay no attention either to willing or not willing, but leave every other care to her, except to lie on her breast and enjoy her caresses."*

* "Love of God," *Ib.* 14 (abbreviated).

And, rising to the very highest perfection of this abandonment to God's Providence, the saint says that while it is good, thus lying on God's breast, to bless and thank Him for the effects of His holy will, yet—

If while leaving to God the care of willing and doing what He pleases in us, for us and with us, without attending to what is going on, though thoroughly feeling it, we direct our heart and attention to the Divine goodness and sweetness, blessing it not in its effects nor in the events which it ordains, but blessing itself and its own excellence, we doubtless practise an exercise much more eminent. . . . The daughter of an excellent physician, being in a continual fever, and knowing that her father loved her entirely, said to one of her friends: "I feel very great pain, but I do not think of remedies, for my father will think for me: I should do wrong by willing anything, for he wills all that could be profitable to me. I will only wait to let him will to do what is expedient, and when he comes to me I will only testify my filial love and show my perfect confidence." And on these words she fell asleep. Meanwhile her father, judging that it was fit to bleed her, disposed all that was necessary, and waking her up asked her if she were willing to suffer the operation. "My father," she said, "I am yours: I know not what to will for my cure, it is yours to will and do for me what seems good to you: it is enough for me to love and honour you with all my heart, as I do." So her arm is tied, and her father himself opens the vein. And while the blood flows, this loving daughter looks not at her arm nor at the spurting blood, but keeping her eyes fixed on her father's face, she says only from time to time: "My father loves me, and I, I am entirely his." And when all was done she did not thank him, but only repeated her words of filial confidence and love. Was there not a more attentive and solid love for her father than if she had taken great care to ask for remedies, to watch the vein being opened and the blood coming, and to say many words of thanks? Doubtless there was. What could she have gained save useless solicitude by thinking for herself, what but fear in looking at the blood, and what virtue but gratitude would she have shown in thanking her father? Has she not done best then in occupying herself entirely in the demonstration of her filial love, infinitely more agreeable to her father than every other virtue.

Such is the lovely parable in which the saint sums up his doctrine. It is only necessary to remember that in the actual soul father and child are one. The soul must be absolutely prepared to do or suffer whatever God wishes, but the same soul must actively search out what this is, and effect it. It must be, as it were, passive as regards any choice of its own, but most sensitively alive and active in doing what God chooses for it. The saint has now only to put in simple words what his illustrations have already made comprehensible:—

It is difficult to express exactly this extreme Indifference of the human will, thus dead in the will of God: for, meseems, we must not say it acquiesces in that of God, for acquiescence is an act of the soul which declares its consent. We must not say it accepts or receives, because these are a sort of passive action, by which we embrace what happens. We must not say that it permits, as even permission is an act of the will, and hence is a certain otiose willing which does not do, and yet lets be done. It seems to me the soul in the state described should be said to have its will in a simple and general state of waiting (*attente*). This is voluntary, and yet it cannot be called an act, but it is a disposition, which is only turned into acquiescence when the event arrives.

It is clear that before reaching this supreme Indifference of the will a very high state of spiritual thought and love must have been attained, and it is necessary here to speak of S. Francis's teaching on higher prayer. No description of a spiritual system could be complete without this, and it is particularly important in his case, because his teaching has been misrepresented. Mystical writers are obliged to describe the refined workings of the spirit in language which properly belongs to lower operations, and which thus becomes singularly liable to misinterpretation. False mystics, such as Molinos, in speaking of the "Prayer of Quiet," "Passive Union," "Death of the Soul," use expressions authorized by the Church, and S. Theresa, S. Francis, Father Baker, differ from them, not in the words they use, but in the meaning attached to them. At the same time there is probably no mystical writer who describes the higher states of prayer more intelligibly than S. Francis, and before we look into the inner substance, we are struck by the extreme simplicity of the treatment. There is not one word more difficult than the natural difficulty of the subject requires. When his terms are not self-explaining, he defines them exactly, he always uses the same words in the same meaning, and takes us by an almost imperceptible gradation from the known to the unknown. The whole is built on the grand scholastic lines, and illustrated with the most expressive imagery. All this enables him to dispense with much of that technical classification which in these matters often leads to formality. He does not even use the words purgative, illuminative, unitive; and there is little danger, in following him, of coming to arrange all states of prayer under strictly defined categories, of cutting off the individuating qualities of our spiritual life, or paying a blind reverence to the mere letter of a mystical author.

In the 6th Book of the "Love of God," after further developing the theory of Meditation, he goes on to treat of Contemplation, that "amorous, simple, permanent attention of the soul to divine

things," which is the sphere of all the higher spiritual operations. The first of these is the "Recollection of Contemplation"—not the recollection of ordinary prayer, but a collecting or drawing inwards of the powers of the soul at the call of love. This call must come from God Himself, and the soul must wait till it please Him to give it. The saint thus describes this state of prayer. "Sometimes the Lord Jesus reveals His presence by a certain gentle sweetness in the heart: and then all the powers are drawn to Him, and collect themselves round Him, as needles turn all their points towards a morsel of loadstone put amongst them." The same effect might be produced by the sense of the external presence of God. "Sometimes the soul becomes so sweetly attentive to the goodness of its beloved, that its attention seems scarcely attention, so simply and delicately is it exercised," like the imperceptible flowing of a mighty, waveless river. "And it is this amiable repose of the soul which the holy virgin, Theresa of Jesus (S. Theresa) calls the prayer of quietude, not different from the sleep of the powers, if I understand her right." For "sometimes this repose sinks into so deep a tranquillity, that all the powers become as it were asleep, without any movement whatever, except the will. . . . And the will does not perceive its contentment, but enjoys it insensibly, thinking not of itself but of Him who is giving it joy, as happens sometimes when in a light sleep we perceive what our friends say, or feel their caresses, almost imperceptibly, not feeling that we feel." "When your spirit is out of this state," says the saint to S. Jane, "bring it gently back, without, however, making sensible acts of understanding or will; for this simple love of confidence, and this putting and simple reposing of the spirit in the paternal bosom of our Saviour and Providence, excellently comprehends all that can be desired for uniting ourselves with God." And similarly, "Be very careful to remain near God in this gentle and quiet attention of heart and this sweet slumber in the arms of His Holy will." This prayer he studied to perfection in his own blessed soul, and in hers who was, as he says, "one soul with him." He refers to it continually as the process of simple putting oneself (*remise*) in the arms of God. It is not necessary, and therefore it would not be reverent, here to follow out his teaching on the various degrees of this quietude and its kindred operations, the melting of the soul, the wound and languor of love, union, ecstasy, and "that supreme effect of affective love which is the death of the lover. . . . in love, by and for love, or of love." But it is necessary to show that what has been described, while so high as to be above the full comprehension even of those who experience it, is yet in every way consonant to the principles of faith, and may not for a moment be confounded with

Quietism. The Quietists pretend that in perfect union the soul is annihilated as to its substance, and that the whole action is God's. S. Francis, of course, teaches that even in the highest forms of prayer the soul remains in its own nature, and has an action of its own. God is as a mother who raises her child and presses it, and gives the joy of her embrace, but the soul also acts, as the infant which makes its feeble efforts and its "returns of union." Here again, in this movement, we find an essential difference from the passivity of Quietism. Though he uses terms expressive of the most tranquil repose, it is easy to understand his meaning. We have seen that he speaks explicitly of the action of the will. He says again that contemplation is not always in the will alone, but sometimes, and in its most perfect form, in the other powers also, which the will calls to assist it and to share its satisfaction. And his very repose is a movement. As Indifference has a calm approaching to passiveness from the very intensity of the act which keeps the will unbiassed, so contemplation is only repose by and through the concentration of its movement. "It is an indubitable truth that Divine Love in this world is a movement or tending to movement. Even in simple union it ceases not to act, though imperceptibly."* And again: "When we find God we repose, but there is still a movement of desire. Repose does not consist in keeping immovable, but in not needing to move. We find repose in the very movement of the affections."† With regard to the intellect, as the repose of the will rather signifies than denies movement, so a certain regard of contemplation and high esteem of God is implied in the very clinging of the will. He does not expressly treat the question, but it is abundantly clear that when he speaks of the "will only" he means to exclude the discursive or reasoning action of the intellect.‡ It is scarcely necessary to say that the Antinomian principles of Quietism can find no place in S. Francis. It would have a kingdom of unbroken contemplation, beyond all possible influence of the passions. It teaches a complete separation between the lower and the higher part of our nature; sin may rage in the flesh without sullyng the spirit, nay, the spirit must let it rage, under pain of sullyng itself in descending to struggle with it.

* "Love of God," vii. 1.

† *Ib.* v. 3.

‡ See Book vi. ch. 4: "That in this world love takes its birth, but not its excellence, from knowledge of God." When he says that distractions of intellect do not destroy contemplation, and that the will must not run after the intellect to bring it back (*Ib.* 10), he clearly refers to discourse. His opinion on the formal cause of beatitude points to the same conclusion. It is "the love of the supreme good which is seen, and the view of the supreme being that is loved." Hamon, i. 359.

S. Francis clearly teaches that contemplation cannot be kept quite unbroken, that the greatest saints may fall into sin, that the spirit is ever subject to the attacks of the passions, and that it is not only bound to fight against them in order to preserve that grace of God which is the foundation of its own state of perfection, but that in this struggle lies a very part of its perfection. And, at last, why stay on particular points? It is in the whole spirit and effect of S. Francis's ascetic teaching that we see how it is the expression of perfect Christian morality. It all rises into something more than a harmony, into a unity of life. "The perfection of charity is the perfection of life."* The end of life is union with God. The exercises of the devout life are at first perhaps performed with much imperfection. As the soul is purified, grace works more and more strongly in it, simplifying and intensifying its acts of prayer and virtue, stripping off by these, and by the action of mystic pain ["reaching unto the very division of the soul and spirit"] all human desire, self-love, and at last the very love of virtue, "which seemed to be the life of the soul." "The same God who makes us desire virtues in our beginning, and makes us practise them at the proper times, Himself takes from us the love of virtue and spiritual exercises, in order that with more tranquillity, purity, and simplicity we may love nothing but the good pleasure of His Divine Majesty."† The act of perfect detachment from creatures is the act of union with God. But the soul has not reached this height in order to spurn that by which it has ascended, or to claim the conditions and privileges of a higher world. Its love is in heaven, but must be exercised on earth. It leaves its waiting or acquiescing will in the hands of God's good pleasure; stifling the movements of its own will as soon as it perceives them, it keeps, as far as human infirmity will allow, a seraph gaze on God, and an unchanging direction of its active will towards Him, and then sets itself, with a sort of dead self, to work in His presence, to think of, to will, and to effect for His love, the very same things it has renounced as objects of its own love. We come down to things of earth with a new love, a Divine love, a love lent us by God. We love ourselves, our neighbour, our country, our work, our pious practices, our perfection, as seen in God. "For, having renounced everything, we clothe ourselves with various affections, perhaps the very same we have renounced, only now not because they are dear to us, but because they are agreeable to God."‡ The acts of life are the same, the love of God directs us in the same order of charity, we love at once more ardently, more reasonably,

* "Letters," &c. vi. 52.

† "Love of God," *Ib.*

‡ *Ib.*

because quite unselfishly, what God wills us to love. "The little and low exercises of devotion . . . bearing with the troublesome ways of our neighbour . . . renouncing our own small inclinations . . . cordial acknowledgment of our imperfections . . . continual labour to keep our souls in equality . . . love of our own abjection . . . mild and gracious acceptance of others' disdain of our condition, our life, our ways, our acts"*—these are recommended to us at the end as at the beginning. But a more celestial light is over all. The acts are the same, the spirit of the doer is transfigured. Each smallest act is an expression of a sort of infinite love, a return to God of the really infinite love hidden under each manifestation of His goodness to us. And the last chapter of his "Love of God," the final all-preserving principle of his system of holiness, is: "Mount Calvary is the true Academy of Love." The mystic death of the soul has its reality from the triumph of love in actual death. This teaches what true love is, keeps from mistaking reverie and sentiment for resolution, from stopping short of anything but perfect renunciation. Here is the guide of the soul, and here the ever-acting motive, constraining to love, to imitation. "Calvary is the mountain of lovers. All love which takes not its origin from the passion of Our Saviour is frivolous and perilous. Unhappy is death without the love of the Saviour, unhappy is love without the death of the Saviour."

Such, in substance, is the devotional system of S. Francis de Sales. We had expected to have space for the substance also of his dogmatic teaching, but we must reserve this, and a special consideration of the form in which his teaching is embodied, for our April number.

HENRY BENEDICT MACKEY, O.S.B.



ART. VII.—CATHOLICISM IN EGYPT.

OUR subject is the condition and prospects of the Catholic religion in Egypt. We say this at once to inspire confidence; for it will be a relief to the reader who has had Egypt in every newspaper and periodical for months past to learn at the outset that there is to be nothing in these pages of Arabi, or the Joint-Control, or the Suez Canal, or any of the endless perplexities, social and political, which can be evolved from the phrase "Egypt for the Egyptians." There need be no apology for not waiting until all these portentous questions are solved to ask atten-

* "Love of God," *Ib.* xii. 6.

tion for a *coup-d'œil* of "that interesting country" from a Catholic point of view. The question of Arabi, however, is, as it happens, solved as we write; he has, with an inconsistency exquisitely Oriental, not been tried on charges that if proved would disgrace a heathen, but has pleaded guilty to rebellion: and again, has been condemned to death with one breath and solemnly reprieved with the next. Thus the mystery that has long puzzled less tortuous and diplomatic western minds as to whether he be worthy of love or hatred is thereby hid away and sealed with the national sphynx, to be solved with all the other Egyptian problems—who shall say when?

A sketch of Catholicism in Egypt should possess quite sufficient interest even were that element of tragic drama wanting with which recent events have invested it. For missionary effort in whatever land or clime is a spectacle deserving and eliciting the deep concern of a Christian heart. But here the interest deepens into a more solemn feeling, for it is "the land of Egypt," the scene of some of the grandest incidents of Scripture history; the land whence God rescued His oppressed people; the land that sheltered His own Divine Son. And for the student of history the labours of Jesuit or Lazarist in Alexandria, or of zealous Franciscan away in the distant regions of Upper Egypt, are hallowed by the remembrance of the past—the glories of the Church of Alexandria, Athanasius, and Cyril, and its famous "schools" where were traced the first scientific outlines of Christian philosophy and theology; the glories of the desert that bloomed like a garden when its nooks and caves and grottoes were peopled with that multitude of earnest ascetics who laid the foundations of monastic life, and whose "sayings" and exhortations became the first instalment and the basis of mystical theology; and the contrast, in the change of all this life and vigour and holiness into heresy and riot, and finally into spiritual death: the glory of Nitria and the Thebaid gone for ever, and the prestige of Alexandria and her doctors a thing to be remembered only. There has been a long night over the land—how long yet before the day! For it is now more than twelve hundred years since Amru and his Mohammedan army, sent by Caliph Omar, having conquered the land, gave it in due time the hideous choice of the Koran, the Sword, or Tribute. And it need not be said that those who escaped both the Koran and the sword were few indeed, and that little can be written of their history but that "they were."

Present-day efforts to re-establish the Catholic Church on Egyptian soil go back through the struggling attempts of the early Franciscan missionaries, to the bold attempt on Mohammedanism of S. Francis of Assisi himself. That saint's devotion

to the "holy places" was only the natural attraction of a heart enamoured of all that belonged to the earthly life of our Lord. The land that sheltered Him and His mother in their flight from His first persecutors could not fail to attract his sympathy. And that the holy place should be, like His Judean home, in the hands of the infidel would but intensify the feeling. Such a feeling has been a heritage from S. Francis to his children: and the custody of the holy places formally made over to them a century later by Gregory VI. (1342), so far as Palestine is concerned, was begun in Egypt, one may say, by the saint himself. The memorable visit of the seraph of Assisi to Damietta, early in the thirteenth century, is well enough known, yet it deserves to be mentioned here as being not only the date of whatever revival of missionary effort there is in modern Egypt, but as being in its own results strangely typical of the success attending that revival. From that courageous effort of Francis to convert Meledin and his people dates the equally courageous succession of Franciscan missions in Egypt, beginning about this very time with those of Damietta and Cairo. The children of the saint were often tolerated by Moslem rulers, often fell the victims to popular fanaticism, but held their ground, and preached as he had preached, and as yet, at least, have failed, as even their father failed, to convert the disciples of the Prophet.

But they have not laboured in vain; far from it. And their success has been among the Copts, who are more strictly Egyptian—*i.e.*, more direct descendants of the people of the Pyramids than even the Fellahîn, who are largely mixed with the blood of their Arab and Moslem conquerors. There is little on record, however, except that many of them were martyred—some thirteen of them at Cairo alone—until the victory of Lepanto in 1571, after which they dared to build a chapel and a dwelling of some sort at Damietta, and to establish themselves, although at first only in the residences of consuls, in both Cairo and Alexandria. In the next century they built a few more houses and chapels, small, of course, and poor, and their work among the schismatic Copts took a firmer root and gave rise to numerous Catholic congregations that still exist. More recent events, but especially the change in Egyptian polity effected by Mehemet Ali, have opened Egypt to Europeans, and an ever-increasing European colony has brought an increasing growth of Catholic life and institutions in the Delta. This introduction of Europeanism received a slight check from Abbas Pasha's policy and rough-handed action, but the three succeeding Khedives have been more and more distinguished by what is called "a taste for European civilization."

The indulgence of this taste has drawn to Egyptian towns

and cities a crowd of Europeans—not all, indeed, of a “civilization” worthy of being imitated—and for their use have sprung up on Egyptian soil Catholic churches, Anglican churches, Presbyterian churches, American churches, Methodist and Congregational, together with Jewish synagogues, and Freemasons’ Lodges, of which last there is a plentiful supply at Alexandria. The best taste which this influx has brought with it is the growing one for education: and it is matter of congratulation that both the last Khedive was, and the present is, a patron and generous benefactor of educational efforts, and that the Catholic schools, parochial and conventual, enjoy many of them a high reputation, and a deserved one. What prospects there may be before the Catholic missionary as an evangelist of the highest civilization, and what good may result from the education of the masses in this Mohammedan society, is the point of interest for us. For, save in those elements and principles which it owes to Christianity, it is difficult to see in what such civilization as will get to Egypt from London and Paris will be much superior to that Arab civilization of which Egypt was once the centre. Except as surface indications of a deeper change, we care little about the so-called Europeanizing of cities and citizens which some English travellers laud in terms of great complacency, against which others raise their protest. Alexandria is now chiefly European—Parisian, in fact, as tourists delight to note; but it was always a cosmopolitan city, and foreigners always brought their own special forms of wickedness in the wake, as they do now. Cairo is the last place one would have anticipated would follow a western tendency—Cairo, once “the most intensely Asiatic city in the world,” where “the streets are seldom wider than Pater-noster Row, and the traveller who stops to look about him is roughly jostled by Hindbad the porter with his heavy bale of carpets, or the uncle of Aladdin with his basket of copper lamps, or the water-carrier clanking his brazen cups, with an immense skin slung round his stooping shoulders.”* Yet the Arabian Nights aspect of Cairo is beginning to disappear before squares and boulevards and European houses, and the growing affectation of European life. Change of style of dress is likely now to spread more rapidly than before the war. Egyptian officials wear dark coats and trousers, and being neither more nor less disinterested or honest therein, are decidedly awkward and less comfortable than they were in a dress that suited their climate. Moreover, the fez cap must surmount the Frankish costume. Ladies, too, are following the fashion; their veils growing transparent, their costume giving place to Paris silks and style, and

* Mr. Loftie’s “Ride in Egypt.” London: Macmillan, 1879.

the graceful and easy slippers, as an English lady tells us, to high-heeled boots and—if we may repeat it—to corns. Much of this change is of doubtful value, some of it worthless, as a sign of improvement. Mere mixture of styles and manners is incongruous, and leads many to sneer at the present state of things as “bastard civilization.” Even the boulevards find critics. “With all due respect to the ‘spirit of the age,’ as exemplified at Cairo,” says M. de Leon, “and the Khedive’s improvement of my favourite city, I must express the opinion, that for that climate the old system of narrow streets, and exclusion of too much sunshine, together with the old plan of eastern building, were best suited to the climate, place, and people.”* True reform, however, of Moslem society, and a movement towards the adoption of a civilized standard of social and official morality, of high principle and self-sacrificing virtue in individuals, will demand an appeal to that in the Egyptian people to which appeal has not yet successfully been made—their convictions. The Koran is in the way of any better than mere outside change: and not even the Khedive can reform the Koran.

A general acquaintance with the peculiarities of Egyptian life and peoples, and with the localities that will come here for mention, may well be presumed, so soon after the war, during which maps, pictures, and books flooding the market, have striven to render every detail about that country familiar to English minds. A brief and somewhat dry *résumé* of population statistics will, however, so much help to an appreciation of what follows, that its appearance here will readily be pardoned.

The Egypt to which our attention will chiefly be directed as having been the scene of recent trouble, is the so-called Delta, a fan-shaped plain, fertile, cultivated and studded with large and busy towns, stretching, from a point at Cairo, eastward and westward, to the waters of the Mediterranean, along which its sea-coast, 160 miles in breadth (roughly speaking), begins at the eastern point of Alexandria, whence it sweeps westward, in an almost regular arc of a circle, passing through Rosetta, attaining its highest northerly point about the old Sebennytyc mouth, thence curving southwards, through Damietta, reaching (again roughly speaking) its western extremity of Port Said, from which hangs almost north and south the long blue cord of the Suez Canal, ending in the harbour and town from which it takes its name, while midway between its extremities is the flourishing and important port of Ismailia. But Egypt proper embraces, in addition, the country southward from Cairo to the first cataract, a

* “Egypt under its Khedives,” by Edwin de Leon. London: Sampson Low & Co. 1882.

long rod-like tract bordering the blue Nile on either side, which has been spoken of by facetious tourists as "length without breadth." This is Upper Egypt, and stretches over two-thirds of the whole length of the country from north to south. The precise total of population in Egypt has not yet been learned, but all approximations end at about the same figure, 5,500,000 ; at about the rate, that is, of 433 inhabitants to the square mile. "Although the journey by river from Cairo to the coast is less than 200 miles, whilst between Cairo and the First Cataract there are nearly 600 miles of Nile, the breadth of the Delta makes it the larger half of Egypt with an area of 6,350 square miles, out of a total of 11,342 of cultivable land."* Out of this total of five and a half millions of souls, at least 4,000,000 are Fellahîn, farmers and peasants, *the Egyptians par excellence*, the taxpayers of the land. They are Mohammedans ; and are descendants of the ancient Egyptian inhabitants modified from the pure type by intermixture with their Arab conquerors. The Copts are Egyptians of purer descent, on account of religious animosities, not having mixed with outside nationalities. Their number is difficult to determine, probably over 300,000. What are called Europeans (Franghi) number some 100,000, or did before the war : half being Greeks, and the remaining nationalities being, in the order of their proportion, Italian, French, English (including a large number of Maltese), Armenians and Germans, with a sprinkling of almost every other nation, Russians and Scandinavians, and, of course, Americans. The Greeks are numerous in Alexandria, and form a chief part of the aristocracy. All over the land the Greeks are general dealers or merchants, enterprising and steady. They are not confined as the Europeans to the Delta or chief towns, but have set up shop anywhere there was an opening the Nile boat could reach with merchandize ; so that hundreds of miles away south of Cairo tourists come upon unexpected Greek oases, where Europe welcomes them, so to speak, to clothes of Occidental fabric and cut, to drugs, blacking, calicoes, woollens, anything, in fact, to eat or wear, ending with bottled stout and true British beer. Another and large portion of the Greek colony, however, enjoys a bad reputation, forming the roughs and thieves of Alexandria and other towns. A considerable portion of the Maltese colony unfortunately shares the laurels with them. It will be remembered that the first, perhaps because the most natural, explanation of the *émeute* of June was

* "Egypt." By Stanley Lane Poole. London : Sampson Low & Co. 1881. Containing an excellent description of the country and a popular *résumé* of its history, industries, peoples, &c.

that it had begun in a quarrel of natives with a Maltese. The Maltese are under the protection of the British Consulate.

The remainder of the Egyptian population is composed of a large element of Bedouins and town Arabs, with smaller proportions of Berbers (or Nubians), Negroes, Armenians and Jews, with large numbers of Levantines (Syrian Christians), and some 100,000 Turks. The Turk, though he came to Egypt as a conqueror, has never fused with the Egyptians, nor been able to impose his language. He has yet the great part of the country's wealth in his hands, but is in many respects a foreigner, whilst the Arab is an Egyptian. Some Turkish families use their own tongue among themselves, but it is a language apart : Arabic is the language of the Koran, and remains the language of Egypt.

Out of this diversity of elements the people of Egypt easily fall, for our special purpose, into three broadly-marked groups—Mohammedans, Copts, and Europeans. The last-named group is Egyptian only in a loose use of the word, but of paramount importance, in a religious no less than in a commercial sense, for the future of the native Egyptians. We proceed to narrate as briefly as possible the *status* of the Catholic religion among this last-named group. And here we go back a page or two to resume our mention of S. Francis of Assisi and his disciples ; for with his effort and theirs begins what attempt modern nations have made to spread Christianity in Egypt once again. And the disciples of the saint have now the bulk of the Catholic missions and work under their charge. To them more especially is due what was done during several past generations for the conversion of the Copts.

Zeal for the salvation of souls has taken the brown habit of the Friar-Minor at least as far up the Nile as commercial enterprise has taken the Greek merchant, and the traveller will find the little chapel and convent not only in far-distant Assiût, the extreme limit of the Nile railway, but at Ekhnâm and Girgeh, and still further south beyond Dendarah, near to where, fifteen hundred years ago, in the ruined village of Tabenne, Pachomius founded his monastery and peopled the region with Christian monks, and still away to the more distant Luxor, "the Portsmouth of the Pharaohs," now only the ruined approach through its avenues of broken sphinxes to the more gigantic ruins of Karnak.*

* The Franciscan province of Upper Egypt comprises their houses at Fayûm, Assiût, Tahta, Ekhnâm, Girgeh, Farshût, Negadeh, Ammas, and Luxor, together with a small convent at Cairo, the residence of the Apostolic Prefect for Upper Egypt, who is also a Franciscan. The present Prefect is the Very Rev. Father Jerome (Fra Girolamo). We may take

Each of these missions has its school, wherein the Arabic, Coptic, and also the French and Italian languages are taught. It is subject for regret that no teaching order of brothers or sisters has yet been able to find its way to these distant regions. The Fathers regret the want of convent schools as the best means of success in their efforts to educate girls as well as boys. The schools are all free, and, owing to the prevailing poverty, most of the scholars have to be provided not only with school books but with clothes! The masters are generally Orientals and laymen, but sometimes one of the priests is impelled by zeal or by unusual poverty to do the master himself. Mr. Loftie records thus:

In the Franciscan Convent at Ekhmeem,* I found only one monk, but he was bringing up fifty children of all denominations, Jews, Turks, infidels, and heretics, and was teaching some of them French and Italian. They were a clean, happy-looking party: the front row consisting, if I remember rightly, of five Copts, three Moslems, two Greek and two Jews.†

As to Lower Egypt, the impression of a first visit, not very much a mistaken one, is that the Franciscans are in every town—they have in fact churches, houses, schools, &c., at Alexandria, Ramleh, Rosetta, Damietta, Port Said, Ismailia, Suez, Kafr-*ez-Zaiyat*,

the opportunity of thanking him for some valuable information concerning their missions in Upper Egypt, which, as his letter arrives only at the moment of going to press, we must perforce hold over till our concluding article. One thing is patent from his letter, and from letters which occasionally appeal to the French public in the *Missions Catholiques*—viz., that the Missions of Upper Egypt are hindered by nothing so much as by the deep poverty alike of the flocks and the Franciscan pastors. One cannot help urging the claims of such noble missionary effort on the attention of English Catholics. And we may be permitted to add that such small sums as one would scarcely deem worthy of being transmitted so far will be gratefully accepted either by the above Prefect Apostolic, or by the Father Guardian of St. Catherine's at Alexandria, or by the Editor of the *Missions Catholiques*, 6, Rue d'Auvergne, Lyons. A column of acknowledgments of sums varying from one franc to one hundred (or a thousand, if any one will send them) appears in this journal every week. The Editor undertakes to forward the sum to whatever destination is specified by the donor; if no special destination is named, he publishes the one he chooses for the donation.

* This is our Ekhmîm of a few lines above. Egyptian names are spelled any way—"certa sine lege vagantur" like the "*nomina Græcorum*" of the old prosody. Travellers have generally spelled phonetically and thus used varied combinations according to their nationality, Englishmen giving *eem* as the equivalent of Arabic *im*. The more uniform method now generally adopted calls chiefly for the remark that the vowels are pronounced as in Italian. Thus again *im*=*eem* *Anglicè*. Fayûm=Fahyoom.

† "A Ride in Egypt."

Mansurah, and Cairo. A glance at the map will show that this list enumerates the chief towns of the Delta, and nearly all the names now familiar to us from the story of the recent war. All the parochial work in Egypt—Upper and Lower—belongs to the Franciscan Fathers, with the exception of Tantah and Zagazig, which parishes are served by Fathers of the African missions of Lyons. In the Delta the Franciscans have, or had at the outbreak of the war, about fifty priests, and some thirty brothers; and the Prefecture of Upper Egypt includes about fourteen religious, making a total of Franciscan monks in Egypt of between ninety and a hundred. Their own census gives a total of more than 44,000 parishioners as under their spiritual care in Lower Egypt alone.

At Alexandria they possess the large church of S. Catherine, which, with its attendant house, and schools and college, placed under the direction of the Christian Brothers, and surrounding gardens, forms so conspicuous a point of view in the European quarter of the city. The spacious area on which it stands was given to the Fathers in 1834 by Mehemet Ali, but the present church, begun in 1847 and completed in 1850, is the lineal descendant through one or two re-erections of the much more modest little chapel of S. Catherine built by the "Custodian of the Holy Land" as far back as 1632. Large as the present church is, it failed of recent years to afford sufficient accommodation for the rapidly-increasing flock, and the Franciscans began in 1880 a chapel of ease near the new Port or Great Harbour of Strabo, on the spot where, according to tradition, the Seventy Interpreters executed their translation of the Hebrew Bible into Greek. This new building was unfortunately pierced and partly destroyed by English shells in the bombardment of July last. The damage then inflicted is estimated at 20,000 francs. S. Catherine's is the parish church of (Catholic) Alexandria; it has also the dignity of a pro-cathedral since the Latin Vicar Apostolic for Egypt is accustomed to pontificate in it.* The Franciscans reckon their flock in Alexandria at over 27,000 souls: they have, or had at the time of the late outbreak, eighteen Fathers on the mission in the city and one at Ramleh, helped by a second on Sundays. In S. Catherine's there were (and again are) sermons preached every Sunday in Maltese, Arabic, German, French, and Italian; and confessions are heard in all those languages, as also in Spanish,

* The office of Vicar Apostolic of Egypt for the Latins is at present held by the Apostolic Delegate for Egypt and Arabia—Mgr. Anacleto Chicaro, nominated May 17, 1881, who has the title of Archbishop of Emesa. Mgr. Chicaro arrived in Egypt in November, 1881, and received a warm welcome from the Catholics in Alexandria.

English, and modern Greek. They also teach Arabic in their boys' schools.

At Cairo their parish contains no less than 13,000 souls. In this city their present large church dates back to its beginning in the small chapel built in 1632 by Father Paul, the then "Custos Sanctæ Terræ." And here again the church erected in 1852 proving too small, a larger one dedicated to S. Joseph was erected with its attendant house in 1881 on ground given by the Khedive. They had when the war broke out twelve Fathers in residence at Cairo and two in the chapels-of-ease at Bulak. To Old Cairo the Franciscans have been drawn since the time of S. Francis himself, by their veneration for the "Refuge" of the Holy Family, where as early as 1303 it is on record that they came to preach the Gospel and decorate the shrine with lamps and also, oftentimes, to offer the Holy Sacrifice of the Mass. Here, too, as has already been mentioned, the Friar-Minor often shed his blood. This "Refuge" of the Holy Family is the spot, now a crypt in the Coptic Church Abu Seyeh, where Our Lady and Her Child and St. Joseph, refugees from Palestine, were sheltered, it is said, for a month. This was a spot for the Franciscan to love and guard; and in 1698 he obtained possession of this sanctuary, confirmed by Imperial firman. It was soon, however, again lost to him by the frauds and violence of the Copts—mere right of visiting the sanctuary being all they would allow him to retain. At present all that the Friars possess at Old Cairo is a small *hospice*, a portion of which has been turned into a chapel where the few Catholics who dwell there hear Mass.

The smaller Franciscan establishments at Ramleh, Damanhur, and Kafr-*ez-Zaiyat*, containing each one or two Fathers, all date from within the last thirty years, and their appearance is explained by the influx of Europeans: those at Suez, Ismailia, and Port Said were called into being with the Canal, and are now large and flourishing missions. Whilst the Canal was being cut the Fathers had "stations," where Mass was said for the workmen, at Shalûf, El-Kantura, El-Gisir, and Serapeum, established by the French Company, and which were abandoned when their works ceased. It may be worth noting that M. de Lesseps, the celebrated director of the Canal works, built a church for the Catholic workmen in 1864, adding a house for the Fathers and parochial schools in 1866, and these he made over to them as a free gift in 1870. The names of Damietta and Mansurah are linked with the memory of S. Louis, King of France; Damietta, which he took and lost, and Mansurah, where he was for months a prisoner, and grander even to the eye of his Ottoman captors by the display of Christian patience than he had ever been by his display of chivalry and courage. Damietta, which the feet of both S. Francis and S. Louis had trod, has only of recent years allowed

the Franciscans to rest within it in peace. Often were they in past times driven from it by Mussulman fanaticism, to return again in some new disguise to administer the Sacraments and offer the Holy Sacrifice. Even the church which, in 1698, they obtained license to erect, was taken from them in 1702 by Greeks, who made use of Mussulman influence to oust the Latins. Their present church, begun in 1856, was completed in 1862. Long, too, did they use every endeavour to acquire possession of that prison which had been hallowed by the presence in it of the saintly French king, in order that they might honour it by having it converted into a church ; but the Mussulmans, doubtless guessing their motive, have determinedly continued their refusal to sell it to them. At Rosetta the Franciscans suffered even more than at Damietta, having been several times expelled through Moslem ill-feeling.

Closely associated in the work of the Fathers are the Nuns of the Third Order of S. Francis, who at Cairo, Kafr-Zaiyat, Mansurah, Damietta, and Ismailia pursue their devoted vocation of training orphans, teaching, and a variety of similar works for the good of the female population of their districts. These scholars are counted by hundreds, and at least four-fifths of them are too poor to pay for their education. Many are orphans, not a few of whom are entirely supported, educated, and clothed by the Nuns. From four to eight Sisters is the size of the smaller communities, but about fifty religious form the Cairo community, where some hundred orphans, thirty negro women, a varying, always large, number of foundlings are cared for by them, and about two hundred scholars are taught in their day schools. The Superioress-General, Mother Catherine, in a letter to the "*Œuvres des Écoles d'Orient*," written since their exile by the war and subsequent return, pleads earnestly for aid from the charitable in Europe: "The thought," she says, "that soon we shall be driven to give up our works, by means of which so much good has already been done, grieves us deeply, and urges us to appeal to your generosity to gain the needed help that we may continue our undertakings, begun with so much labour, and which have answered to a great need."* In addition to the yearly grant to her which the "*Œuvre*" makes, there are scarcely any resources available, and poverty will be more widespread than ever now. It is the paradox of Franciscan zeal here as elsewhere over the missionary world, that poverty is the great hindrance to larger effort, and at the same time the chief element in their success. It takes them to the hearts of the people, it is the proof-positive of their noble self-devotion: even unfriendly criticism cannot hint at golden influences as the ex-

* "*Œuvres des Écoles d'Orient*," Septembre, 1882.

planation of their success. The same may be said in a very large measure of nearly every community and Catholic organization in Egypt; indeed, it may be here appropriately remarked that—whatever explanation may be sought of the failure of all Christian effort to convert the Mussulmans, and whatever these may think of the claims of a Christianity which is now presented to them under the modern form of sects and opposed teachings—the zeal, self-sacrificing charity, piety, spotless life, and patience of the Christian ideal could scarcely be more faithfully exhibited to the gaze of unbelievers than it has been and is by the devoted clergy and religious men and women of the Catholic communion—Lazarists, Jesuits, Franciscans, Christian Brothers, Sisters of Charity, and other various orders—in Egypt. This has frequently been remarked by visitors; English military men were led to remark, and that amidst the disorder which necessarily prevailed by the time they got to Egypt last summer, how well our religion was represented there by the Franciscan Fathers.

Houses of the Lazarist Fathers and the Sisters of Charity, both the children of S. Vincent de Paul, are also established at Alexandria, and their work there during many years past* deserves the eulogy, brief but brilliant, that they have shown themselves worthy children of their father. At the time of the *émeute* of June 11 the work of the Sisters of Charity, of whom there were about sixty in Alexandria, was carried on with great efficiency in four separate establishments. Their chief house and the centre of their operations—also the largest establishment in the city—is called “La Miséricorde,” a mercy-house that deserves the name, whose varied works give more than sufficient occupation to thirty sisters. Next in size and importance is the European Hospital,† where from 1,200 to 1,500

* The first colony of Sisters of Charity—a little band of six—went out to Alexandria in January of 1844.

† It is to be noted that this hospital, in the Rue Rosette, is not the property of the Sisters; it is public property and is governed by a board of directors. It was not set on fire by the incendiaries of July last, and escaped the conflagration. It may be remarked, with reference to an explanation of this wonderful escape which we offer later on, than the explanation suggested by the *Times* correspondent is mistaken. In that wonderfully graphic letter from Alexandria of July 15, which gives so vivid a picture of the desolation and havoc, it is stated: “The European Hospital is apparently intact. It perhaps obtained protection by flying the Turkish flag.” The Turkish flag was run up *after* the English had landed and taken possession of the city, when the Khedive, whose kindness herein is surely noteworthy, had sent a small band of soldiers to protect the house. At the beginning of the bombardment Turkish and Geneva flags were hoisted at either end, and were taken down when Arabi sent orders that they should be at once removed. The reports which Arabi circulated about flags, which he can hardly have believed, are well known.

patients are annually nursed. The sick are chiefly French and Italians, with some Austrians and Spaniards. Save a few Maltese, no English ask admittance, going when sick to the German Hospital. Native patients may enter, but few ask to do so. The remaining houses of the Sisters are a Refuge for foundlings, the number of whom varies from 130 to 150, few being of European parentage, and an Orphanage for boys.* The mention of these works suggests that the Sisters are as busily occupied with the same varied programme of mercy in Egypt as in our own country, or in their own France. It is also interesting to know that a Society of S. Vincent de Paul flourishes, or did flourish, in the same city: both ladies and gentlemen engaging in their respective ways in the truly noble work of charity. The *œuvre* of the Foundling Hospital was a special object of their care and sympathy, to which the Khedive lent the patronage of his name, backed by a generous subscription. It is much to be hoped that they have already begun again their labours—though members scattered all over Europe by the war, and many of them ruined, are not likely at once to reunite for help to others; or even, in many cases, to again take up their abode and their position in Alexandria.

The College of the Lazarist Fathers was founded in 1852 by the zealous efforts of the Père Leroy, and since his departure has been under the superiorship of Père Gaillard. There is a coincidence worthy of note in the deaths of these two zealous men. Père Leroy, after the agony of seeing their establishments at Damascus burned during the rising of 1860, died from the blow, whilst Père Gaillard died on the 18th of last August a victim to the troubles of June and July.† The sufferings that Père Gaillard endured during the horrible days of rapine and petroleum that followed on the English bombardment, his anxiety for those under his care, for the Sisters and for the sick, may well be considered a sufficient cause of his fatal illness. But the explanation of it which is held by his own religious children gives it a new aspect and a solemn interest. The account of his death by the religious who administered to him the last rites of the Church, though written for the family circle whom it most concerned, is too precious to be withheld from publicity.

* The Miséricorde is situated in Rue Ibrahim, known, however (and still quoted in newspaper war reports), as Rue des Sœurs from the residence of the Sisters therein. Last spring it received its new name. The College and Church of the Lazarist Fathers is—*was*—in the same street facing the Miséricorde.

† Thus the first and second Superiors, having shared the same labours, resembled each other in death.

I have learned a circumstance which shows that during the scenes of horror through which the four hundred persons shut up in the hospital [The European Hospital] passed, M. Gaillard really offered himself a victim for them all. In the night of the 13th and 14th July, when the flames devoured the city, the fire seized on a house next the hospital. During all the night, every one was afoot and the doctors had given orders to be ready to leave the building; but where were they to go, or where carry the sick and the little foundlings? Even the strong, where could they go? In the street were savage hordes ready to massacre the first who should come out. And if they stayed within, the flames were apparently approaching and were ready to devour them. In this agony of suspense M. Gaillard, having confessed and communicated a great number of persons, went before the altar, and there prostrating himself, prayed for a considerable time. Then he arose calm and at ease, and went about everywhere with words of courage. About three in the morning a Sister asked him what he thought of the situation. "Sister," he answered, "fear nothing, I knew two hours ago that the hospital would suffer nothing." How could he know except that he knew God had accepted his sacrifice. So, when struck with his illness, he pretended to no hope, and told several he would not recover. M. de la Pommeraye told him once that they would go together on the journey which he intended taking to France in September. "Oh!" he replied, "it will be too late." Even in his delirium, when he talked only of edifying things, this idea of certainty of his death came up several times.

Several of the *religieuses* who were present in the hospital during the burning of the city, speak with an air of certainty of this self-made sacrifice of their generous Superior. No wonder that the Sisters of the hospital where he died, he having been their and its saviour from a common destruction in the flames, should have made every effort to keep his remains with them. And it is pleasant to know that through the action of the Minister for Foreign Affairs the officer of health gave the needed permission; he was interred in their hospital chapel. There is surely a strong suggestion of the heroism and grace of the early martyrs in this noble death: a suggestion of S. Lawrence's courage on the gridiron in the sight of the devoted Superior prostrated before the Altar, ardently offering his life whilst the flames were at that moment burning to cinders his own home of the mission in an adjoining quarter! Well may the writer, above quoted, end his letter:—"Espérons que cette victime expiatoire sanctifiera tant de ruines et attirera sur elles les grâces nécessaires pour leur faire reprendre une vie nouvelle"—a prayer in which we heartily join.

We believe English readers will be glad to have a little glimpse of the life of a European lady devoted by her profession to the labours of a Sister of Charity in Egypt, and we shall abridge

an account of the daily work at the large "Miséricorde" already mentioned. It was written some four or five years ago, but is sufficiently representative of what was going on up to June last. The reader must supply the local colouring—the climate and the heat, the scanty clothing and almost constant ophthalmia, &c., of the natives: to describe Egypt and the Egyptians is beyond our purpose.

On the ground-floor six Sisters are occupied with the children of the extern school, numbering over 500. A great portion of these are poor children whom we help without distinction of religion or nationality. Catechism is given several times a week by our Fathers, but to the Maltese and Arabs by Sisters who speak those languages. We pass into a workroom, also for extern children, where some little poor girls are taught the elements of schooling and the art of sewing. They are girls from the poorest classes of society, and are thrown on the charity of the Sisters for a little civilization and such acquirements as will enhance their value as servants. A word, too, here about a workroom for flower-making, now open three years, where young girls who have been brought up in our schools are taught this pleasant occupation, and are thus kept together and further strengthened in good habits and principles already taught in the schoolroom. It has done good; the young workers already contribute from their payments towards the family support, &c., at home—families oftentimes suffering from reverse of fortune.

Here we are at the Dispensary. And here my pen cannot describe what, if it could, you would hardly credit. It is a true school of mortification and self-denial for those who serve it. In a room nearly seventy feet square, on benches around the walls are crowded together every day from six hundred to seven hundred Turks, Arabs, Bedouins, Jews, and Greeks. Besides the bandagings of daily occurrence, the medicines are given gratuitously. Two soldiers are on sentry at the door whilst medicines are being distributed, the effect of whose presence is a necessity to any progress being made; for the Sisters are besieged by the impatient and afflicted crowd. They call the Sisters Achim Pasha (the Pasha's doctors). We have won their confidence entirely. They readily bring their dying little ones, and it is easy to give them the great remedy which opens the gates of Heaven to which they quickly go. During one year (1876), 2,386 infants were thus baptized *in articulo mortis*.

The heavy labours of the Dispensary begin about half-past six A.M., continuing uninterruptedly till eleven o'clock A.M. Five Sisters are kept employed in it.

Next we come to the busy laundry where two Sisters are helped by a company of black girls. A porter is also necessary here. Upstairs we find ourselves with the foundlings. This interesting portion of the work is often to us, as it was to our father S. Vincent, a burden and a sorrow; the burden of finding everything for little creatures left to public charity! It is a mystery how we find the

wherewithal, even with *quêtes*, lotteries, bazaars, which latterly could not be attempted. There are about one hundred children here. About half of them are *en nourrice*. The nurses have to be paid twenty francs a month—payments that add greatly to our difficulties. If you could see the state in which we get most of these derelicts your heart would indeed be touched—scarcely covered, revoltingly dirty. One day one of these unfortunate creatures (a little girl) was found on the sea-shore, half eaten by the wild dogs ; another day one was left before our Dispensary, covered with filth, and bearing the traces of where it had been bitten by the dogs before it was rescued.

The writer then passes in review their boarding-schools, orphanage (from which, she mentions, five young women left in one year to enter religion in France), and the various attendant works ; all of which, however interesting, is too like the details of similar institutions in England and France to need repeating here. One detail bears repetition ; of the negro girls and women who come to be cared for, some ask to be received into the religion which has inspired such charity, and remain faithful friends of their benefactors. One young negro, whom the writer praises as “*une perle bien précieuse*,” had just entered religion in another Order. The reader may readily form an idea of what an extensive and praiseworthy work of Christian charity is here carried on. The statistics of one year show that 163,082 Mussulmans were served in the Dispensary, and 57,060 Europeans. Besides, 2,962 Europeans and 115 Mussulmans were visited at their homes in their sickness, whilst 2,823 sick were what is styled “*visités dans les villages*.” This is so entirely Egyptian, and described by the same writer with such *verve*, that no apology is needed for giving it. This is how the five Dispensary Sisters spend their afternoons :—

The evenings are passed scarcely less laboriously ; they are divided between house and village visiting. Let me tell you of this last. It may truly be said that God protects the Sisters ; for in these out-of-the-way, narrow and half-savage retreats, no stranger has a right to enter : the Sisters are welcomed. The visiting has its *cachet* of originality. Generally the sisters are mounted on donkeys, carrying in one hand an umbrella—“*qui souvent fera l'office de sergent de police pour se délivrer des curieux et des importuns*”—in the other hand a basket with a few simple remedies, among which “*la précieuse bouteille d'eau bénite*,” finds a place. Thus they arrive at the village of that day's choice. As soon as the alarm of their presence is given, children, dogs, cats, geese, turkeys, *tout le monde*, rush together out of the same hut with cries beyond description. It is now easy to see where the umbrellas come in ; “*habilement administré*” they are “*d'un grand secours !*” This hubbub sets everybody afoot, and out all the inhabitants come from their holes (*trou*) to consult the perambulating doctors ! Eye-salves, rhubarb,

magnesia, are gravely distributed according to the case; *en revanche* the "nonos" or infants are brought out in spite of Arab fear of the evil-eye which leads mothers to hide them away. Here the visitors make a rich harvest of dying little ones. Poverty, dirt, *inconduite*, take thousands of victims annually from among the children.

The Sisters of the Good Shepherd also are established in Egypt, where they work out their peculiar vocation in much the same round of arduous duties as forms their daily life in any of the hundred and thirty convents of their Rule, scattered over every region of the globe.* The special objects which this Order aims at achieving are "the conversion of sinners, the seeking and bringing back the lost sheep to the fold, the rescuing and reformation of women and girls who have fallen, and the protection and care of those who are in danger of falling into evil courses." Their *status* and work at Port Said have been recently so well described by a Capuchin Father† that we shall not hesitate to quote from it in preference to any account we could substitute.

The Sisters of the Good Shepherd were established at Port Said in 1863, with the kind help of M. de Lesseps. Their work comprises the Hospital, which belongs to the Egyptian Government.‡ The service of the hospital receives annually 3,600 francs (£144). They have besides a School for the Penitents, who are at the charge of the Sisters, an orphanage for girls, where are also some children deserted by their parents, and lastly, a day school and a boarding school. Three scholars only pay a small pension (!), the others are admitted free. French is taught, and to the more advanced English and Italian, and where it is desired by parents either Arabic, German, or Dutch. In the day school a third of the scholars are taught gratuitously, the others pay sums varying from two to ten francs monthly.

Such are the existing works. But the Sisters have long desired to establish another of growing and urgent necessity at Port Said—

* They have in the United Kingdom fourteen Convents, with Houses of Refuge for penitents, women in distress, female prisoners, certified industrial and reformatory schools, &c., attached. See a list of these and an interesting sketch of the Order, and its rapid growth since the establishment of a "generalate" at Angers in 1835, in Mr. Murphy's excellent book, "Terra Incognita, or the Convents of the United Kingdom" (1876), p. 328 and p. 381.

† Père Henri, in *Les Missions Catholiques*, June 22, 1882, p. 239.

‡ The supervision of this hospital (not the ordinary "serving" of it) which was accepted by these Sisters with the approbation of their Bishop at Alexandria, is outside their peculiar line of work; sometimes such offers as this of the hospital if refused would deprive the Good Shepherd Nuns of their only chance of gaining any opening for the duties more distinctively their own. In this hospital, between 1866 and 1870, we may mention, 184 Catholics died, of whom all but one received the rites of the Church and made a happy end.

a free school with workroom. In their day school they cannot accept every sort of scholar—to do so would rob them at once of the best pupils, and want of space forbids any extension of numbers. So far the Sisters have not refused any orphan applying for shelter and food, even lodging them here and there in their own house. But at Port Said, and more particularly in the Arab village, there are hundreds of children whose parents cannot pay for schooling. Numbers of young girls are here growing up without means of being instructed, and without knowledge whereby to gain a livelihood. No moral lesson ever reaches them; is it then to be wondered at that so great a number of them—"to get their bread," as they say—enter on the way of perdition? How many of them, with religion and knowledge, would have become honest servants, wives, mothers of good families!

The Sisters are not alone in their desire to establish such a school. The English, seeking to spread their influence everywhere, are trying to create here a free primary school which, naturally, will be Protestant; neither money nor support is wanting to them. The Good Shepherd Nuns as naturally, being dedicated by their vow to the salvation of souls, have the holy ambition of doing all they can to save their children from heretical teaching.

The Suez Canal Company, approving of the projects of the Nuns, have promised them a site on which they may build their new establishment. If this be done they must build; but without other resources than such as are barely enough for their actual needs, how shall they dare to begin? Eight hundred pounds at least would be necessary for building, and such furnishing as books, chairs, and desks.

Two years after the hospital at Port Said was put under their charge, the Sisters of the Good Shepherd were established at Suez; whilst at Cairo they have two convents, one of which (at Choubrah) was commenced so long ago as 1846. It was from these two Cairene houses that the Sisters were exiled to France by the events of five months ago, as shall be presently narrated. On their return to Cairo in November last they found their house untouched, the natives having carefully guarded it for them; even the unbaked bread was there, as they had left it, in the bin! But the misery and sufferings of their exodus are not the ills they complain of—they deplore the difficulty of gathering their staff together again, from the poverty in which they are left, and the need of appealing for charitable help. The expenses of the return of so large a body of fugitives from Europe is alone an item, for them, unassisted, simply ruinous; and they need funds, too, for the increased distress around them and clamorous demands for their services.*

* See the letter appealing for help for the Sister at Cairo from the Superioress of the Convent of the Good Shepherd, Hammersmith, W., in

There will be no need to enter into further details of conventual and missionary work of other Orders: and we fear to tire the reader. We can only mention the Sisters of the Mother of God, as they are called, whose house and school for girls of the highest social grade in Alexandria, only a year established, was looted, although not burned; the Sisters of S. Joseph who courageously remained at their posts throughout riots, fire, and war, in their hospitals at Alexandria and Cairo; and the Sisters de Sacré Cœur, who have a high school for girls in Cairo. The Christian Brothers teach, as we have seen, the college attached to the Franciscan house in Alexandria and belonging to the Fathers, as they also do in Cairo; and they possess a very excellent school at Ramleh, where they have their house of novitiate. This last was much hurt by shells and was afterwards looted. The Jesuit Fathers, as is well known, have in Alexandria a recently-established house, which was looted but not destroyed, and at Cairo is their College of the Holy Family, attached to which is the young and still small seminary for Copt students for the priesthood.* The inmates of this last, being less wealthy than those of the College, had to be removed out of danger by their zealous superior, Père Jullien. They were taken to Beirût.

This sketch will enable the reader better to appreciate the accounts of the sufferings endured by the religious exiled in June and July of last year, and better to measure the extent of the check given and the injury inflicted thereby on their numerous good works. We have no concern here with inquiry as to the remote causes or the immediate occasion of that first harbinger of the coming storm, the massacres in Alexandria of the 11th of June. That incident, as is well known, created a panic among the European residents of Egypt, and during the ensuing weeks families hurried from all the towns of the interior on their way to a place of refuge, Europe, Syria, anywhere—many of them, with little if any means, scarcely knowing where. It will be remembered that without exception all the inmates of religious houses, priests on the missions, &c., announced their firm determination to remain where they were in the fulfilment of their various duties. But as the danger grew more threatening Superiors of houses began to remove from the country all those members who could be dispensed with, together with pupils, orphans, &c. Finally, almost on the eve of the English bom-

the *Tablet* of December 9, and a still more urgent appeal on the following Saturday.

* *The Missions Catholiques*, of Dec. 22, 1882, contains an excellent map of Asia Minor, Syria, and Egypt, showing the numerous Missions of the Jesuit Fathers of the Lyons Province, with interesting statistics as to the number of missionaries, schools, &c. &c.

bardment of Alexandria on the 11th of July, the Consuls of various nations peremptorily ordered them all away. Then began that hurried and terrible flight from Egypt which has already been so graphically described in the public press.* Then came the massacres of Tintah and Kafr-Zaiyat, and the bombardment and petroleum burning of Alexandria, which left that gay city a heap of smoking ruins. The horrors of those two days after the bombardment, a short but hideous reign of terror, need not be described. The *Times* correspondent of the 15th of July says he met among the ruins a poor Frenchwoman to whom he said that it recalled the Commune. Her answer: "Monsieur, j'étais là; c'est pire que Paris," was unfortunately not an exaggeration. Sad gift to Egypt of European civilization this petroleum and history of the Paris Commune! The same correspondent also mentions an incident of his journey through the ruined streets which we shall transcribe:—

As I walked on, I tried, but failed, to distinguish one house from another. In a place which I have seen almost daily for seventeen years, I could not even find out the openings of the familiar streets leading to the markets. I could only guess where certain familiar houses had been from the proximity to the statue, which stood alone in the centre. As I walked, bounding from side to side to avoid the falls of masonry, an offensive odour would cause me to look through the smoke. At last we distinguished two moving figures. We went to them, and I acted as interpreter, while they told us a history which reminded one of Dante's *Inferno*. I have no time to enter into the descriptions of all they recounted, for I am writing this in a rolling ship, which is hurrying off with my despatch; but the perfect calmness, the utter absence of excitement with which they told the tale of horrors, the business-like accuracy with which they showed us where we were to go to find persons in distress, and the quiet manner in which, after giving us all the information we required, they left to return to their work of danger and charity, as quietly as if there were nothing extraordinary in their position, was proof of a sort of heroism which won the admiration of all and compels me to give their names. They were Père Guillaume, a Belgian Franciscan, and Frère Mivielle, a French Lazarist.

We need only remark that this heroism was shared by all the priests who were allowed to remain in the city, and by nuns no less, as we shall presently see. Père Guillaume was one of the eleven Franciscans who so remained, and Père (not Frère) Mivielle was the companion of that other Lazarist Père Gail-

* See especially the interesting letters from Pères Jullien and Mechin, S.J., in the *Month* of September, October, and November.

An interesting account from the pen of Père Guillaume, headed:—"Les évènements d'Alexandrie. La ville après le bombardement," will be found in *Les Missions Catholiques*, 8 Septembre, 1882.

lard whose heroic death we have already related.* The beautiful College of the Lazarist Fathers and Church, as we have before mentioned, were burned on the night of the 13-14th, and will have to be entirely rebuilt. The cost will be great, and the whole damage done is very considerable. The "Miséricorde" opposite, already described, which was, like the College, abandoned before the siege—the orphans having been removed to the European Hospital—was damaged by fire, but not destroyed. At the European Hospital, the Sisters of Charity who serve it were earnestly entreated, several times prior to the bombardment, to flee to the ships. But the Superioress, Sœur Peyramond, answered in their name: "Should we go on sea to escape danger, who will take care of our poor sick, some of whom are *in extremis* and cannot be moved? What should we do with the little orphans and foundlings, some of them only a few months old? We have made the sacrifice of our lives, and if we are to die we'll die with the sick and the children." And so fifteen Sisters remained with their brave Superioress, who for thirty-six years has lived in Alexandria, where she is justly held in general veneration.

A few brave men joined the Sisters, asking, as an honour, to be shut up with them for their defence. But they agree that Sœur Peyramond surpassed them all in calm courage and presence of mind. With extraordinary energy she herself, with her already old, woman's arm, vigorously repulsed an Egyptian officer who, followed by a band of *Zaptiehs*, tried to enter the hospital under pretence of getting medicines, but in reality to pillage, if for nothing worse. During the bombardment and the more fatal days that followed, amidst the furious cries of the Arabs as they looted and burned and massacred, she directed the Sisters not to interrupt any duty or community observance. The sick were as regularly visited, as affectionately cared for, and the religious exercises of the house as quietly gone through, as if all were peace, and with a calm and punctuality simply admirable. I had the honour of chatting several times with this noble lady. She related the incidents that I have reported, with touching simplicity, as things quite usual, deserving no praise and only matters of duty.

So writes M. Victor Guérin in his letter of July 29 to the

* The version by Père Mivielle himself of that meeting with the English marines and officers, written only for the eye of one of his brethren, will, perhaps, suggest to the reader the same calmness and self-possession which so astonishes the *Times* correspondent. "Ils (trois officiers anglais et trois civils) semblaient fort étonnés de rencontrer des Européens et nous étions les premiers qu'ils voyaient. M. le contrôleur me dit que nous n'étions pas en sécurité dans la ville, qu'il fallait aller à bord. Sur ma réponse que j'étais à l'hôpital, où il y avait près de deux cents personnes, tant d'enfants-trouvés que malades, il me dit: 'Il faut évacuer l'hôpital! je vous donnerai des bras pour transporter à bord les malades et les enfants.'

Minister of Public Instruction.* And he proceeds to formally recommend her to the attention of the Minister for her noble conduct, adding justly and gracefully : "Il me semble que la croix de la Légion d'Honneur ne saurait être mieux placée que sur la poitrine à la fois si sainte, si pure, et si héroïque de la Sœur Peyramond." Had Sister Peyramond been an English lady with whom this heroism was the inspiration of the moment, and not also the deliberate dedication of a lifetime, her name would have resounded abroad and her calm courageous face have become as familiar from our illustrated papers as that of Miss Nightingale during the Crimean War. It is somewhat interesting to learn that an English officer was so struck with her bravery and quiet heroism that he offered to obtain her a medal from the Queen. The good Sister, with her wonted simplicity, said she would prefer a donation for the poor ; and quite recently she was the recipient of a donation of £25, sent to her by Her Majesty.

The Christian Brothers had by order of their Superior left Alexandria : their house at Ramleh was looted. The house of the Jesuit Fathers was also looted. And the two Jesuits who remained in it were the only victims among the religious who suffered bodily hurt at the hands of the rioters. Père de Dianous and Père Mechin were seized, clubbed, and dragged by soldiers to a station, where they were imprisoned : and whence they fortunately escaped. As to the Franciscan Fathers, it will be interesting to relate a few incidents that have not yet appeared in print. When matters became critical in Egypt, Padre Guido, the present "Custos Sanctæ Terræ," came from Jerusalem to visit the Fathers. In touching words of exhortation he invited the able Fathers and Brothers to follow the example of their noble ancestors, who from the days of S. Francis had fearlessly faced danger and given up their lives at the post of duty. There was, without exception, a quick and ready response to his appeal. The Franciscans remained. Through the terrible days of the 11th, 12th, 13th, and 14th of July, eleven religious, together with about 150 men, women, and children, who had fled to them for shelter, were shut up in the convent at Alexandria. Food was wanting, a few sea biscuits being their almost sole support for the three days. Their sufferings were intense, and the crowd of

Je le remerciai de ses offres et reseignements et lui dis que je transmettrais les uns et les autres à mon supérieur qui était à l'hôpital. Comme je le quittais, il me dit : 'Si vous manquez de vivres ou si vous avez besoin de quoi que ce soit, adressez-vous à l'officier qui commandera les hommes chargés d'occuper les portes de la ville.' Le père Guillaume et moi nous dirigeâmes alors vers les rues les plus incendiées, &c."

* See *Le Monde*, 12 Novembre, 1882.

refugees had to be fed and lodged for at least six weeks afterwards. But Providence sent them help ; some friends were mindful of them and forwarded from Malta a few sacks of potatoes, a most welcome gift: and so lives were spared. They had serious losses: the damage done to their scarcely-finished chapel near the new port is estimated at 20,000 francs. The monastery adjoining S. Catherine's Church in the city was struck by three shells. The damage done was considerable, the escape from destruction was narrow. A fourth shell went into the hospital adjoining, and having destroyed about a dozen beds, buried itself quietly in a mattress. In its passage to the hospital this enormous shell passed so near the window of one of the Fathers as to shatter to pieces the basin in which he was washing his hands.

At Ramleh the Franciscan house and church were pillaged; not a thing being left which the looters could either carry away or destroy. The loss is estimated at 9,000 francs, a gigantic sum for their poverty to face. An incident in the pillaging which gives a glimpse of the horrors of those days occurred in this house at Ramleh. To escape from the furious Arabs, a Lay-brother and about twenty-eight Christians who, with him, could not escape, found a hiding-place beneath the roof of the house. Here they had to remain during two days and two nights, whilst the looting went on below, and the hideous yells and occasional crash of buildings told of the horrors outside. They were quite without either food or drink, and were next the roof under an Egyptian July sun! Their sufferings from thirst were, as may be imagined, agonizing. Two young men of the company could endure it no longer and, driven desperate by thirst, ventured out. They were seized downstairs by the Arabs and quickly murdered. One incident of the last night of their imprisonment, when the agony of thirst was threatening to drive away reason itself, would show, could it be related in these pages, that they had reached the last stages of human endurance. Though the Fathers lost all belonging to house and church at Damanhûr—where a valuable marble altar was destroyed—they escaped such extremes of personal suffering. At Cairo, Port Said, Ismailia, Suez, and Damietta, the Fathers also remained to do what priestly or charitable office they should find occasion—and they found abundance: in some cases they were protected by Arabi.

The Sisters of the Third Order (seventy-two in number) left Egypt by order of their Superiors. The reader will have met them in various places as part of that exodus from Egypt during the latter half of July, of which so many descriptions have been written. The fugitives suffered on the whole, perhaps, more than those who remained. In the case of the Franciscan Sisters some of them had

very narrow escapes, others of them were protected by the Bedouins, all suffered great hardships and privations. They were very poor: they have returned to their convent homes still poorer: some of them, in December, were described by friends as in want of everything—though to themselves the wants of the poor whom they are unable to relieve is the sorest trial.

At Kafr-Zaiyat the Franciscans, both Sisters and Fathers, were rescued from almost certain death by the chief of a tribe of Bedouins with his men, and protected during some ten days with great kindness and courtesy in their own camp. It is to this Sheikh—a humane and charitable man—that reference is made in the following sentence in the *Times* correspondent's letter of October 12, from Cairo:—

I have received a touching petition from Franciscan Sisters and Monks, asking that British influence may be used to procure the release of the Bedouin Sheikh Gibali, who rescued them from massacre at Kafr-Zaiyat, and treated them with generous and courageous kindness, and who is now in prison. Recompense to such men, unfortunately few in number, is even more important than compensation to sufferers.

The Sheikh had been accused by an Arab through mere personal hatred, and after some kind of "native" trial had been condemned and imprisoned at Cairo. The Franciscans, impelled by gratitude, used every effort to make known his innocence and obtain his release. They applied to various English authorities, and doubtless the above kind words in the *Times* hurried the matter to its conclusion. The Sheikh was liberated by order of the Khedive. One of the Fathers who had the affair greatly at heart met the Sheikh on his departure from the undeserved prison and accompanied him thence to Kafr-Zaiyat. On arriving at their destination, the Friar found himself forced by the delighted Bedouins to take part in the honours of a "triumph." The tribe met them at the railway station, forced the unwilling Father on horseback, and conducted him alongside their rescued Sheikh in solemn procession to their camp, where the glad event was celebrated in true Arab fashion, the Friar having to share with the Sheikh the congratulations of the delighted people.

Having gone so far, farther than we had intended, towards a relation of the recent revolution in Egypt, a further brief word as to the subsequent course of events will be necessary to complete it. The usual proportion of Catholic soldiers was to be found in the ranks of the British Army sent out from England during the month of August. Larger quantities were naturally to be found in such corps as the 18th Royal Irish and the Royal Irish Fusiliers, both of which figured so conspicuously (and lost of their men in

proportion) in the brilliant attack on Tel-el-Kebir. Five Catholic army chaplains were sent out—a fair proportion to the need ; not an abundant one, as indeed could hardly be expected.* They found, however, everywhere priests ready to assist them. Indeed, the Franciscans at Alexandria attended to the spiritual concerns of our Catholic soldiers and sailors before the arrival of the army chaplains, and afterwards continued to help in hospital and in Sunday's duties. At Ismailia an Irish priest lent assistance during the whole of the campaign. Such service was of course offered for higher motives than either selfish or patriotic ones ; and they care little, and would probably not like our reference to the fact, that their service has been left without even recognition. At Ismailia the Franciscans gave up half their house to the officers of the 87th during several weeks ; their offer of the chapel for service as an hospital it was not found necessary to accept. It is worthy of being put on record here that the Catholic soldiers gave great edification by their devotion and fervent frequentation of the sacraments. Letters to France† frequently made mention at the time not only of the earnestness of the clergy but, what was a surprise to Frenchmen, the thoroughness of the religion of the men. When told by a chaplain that out of 700 Catholics of one corps, some 30 only had not been to their duties, the French priest who tells this, writes also : “ Cela me fait faire bien des reflexions.” Another writes home that five-sixths of the soldiers are Catholics (a too partial estimate doubtless !) and adds for the proper appreciation of the news in France : “ et ces Catholiques là ne le sont pas seulement de nom.”‡ Honour to the brave soldiers both Irish and English who reflected credit on their religion and clergy by testifying thus before the world how sincere is their love of it. And, indeed, the work of confessions kept several priests almost constantly employed ; sometimes in one of the tents, sometimes in chapels ; at another time a chaplain might be seen walking up and down at a

* Seven Church of England chaplains, three Presbyterian and two Wesleyan, also accompanied the troops. Of course Catholics look to their chaplains for so much more of spiritual duty, that perhaps they appear to Protestants not easily satisfied. On the motion, however, of Mr. Arthur Moore, in the House of Commons, an additional priest was sent out whose services were to be available for the English sailors.

† Several of these appeared in French newspapers and one or two in *Les Missions Catholiques*. Unfortunately we have not made note of names or dates.

‡ There is a bright little sketch of a military Mass in Ramleh, from a French Christian Brother in the *Œuvres des écoles d'orient*, November, 1882, the interest of which is in the surprise of this good Brother at the devotion exhibited by the Irish soldiers (for the description shows they were Irish) : “ Quelle bonne tenue ! Quel silence ! ” &c.

short distance from the tents or seated under an umbrella, while a succession of men came and went one by one, staying at his side for a few minutes. At another time as the men advanced to an assault, one of the chaplains walked down the lines of regiment after regiment, and after an act of contrition from the Catholics here and there gave them absolution—perhaps their last! In the assault on Tel-el-Kebir, as the newspapers told us, Father Bellord, one of the chaplains, while accompanying the Brigade of Guards, was wounded.* All the Catholic chaplains, and we believe the chaplains of all denominations, did their work zealously and well. There is great probability that (after the occupation of Cairo and the restoration of the Khedive) chaplains of each denomination would have been decorated by the Khedive with the Order of the Medjidie, had not the senior Catholic chaplain and the senior chaplain of the Church of England signed a protest against the troops being ordered to take part in the procession of the Holy Carpet. Those who have seen or read the ceremonies accompanying this—religious ceremonies as far as the appreciation of the native goes—and who believe in addition that the Mussulmans neither court nor care for Christian participation in it—nay, appear to have altered their route to escape unbelieving eyes—will consider that the chaplains have lost their decoration by action highly creditable to themselves.

With the close of the war and the return of peace, bands of European and Oriental refugees began to make their way back to Egypt. As early as the 17th of August the Father Guardian of the Franciscans at Alexandria (The Very Rev. F. Mathew) wrote to the Procureur des Missions in France: “The needs of the poor unfortunates become greater than we know how to meet. Every steamer brings hither a large number of both Europeans and Orientals. The first are aided by their respective consuls, but the second have no resource but priests.” Everywhere there is similar need; and if generous help be withheld the serious check which the riots and exodus have given to Catholic life and good works will be considerably prolonged.

More especially is this true of the work of education, since, as we hope to further show in a future article, the foundation of Catholic hopes in Egypt, whether for the welfare of the flock or for the spread of our holy religion outside present limits, is laid in the already numerous and efficient Catholic schools of both

* We are glad to see in the *Gazette* of Dec. 1, that the Rev. J. Bellord, chaplain of the fourth class, is to be chaplain of the third class, “in recognition of services during the recent operations in Egypt.” Father Collins was also brought to the notice of the authorities for his brave conduct at Tel-el-Kebir—but his name, strangely enough, does not appear in the despatches sent home by General Wolseley.

boys and girls. Indeed, our Sisterhoods are in a position of peculiar advantage in a country where religion and national habits are only now tending towards the recognition of education for girls. For in Egypt as elsewhere parents feel confidence in entrusting their daughters to women of such high moral principle and unmistakable sincerity. Propagandism is not exercised towards their young charge: even non-Catholic writers on Egypt, who are very slow to acknowledge anything complimentary to or even satisfactory concerning Catholics, admit this. But if in many an English school the Protestant prejudices of so many centuries' growth are broken down by mere intermixture with Catholic pupils, and the knowledge gained by insight into the life and principles of priest or nun—it must be so, in some measure, even in Egypt. And the measure will increase in proportion to the educational efficiency and the advantages offered by our schools. Moslem bitterness against unbelievers may be great, but Moslem hearts are susceptible, especially in youth, to kindly influences, and to the force of gentle and virtuous example.

As to the quality of teaching and the excellence of discipline and results in our Catholic schools and colleges of Egypt we may speak with great confidence. We need not contend that every village school is perfection to the fastidious critic who goes on a tour to Egypt, familiar with the precocious advance of the infantine mind under our home system of standards and examinations, nor yet try to show that our schools are the best of their kind in Egypt—though we believe they are, each in its class, as good as they can be. The very names of some of the teachers—Jesuit, Christian Brother, Sister of the Sacré Cœur—are sufficient criterion that what is possible under the circumstances is being done.

But a supreme argument in favour of the claims of Catholic schools in Egypt is the prevalence and intensity of Protestant effort to multiply their own schools among the Mussulman and Copt populations. What is being done by them and by both Government schools and schools (already to be found in Egypt) which are professedly undenominational, in scholastic work pure and simple, is outside our present purpose,* as it would be also to inquire into the success of our own Catholic schools on the same lines. The three R's are probably well taught in every one of these establishments, quite irrespective of its religious colour or want of all colouring. But the zeal of American missionaries or of

* Information on this head may be gathered from scores of books on Egypt, handbooks and books of travel. An excellent and full account will be found in Mr. McCoan's "Egypt as it is" (London: Cassell, Petter & Galpin), chapter x., "Public Instruction."

English ladies aims at least beyond these avowed objects of a school, and already they boast of success among the Copt and of large hope of success among the Mussulman populations. What is the exact truth about such success we might help to point out if space remained. What we must urge is, that if error instinctively sees in schools the means to the end, the schools are equally the means to the end of the Catholic missionary. The generous support lent to American and other schools is in the strong hope of results from education, and a way to the Moslem heart, to the prejudice of prepossessions and hostility—why should not we of the Faith work with equal zeal?* There is no Catholic organization or school yet in Egypt that is English and Catholic: our nationality hitherto has been on the side of the Established religion. It is to be hoped that with an increase of English influence we may find the opportunity and the means of sending from our own scanty missionary resources to help on in Egypt the spread of true religion. Meanwhile, all praise to the brave and zealous priests and religious men and women of other nations, whose labours and strict lives and daily sacrifices and patience under recent sore affliction, we have tried to make a little better known in England. They have, or will before these lines are read, have all gone back to their former homes—in too many cases, alas! to empty houses, to more numerous poor, to a diminution of receipts from scholars who pay; for it need not be remarked how prevalent incompetency will now be, and for a long time to come, among returned families whose homes are burned, trade ruined or only to be recovered by slow steps, or whose bread-winner perhaps has been a victim to the Arab club. Let it be remembered that in Egypt as elsewhere Protestant organizations, whether English or American, are plentifully supplied with money—as compared with Catholic ones, abundantly supplied.

The "*Œuvre des Ecoles d'Orient*," from whose little bulletin we have more than once quoted, is one of the three great works which the Holy Father, as will be remembered, selected for recommendation to the charity of the Catholic world in the proclamation of the last Jubilee. We venture to suggest that this Association of the Schools of the East is an excellent channel by which to forward substantial help to Catholic educational efforts in Egypt.† This *Œuvre* supported or largely subsidized no fewer than forty Catho-

* So far as zealous work is sufficient, however, the religious already in the field have long been doing all that zealous labour can do aided by earnest prayer. Probably if English Catholics could see the need of pecuniary help, and the grave issues dependent on that help, they would gladly give.

† Donations for the present crisis have been recommended by the Holy Father, who has headed the list with a substantial offering of his own.

lic educational establishments in Egypt at the time of the outbreak, in which at least 3,500 young boys and girls received a good education.

It will be seen that we have found space only for a consideration of Catholicism among that portion of the Egyptian population which is foreign to its soil: and our space is at an end. We hope to be allowed to complete the subject by a reference to the two great classes of the indigenous Egyptians, the Fellahîn, and the Copts, in a succeeding number of this REVIEW.



ART. VIII.—IRELAND: HER FRIENDS AND FOES.

1. *New Ireland: Political Sketches and Personal Reminiscences of Thirty Years of Irish Public Life.* By A. M. SULLIVAN. Eighth Edition. Glasgow: Cameron & Ferguson. 1882.
2. *The American-Irish and their Influence on Irish Politics.* By PHILIP H. BAGENAL. London: Kegan Paul & Co. 1882.

THE two books at the head of our article are by two very different men, and written in a very different spirit. Mr. Alexander M. Sullivan is too well known to require a word from us. A consistent patriot, a good Catholic, a moderate Nationalist, and an eloquent writer and speaker, his figure has been before the eyes of his countrymen ever since O'Connell passed away. This new edition of his fascinating book contains four fresh chapters, entitled respectively, "Gathering Clouds," "Obstruction," "The Land League," and "Agrarian Revolution." They bring down the story of New Ireland to the summer of the present year—to that day in May when the Phoenix Park murder clouded over the fair sky of Ireland's hopes. About these new chapters, as we shall refer to them from time to time, we need only say here that every English politician ought to read the history of "Obstruction" as Mr. Sullivan puts it. Never was a misjudged case presented in a more convincing light. Mr. Bagenal is a writer not unknown to the public as a student of Irish-American doings and concerns. His book is the work of a Protestant Englishman, and he is without sympathy for the national aspirations of the Irish people. But it is very fairly written, and contains much valuable information on the subject

Anything sent to the Director of the Œuvre, Rue du Regard, 12, Paris, is forwarded to its destination if specified, to the general fund if not specified. One franc a year is all that is ordinarily asked: ten francs brings the subscriber a copy of the bi-monthly bulletin.

of the Fenian association and about Irish emigration to the unoccupied lands of the Western States of the Union. To its pages we shall have recourse more than once.

On the evening of Sunday, Nov. 12, Mr. A. M. Sullivan, speaking to a crowded meeting in the Boston Theatre, said:—

The history of Ireland has not been in vain. Her hardships, her sacrifices, her heroisms, have touched the hearts of the good, the noble, the manly, and the true, even among the people of England; and we have learned in Ireland to draw a great distinction between the masses of the English people, and the oligarchy of the British governing classes that have betrayed and oppressed the people of Ireland.

These words were received with applause by the large audience of American citizens who had assembled to hear him. There was a peculiar significance in the reception which Mr. Sullivan's eloquent words met with from that meeting. Boston is the headquarters of what is probably the largest, certainly the most respectable, of the three parties into which the American-Irish seem to be at present divided. Mr. A. P. Collins (now the Hon. A. P. Collins, for he was elected last month to represent Massachusetts in the House of Representatives) is the President of the Land League organization in America, and he, with Mr. John Boyle O'Reilly, the proprietor and editor of the *Boston Pilot*, are the leaders of that section of their fellow-countrymen who love Ireland ardently, but are ready to listen to reason and sternly denounce crime.* When Mr. Sullivan utters words like these, and is cheered by such an assembly as met him at Boston, we may be sure that the redress of the grievances of Ireland is not far off, and the day of friendship between England and Ireland is at hand. There can be no doubt whatever that the English people, as a nation, do desire that Ireland shall be happy and prosperous. The English people, as a whole, are not actively hostile even to the religion of the people of Ireland; they have little or no sympathy with the landlords who draw their millions out of the country every year; and they have been, and are, deeply moved by the history of Ireland's past wrongs and present sufferings. Mr. Sullivan speaks of the "oligarchy of the British governing classes." That the government of England is in the hands of an oligarchy is true; and we are not sure that there is any harm in such a government. An oligarchy—that is, the government of a few—provided it is not a close oligarchy and does not feel strong enough to offer serious obstruction to the country's demands, is a good and useful form of government. It arrests, transforms, and turns into serviceable channels the huge wave of

* The other two sections are represented respectively by the *Irish World* and its editor, Mr. Patrick Ford, and by the *Irish Nation*, owned by Mr. John Devoy; both papers are published in New York.

energy which results from the motion of a whole nation. You can no more govern by the multitude—even if the multitude is not a mob—than you can light your streets by a thunderstorm. The oligarchy which administers the British Empire, and which, in fact, makes the laws of that empire, is, no doubt, just that class of Englishmen and Scotchmen who are most obstinately prejudiced and hopelessly ignorant on the subject of Ireland. But it is quite evident that, if the nation has opened its eyes and enlarged its heart, the “oligarchy” must follow the nation. We must take the evil with the good. The “oligarchy” sometimes does good service by standing between the people and the sudden realization of its whims or its frenzies; it must be tolerated when it thwarts its impulses of justice and generosity. But in a country like England this resistance cannot last long, if wisdom and justice are really on the side of the nation. By the press, by public meetings, by debate, and, in the long run, by the ballot-box, the right principles prevail and the right cause triumphs. Therefore ought these words of a moderate but enthusiastic Irishman like Mr. A. M. Sullivan to be taken as an augury of hope and as a promise of a good understanding, not long to be delayed, between England and Ireland.

But at this moment, as during the past centuries, Ireland has her foes as well as her friends. Whilst her friends are sacrificing themselves like truest patriots for her welfare, her foes are ready as ever they were to sow dissension, to blow up the embers of dying strife, and to destroy every germ of hope for better times. Her enemies are in part beyond her bounds, but in part they are of her own household. We wish we could get over the too patent fact that a large and influential section of the English people are, *by temperament*, prejudiced against the Irish. If it were only their reason which was ill-instructed, or their information which was defective, both these shortcomings might be remedied—though for neither has the remedy been found very easy. But there is something deeper than this. Race, no doubt, has something to say to it. The Celt has never been really liked by the Teuton. Perhaps the converse is true also. But race is not everything. Habits, unchecked and handed down for generations, become hereditary instincts. So it is with Englishmen towards the Irish. For many generations, literature, political considerations, religious prepossessions, and social conditions have combined to burn into English sensibility an image of the Irishman—an image false by defect and false by superfluity, distorted like a bad drawing, and repellant as only the creations of prejudice can be. We believe it is perfectly possible that a large number of Irishmen are quite as full of irrational prejudice against the English. But that is not the question at this moment. England

is the stronger nation, and she has, by her own confession, behaved very badly in the past; and it is just this national antipathy which on the one hand makes her do justice by half measures only, and, on the other, helps to lash her into moods of frenzy and fear when the Irish are more than usually impatient or ill-behaved. Proofs and examples of this irritable superciliousness are to be met with universally in English society. During the last twelve months the *Times* newspaper has had a leading article almost every morning on Irish affairs. These articles are marked by a coolness, a hardness, and a scarcely veiled contempt which are simply the reflection of the conversation of the London clubs. At times their tone has been wild, fierce, and blood-thirsty, as of a nation in a panic. The article which commented on the first news of the terrible and deplorable Phoenix Park assassinations, was disgraceful in its unreasoning cry for vengeance. But there is hardly a morning when this organ of all that is solid and respectable in English society does not do its best to exasperate the Irish people. Here, as a sample, is a passage from an article written not three weeks ago, under the influence of the trial of Patrick Higgins :—

It is to please something under three millions of the poorest, least enterprising, and least capable of Her Majesty's subjects, that we are asked to drive a wedge into the base of the empire. If the operation would even benefit the discontented minority, one could understand the persistency with which the inadmissible claim is urged. But every intelligent Irishman must know in his reflective moments that there is no political legerdemain to cure the real evils of his country. An ignorant, improvident, and not too hard-working population swarming upon poor soil under inclement skies need care very little who nominates the policemen of Dublin. Its salvation can be wrought out only by steady industry, emancipation from prejudice and superstition, and honest observance of the laws of conduct. Where these are, every desirable political blessing follows in due time; where they are not, no shuffling of the political counters will produce real improvement.*

Now, this English writer ought to know that if the Irish people are "ignorant," "poor," and "unenterprising," they lay the blame of it, to a large extent, on England. If their soil is wretched and their skies inclement, it is for this very reason they object to the hard rackrenting of absentee landlords. To throw these epithets in their teeth, from the full-fed comfort of English middle-class life, is not only heartless, but it is also provoking to the last degree. We note it here, not to complain, but to ask our readers to mark it well, as an exhibition which almost unconsciously betrays the real mind and heart of Englishmen

* *The Times*, Dec. 10, 1882.

towards Ireland. It is still more disheartening to find that some of our ablest and best-intentioned statesmen betray, the moment they are off their guard, the same unamiable temper. Lord Derby, over whom the Liberal party are now rejoicing, is far-seeing and clear-headed, and certainly not a man who allows himself to be carried away by his feelings. Yet his speech at Manchester, on the 13th of December, is far from pleasant reading to one who is anxious for the pacification of Ireland. Of its substance we shall have something to say presently. What we wish to observe now is the recurring bitterness and callousness which come out in phrases and insinuations. He talks of tenants "clinging to holdings upon which they cannot live;" he recommends emigration; but "Irish priests," he says, "think, and think very justly, that the air of a colony is not favourable to ecclesiastical institutions;" he says, the people of Ireland are only five millions out of thirty, and reminds them that they have "had the last two sessions almost to themselves." This is either fatuous begging of the question, or an ill-timed pleasantry; and in either case, unworthy of Lord Derby. It is a pleasing duty to say that we find none of this sneering in another speech, delivered on the following day at Glasgow, by Mr. W. E. Forster. Mr. Forster may be too little of a statesman to regulate a nation, but he certainly has an honest heart, and wants to understand and sympathize with Ireland.

Among the enemies of Ireland we fear that we must still reckon a large number, both in England and in Ireland itself, who still feel fiercely on the subject of Protestant ascendancy. The Protestant minority in Ireland have always clung to the dominant power of England out of the instinct of self-preservation. We are ready to admit that there is much less religious animosity than there has been. Mr. A. M. Sullivan, writing in 1877, says:—

One of the best and brightest changes visible in Ireland is the almost total disappearance of sectarian animosities, and the kindly mingling of creeds and classes in the duties of every-day life. . . . Even in Ulster these insensate feuds are steadily giving way. Such passions do not suddenly subside. Long after better and nobler feelings have gained the mastery, the fitful spasms of expiring fanaticism will occasionally present their ghastly spectacle; but the end is none the less inevitably at hand. In Derry city the annual displays that formerly involved periodical wreck and bloodshed have for the past five or six years, with scarcely an exception, been celebrated amidst declarations and demonstrations of mutual tolerance and good feeling. In Belfast and one or two of the neighbouring towns no such happy result has as yet been safely assured. . . . But every season it becomes more and more plain that Ulster Orangeman and Ulster Catholic are equally desirous of terminating a state of things which was the scandal of Ireland and the reproach of Christianity.

Elsewhere, throughout the remaining provinces of the kingdom, concord, tolerance, and kindly feeling largely prevail.*

He remarks, however, that sometimes conflicts seem to be religious when they are really political, Protestant being generally synonymous with Conservative and Catholic with Liberal. But—

On the whole the painfully sharp distinctions and classifications of old times have softened down; and the different social classes and religious denominations no longer resemble so many warring tribes encamped upon the land.†

These words were written five years ago. They are probably more completely true now than they were then. The fact that so many of the leaders of the Land League are not Catholics—the terrible Mr. Parnell himself being a Protestant—has taken much vituperative language out of the mouths of English editors and English members of Parliament. Yet it would be wrong not to reckon among the forces hostile to Ireland the Protestant feeling of England and of so many Irishmen. There exists, veiled or muffled though it be, a good, solid, lively, and effective Protestant spirit in the breasts of at least one-half of the politicians and writers who deal with such questions, and this spirit is answerable for a great deal more than is openly avowed. It is only when in leading articles such bitter words as “superstition” slip into the catalogue of Ireland’s shortcomings, or when a considerable statesman talks jauntily and contemptuously of “the priests,” that one becomes aware of this hidden motive force in Irish politics. But there it is, and it has to be reckoned with. It has to be reckoned with in Parliament, in the press, in the Dublin executive, and in the Irish magistracy. The facts which have come to light in connection with the composition of the juries in the late Dublin Judicial Commission are very significant indeed. After all the obloquy which has been heaped upon Mr. Gray for saying in the *Freeman’s Journal* that the Dublin juries were “packed,” it appears from the Report of the Select Committee of the House of Commons who inquired into his committal by Mr. Justice Lawson for contempt of court, that there was only one single Catholic on all of the juries referred to, and that in every case the Government had exercised their right of challenge by excluding Catholics. The *Daily Telegraph*, commenting on this matter weeks before these facts were absolutely proved, used these notable words:—

We must, to convict murderers, secure by hook or by crook, by law or by challenge, metropolitan, *Protestant and loyal juries*.

The insinuation that Catholic Irishmen are necessarily disloyal should be marked.

* “New Ireland,” p. 391.

† P. 392.

Neither the Saxon, however, nor the Protestant is at this moment the worst enemy of Ireland. The landlords, the English Parliament, and the Dublin Executive would soon be brought to terms—would have been so brought, even before the time we write—had not Irishmen an enemy within their own bounds which is threatening them with a worse destruction than famine and eviction. Englishmen have often wondered why the Irish clergy are comparatively silent at this crisis of Irish history. Why are not priests, and even bishops, at the head of the national movement, as they have been before? Why are such inadequate representatives of Catholic Ireland as Mr. Parnell and Michael Davitt allowed to organize and lead the country whilst her own pastors stand aloof? The answer is simple. The spectre of revolution has scared the clergy into silence. Their enemies have blamed them for being silent in another way, and for not denouncing that evil doctrine which has made itself heard, and those sickening crimes which go so far to dishearten every lover of his country. But this blame is mere spite. The clergy of Ireland have ranged themselves in a way which is perfectly marvellous in a national clergy on the side of law and loyalty. When we consider that they see with their own eyes the miseries of their people, and that they have naturally no love for England or for England's government, but very decidedly the reverse, the fact that they have studiously abstained (with one or two undistinguished and doubtful exceptions) from proclaiming any doctrine at variance with justice, law, or loyalty, is a most remarkable testimony of the power of their religious convictions. But if the clergy hold back and refuse, to a great extent, to identify themselves with the National League, the reason is as we have stated. They feel themselves in the presence of revolution.

When revolution is named in connection with Ireland, it is but the barest justice that we should speak without exaggeration, and with the most careful discrimination. We are told by scientific men that the germs of deadly disease which float in the air and impregnate our food and drink are harmless until they meet with a *nidus* fitted to develop them. So it is with infidelity, communism, and murder. Desperate men might have prowled about, wild words might have been flung stealthily on the country, American agitators might have passed to and fro from New York to Dublin, and nothing would have come of it had the Irish people been contented, happy, and free. As it is, deadly doctrines have taken some root in Ireland, and the desperation of Russian Nihilism has had imitation there. The result is that there are four classes of the disaffected—classes which must be carefully distinguished, for their blameworthiness before God and men is of a very different degree. There is, first, a lawless secret

society; secondly, there are the agitators, who know it exists and who encourage it, even if they do not belong to it; thirdly, there are the men who are genuinely fighting for constitutional reform, whether it be Home Rule or Repeal; and, lastly, the rank and file of a discontented people, prepared to be tools of the secret society, and always sympathizing against constituted authorities.

Any reader who wishes for a readable account of the Ribbon conspiracy, which from 1820 to 1870 was the terror of Irish landlords, may consult Mr. A. M. Sullivan's "New Ireland."* Writing in 1877, Mr. Sullivan could say: "Ribbonism has been killed off—has found existence impossible—according as a healthier public opinion has grown among the masses."† But it lingered and survived here and there; and, what was more important, it was ready, like half-extinguished embers, to kindle into life again when the wind blew and fresh fuel was found. The Fenian movement was begun just as the Ribbon confederacy had died down. It was in May, 1858, that James Stephens and O'Donovan Rossa began to enrol "a certain number of men sworn to fight." In the course of the summer of that year the new society was denounced from the altar by the clergy of Cork and Kerry. The *Nation*, which was then in the management of Mr. A. M. Sullivan, uttered words of grave warning, and the Fenian movement (or Phoenix conspiracy, as it was first called) was arrested, and would probably have disappeared, had not the Government in the following December resolved to arrest and prosecute. The prosecutions were nearly without result, and the movement was supposed to be at an end. But the truth was far otherwise. Not more than two years later (in 1860) Fenianism had transferred its centre to America, and was in full working order under James Stephens and John O'Mahoney, whilst its leaders in Ireland were Charles Kickham, John O'Leary, and Thomas Clarke Luby. For the first four years it spent its chief efforts in discrediting the Catholic priesthood and the party of Constitutional Nationalists represented by the *Nation* newspaper. The utterances of its leaders at this time deserve to be commemorated, because they afford the key to much that subsequently happened. James Stephens, who was a socialist democrat of the French type, said:—

Waste no time in attempting to gain the priests. Their one idea is—the good of Mother Church. Let the revolution only succeed; Mother Church always knows how to adapt herself to accomplished facts. Besides, no priest is a free agent.‡

Thomas Francis Meagher, much earlier, had uttered a senti-

* P. 33.

† P. 45.

‡ See Stephens's "General Rules," quoted in "The American Irish," p. 144.

ment, which was well-known, and approved by too many American Irish. "If the altar," he said, "were to stand between a man and his liberty, I should say down with the altar." A Protestant witness, Mr. Philip Bagenal, says emphatically that the effect of American (Irish) ideas since 1860 has been to break down the political power of the priest, and he shows, what indeed requires little proof, that the leaders of the Fenian movement were particularly bitter against the influence of the Catholic Church.* Michael Davitt started the Land agitation—the most formidable Irish movement that has ever been organized, not excepting that of O'Connell—in April, 1879, not yet four years ago. Mr. Parnell joined Davitt two months later, and in October of the same year the National Land League was formed. The question was—and is—what is the exact relation of the Land League leaders with Fenianism and with the scattered remnants of the Ribbon Society? When Davitt, in the autumn of 1879, was carrying on in the West the agitation which led to the foundation of the Land League, he, and probably Mr. John Dillon and Mr. O'Connor Power, were undoubtedly the leaders, in Ireland at least, of the Fenian organization. Mr. Sullivan seems to think that Michael Davitt, Mr. Pierce Egan and the other "Fenian" members of the Land League executive were not so very Fenian. We must here allow him to speak for himself in a passage from the new chapters of his own interesting book :—

The allegation so constantly made against the League that it was "veiled Fenianism," obviously had its origin in the fact that men known to possess the confidence of an influential section of the "Nationalist" party were put in posts of confidence, and were amongst the most active in the direction of affairs. But in one respect, at all events, this course was the most obvious conceivable, and was exceedingly serviceable. The dominant idea of the whole scheme was to bring into this open movement men from each and all the various schools of political action, constitutional or unconstitutional, hitherto working in isolated or antagonistic formations. "The Land" was a strong card for any of them to hold. It is manifest both Fenian and Ribbon organizations would grudge its exclusive possession to the new association, and that the latter would try and avert their absolute hostility, and secure their co-operation. Indeed, I believe, a difficulty of this nature was, throughout, one of the most delicate and critical troubles of the whole business. At the very moment when the Government press were denouncing the League as veiled Fenianism or disguised Ribbonism, it was,

* Stephens meant to confiscate the estates of all who did not agree with him, to secularize education, to deprive religious bodies of their property, to take the education of the clergy into the hands of the State, and to make them as far as possible State officers, by paying them fixed stipends out of the national treasury.—*See The American Irish, Ibid.*

behind the scenes, hard set to allay Fenian and Ribbonite hostility, and convert it into goodwill if not co-operation. It is easy to discern how such co-operation might become very embarrassing; for in all countries the members of secret political organizations have, from the very intensity of their own convictions, a tendency to convert co-operation into domination, and to become impatient or intolerant of others. How far in some country districts Ribbonism may have got a pull on a League branch, or how far in some other place, the Fenians may have obtained the controlling influence, it is, in my judgment, impossible to say. What can be truly affirmed is that the men whose names are given above, and especially Michael Davitt, long strove honourably and loyally to keep the League on the lines of its own open course, and, on the whole, marvellously succeeded.

I doubt they would have so succeeded but for the steadying and strengthening influence of the Catholic clergy, who, after some hesitation, boldly joined all over the country. Their hesitation was not very blamable, if, indeed, it was not natural and justifiable. The platform oratory was occasionally, as I have said, a little wild; and one or two of the speakers were fond of running in, under cover of Land speeches, doctrines—or rather phrases and passages—that smacked too much of Belleville and Montmartre for Catholic feeling to approve. But, in truth, nothing sinister underlay these little flights of “Sunburstery,” as John Mitchel would say, although it was absurdly sought to make them a pretext for a cry of “Socialism.” The Catholic clergy wisely concluded that for the good they could do, and the mischiefs they might hinder, it was their duty to fling themselves into the movement. No class in Ireland had a deeper or more real fervour in the cause of the land-serf; none had had such terrible experience of the miseries the League came to sweep away “now or never—now and for ever.”*

Most people will agree with us in thinking that this is a very important matter—this question of the connection of Fenianism with the Land League, and with the movements which have succeeded it. Whatever may be said of Mr. Parnell and Mr. A. M. Sullivan (and of the latter especially, no one can say anything but what is honourable), Davitt is bound by close ties to the socialist and revolutionary party which undoubtedly is so strong in America. We are aware that many distinguished Irishmen believe in the purity of his patriotism. For our own part we do not make much of the trial and sentence which sent him to penal servitude. His connection with Fenianism, as it came out at that trial, was not very intimate, even if it was proved. But there can be little doubt that his sentiments are those of the *Irish People* newspaper (suppressed in 1865) to which he contributed poetry, if not prose, and whose opinions are shown in its pithy declaration that “Superstition is fast yielding to com-

* “New Ireland,” p. 439.

mon sense in this country.”* It is true that in America, during his tour in 1879, previous to the foundation of the Land League, he was vehemently denounced by those leaders of the Fenians who maintained that the sword, and the sword alone, should cut the knot of Ireland’s complications. On the other hand his recent speeches are, to say the least, inflammatory in a marked degree. He said at Edgeworthstown, Co. Longford, on the fifteenth of October last,—

“I want those who produce the wealth of Ireland, who cultivate the land—the farmers and labourers—to unite against the drones of the soil here and drive them out of that hive, and when that is done, then, and then alone, will the Irish labourers and the farmers be able to enjoy the fruits of their constant industry. The labourers’ question may be looked at from another standpoint—from the standpoint of taxation, for taxation to be just ought to be what it is not generally considered to be—namely, it ought to represent a value given for a value received. I would ask you for a moment to consider what are the relative positions of landlordism and labourers in Ireland in reference to taxation. Take the landlords, for instance. What is the value which they receive from the governing powers in Ireland? Without the bayonets of the soldiers and the constabulary, without the decisions of landlord courts of justice, about how much would the property of the landlords of Ireland be valued for to-day? It would not be worth a year’s purchase—it would cease to exist; therefore the Government that gives this property a fictitious and an unjust value gives certainly a very good return to the landlords of Ireland for the amount of taxation which they pay to support the Government. What is the amount of taxation? It reaches no more than five per cent. upon the aggregate income of Irish landlordism. Now, on the other side, take the labourers of Ireland, and what do they receive from the Government and the law and the forces of this country? They receive nothing whatever. The strength of their right hands, the sweat of their brows, the energies of their frames, are not given them by the Government—they are conferred upon them by God Almighty. They receive nothing from the Government. The Government confers no protection upon them. They are compelled to pay out of their earnings no less than 25 per cent. to support a Government that has nothing to do in Ireland but to protect the prosperity of Irish landlordism. Now I want you intelligent farmers and labourers of Longford to reflect upon these points that I put forward—to think over these truths, not here, but on your hearthstones when you go home.”

Again at Navan, on November 26, he uttered the following words, of which the Government have felt themselves obliged to take notice :—

* *Irish People*, May 14, 1864.

As to the calamity staring some of the people of the West in the face, he would not mince language as to the cause of these periodical famines; but neither he nor Mr. Parnell would ever again beg for a starving Ireland. They would compel landlordism to provide for the starving people during the coming winter. Unless wise and just legislation ere long prevented its necessity, the time would come when the starving people of Donegal, Connemara, Kerry, and Cork, would have to be told to march down on the plains, and seize the land upon which to live as civilized beings in a Christian country. If the tenant-farmers of the West would pay the rent that should go to feed their children, then let them die, and Ireland and humanity would be well rid of such a coward race. In case they should not succeed in getting the Government to do its necessary duty, he proposed that they should make Irish landlordism support the people. He proposed, in case Mr. Gladstone did not apply the surplus of the Arrears Estimate to save the people, that no rent should be paid from this November until next May, and that out of this sum a portion should be placed in a national relief fund, by which to save the people from starvation.

Probably there are few who would not allow that words like this, especially under the present circumstances, leave no option to a Government, if it is to remain a Government. It is conceivable that there may be justification for such extreme counsels; justification such as there might possibly be for armed and open rebellion. We say this is conceivable, though with difficulty. But what is not conceivable is that any Government should tolerate it and yet not abdicate. To us such words explain the fear which the clergy exhibit of the proceedings of the National League. They joined in the Land agitation; they hang back from the latest movement for legislative independence; not because they do not wish for it and claim it, but because they cannot bring themselves to march side by side with men who began their career with Fenianism, who still "communicate" with the *Irish World* and *Irish Times*, and whose professed views can with difficulty be distinguished from Continental Communism.

To do Mr. Davitt justice we do not make him answerable for the horrible work which has been going on here and there in Ireland since the Land League began to exist. His own professions and remonstrances exist to show how averse he is, and has been, from murder and outrage.* But American Fenianism

* Mr. Sullivan quotes such passages from his speeches, in "New Ireland," pp. 451, 452. Mr. Sullivan continues: "A few speakers here and there used language, which in its levity or palliation was scandalously culpable. Even some of the more responsible leaders, on one or two occasions, angered by the exaggeration and falsehoods then being employed to get up a cry about outrages, retorted in a style much too cynical. But the brutal incitements to assassination ejaculated at some

openly preaches assassination; and Michael Davitt is known to be friendly with the most violent section of American Fenians. This does not prove that he countenances murder. On the contrary, he is quite wise enough to see that every outrage makes it more difficult to secure for Ireland either Home Rule or just Land Laws.*

The situation in Ireland at this moment is one which is marred by two adverse circumstances, and, as far as we can see, only two. The Land Act begins to tell; and the Arrears Act, though inoperative to a greater extent than we had hoped, has done good. We may quote the words of so keen a patriot as Mr. A. M. Sullivan to show what a new spirit there is in the country. At Boston, after cordially admitting that in the Land Act Mr. Gladstone gave them more than they had any reason to expect, he thus concludes:—

The battle is three-quarters won. I had been six years absent from my home, residing in London; and when I went back the other day, just before coming to America, I hardly knew the country, it was so changed. We have no longer to tell the story of Irish suffering. No more will you hear about the wailing complaints and petitions of Ireland. No more will she be known before the governments of the world as the tattered mendicant knocking at the door for the world's charity. No! she stands to-night not wailing nor whining at oppression. No, sir; she is erect, upon her feet, with the glow of life and light in her countenance and the pride of determination in her heart. I tell you, sir, the country is upon her feet. Talk to us no more about poor Ireland. The Ireland of the present is erect, prosperous, and strong. For years to come there will be in one corner or another of the land some local suffering, some pangs of destitution, which might be in any country; but I tell you there is an end of sending round the hat for Ireland. No, sir; the people have now found out the road to success. Combination and unity are the watchwords, and upon

of the western meetings, and which invariably went the rounds of the English press, were proved (at the Dublin State Trials) to be the utterances of a man whom the League used every exertion to keep from their platform; nay, it came out on oath that he had been generally plied with drink by the police before coming to these meetings to call out for murder! The authentic and indisputable fact is, there was scarcely one of the really prominent men in the League from whose speeches there might not be quoted vehement condemnation of violence and crime."

* The Boston paper *The Republic*, an intensely Irish organ, but also strictly Catholic in tone, has the following note in its issue of November 18 last:—"A. M. Sullivan vouches for Michael Davitt, who, he says, will never occasion any split in the Irish ranks, though he holds views very antagonistic to what Mr. Parnell entertains on many topics. It is to be hoped Mr. Sullivan's conjectures may be proven true, but it would give many of Mr. Davitt's friends pleasure to see him forego *the useless and untimely agitation of socialistic ideas* in which he has for some time past been engaged."

these they will now rely. Do not believe the calumnies that have been uttered about the leaders of the Land League. When you have served with men through long campaigns, when you have slept with them in the same tent, under the same blanket, as it were, you know what they are. I do so know these men; and I know that these calumnies are untrue. Where could I make appeal better than on the historic soil of Boston, where began a struggle that has given to history a great nation that is destined to redress the wrongs of the whole world? To the American people I say, judge kindly and generously the efforts of a people struggling to be free. I appeal to Americans to give their sympathy generously to a people who, amid terrible discouragements, and with a heroism that may be paralleled, but not excelled, in the world's history, have pursued for centuries the one ambition to be free. In an age when the gross worship of the material and brute force threatens to overthrow civilization, this Irish people, whom many in America may slight or despise, have presented to all the nations of the world an example of a people who love principle, honour, virtue, freedom, before all the gifts that a foreign dominion can bring.

The drawbacks to which we refer are, first, the Secret Society, which is evidently strongly established in some parts of the country, and, secondly, the destitution which prevails at this moment in the west and north-west.

That imported desperadoes from New York should use revolvers in the streets of Dublin to put an end to the chances of constitutional agitation is not to be wondered at. But what does fill the heart with sadness is that the unsophisticated Irish peasant of the western hills should lend himself to the schemes of these villains. We are not denying the guilt of the men who so savagely murdered the Huddys and the occupants of the cabin at Maamtrasna. But let it be remembered that the Irishman of the wilder parts of Ireland is solitary, unsocial, ill-informed and unable even to read the English tongue. Suffering he witnesses and has no doubt about; the "process" he also knows too well; the work of a heartless landlord, helped by armed police and soldiers, is before his eyes. On the other hand, he judges of his English rulers only by stories of the bad past, and has no means of informing himself of the efforts that are being made to better his condition and the comparatively good and just spirit which now animates the masses of the English people and the English Parliament. Angry, excited and desperate, seeing no remedy in the law or in man's justice, he is ready to take vengeance into his own hands, and so falls an easy captive to the tempter who is at hand to enrol him in the association of murder and to place a deadly weapon in his hands. Once within the net, he dare not draw back. But in nine cases out of ten he curses the day he was entrapped, and would give all he hopes for to make his confession to his priest

and escape from the hands that hold him. If Ireland has any friends, let them leave nothing untried to liberate the simplicity of these poor people, and to protect them against the agent of the Secret Society.

The other cloud upon the fair prospects of Ireland is that destitution and distress which recurs periodically in certain districts. Parts of Donegal, Sligo, Galway and Clare are now suffering, not so much from a failure of the harvest as from the storms and rains of the autumn which spoiled the harvest before it could be gathered in. Distress and partial famine, besides the suffering they bring to men, women and children, are for two other reasons much to be regretted in the interests of Ireland at this moment. A sour and discontented people easily become a dangerous people; and a people who have to be housed or fed by Government officials invariably learn to hate the "Government" with the keenest of all hatreds—the hatred of a hungry man who only gets half of what he wants and that half accompanied by no charity to sweeten it. The Irish Government, it is sad to see, have, this year, in the most emphatic way, repeated the mistake which has in other years been so disastrous. They have announced their determination to institute no relief works, and to adhere strictly to the "workhouse test." The *Times* approves, and says that people who have to be fed must not grumble if they are expected to enter a comfortable workhouse for that purpose; and it must be supposed that English opinion agrees. To those who know the character of agrarian distress, the Circular of December 9 is a painful illustration of the wanton irritation of the Irish people by measures which are meant for their good. The persons who are most to be pitied in times of distress like the present are the small farmers whose credit is completely but only temporarily exhausted. To such persons, who have a natural clinging to their humble home, their roof-tree and fireside, a small subsidy, either in bread or in money, for one or two weeks of the worst period of the distress, is all they require. Or they are ready to work for wages at any kind of labour. But the rigid letter of the Irish Poor Law forces these poor farmers and their families to shut up their houses and to enter the hated workhouse, or they can receive nothing, and must starve. No wonder that such persons become chronic paupers, and, what is worse, discontented and ready for conspiracy and crime. The Circular actually admits the detestation which the more respectable among the people have for the "House." It tells the Guardians that it is of the utmost importance that they should be prepared to meet any degree of pressure in the workhouse which is likely to occur, by making provision beforehand of ample stores of bedding and clothing, and by putting all the unoccupied wards of the workhouse in

good and habitable order. Her Majesty's Government are fully aware of the great objection entertained by many poor persons to go into the workhouse, but *it cannot be contended that persons who are unable to procure for themselves the necessaries of life should be allowed to determine the manner in which poor relief is to be afforded*, nor can any just ground of complaint exist if to every destitute person the means shall be readily accessible of obtaining effectual relief.

Surely Mr. Bumble himself never prosed more magniloquently than the Castle officials in this needlessly offensive document.

The favourite remedy for Irish agrarian distress with the "superior" classes in England is, at this moment, emigration. It can hardly be denied that among the best friends of Ireland at this time are those who are busied in promoting the transfer of the impoverished farmers and peasants of the West to the unlimited areas and abundance of Iowa and Minnesota. Efforts were made by the western Catholic bishops, even before the American war, to facilitate the settling of the Irish immigrants in the wide western prairie, where their souls and their bodies would both be better off than in the crowded purlieus of New York and Boston. But it was in 1876 that Bishop Ireland settled his first colony in Swift County, Minnesota, and the admirable and simple plan which he adopted has since been followed with little variation. He bought a large tract, probably from a railroad, he opened a bureau and set a secretary to work; he published full details of conditions and prices, and he invited Catholic settlers. The priest went first, and received each family as it came. A church was first erected, then sites were marked out for houses, and plans for towns, which are quickly taken up and built over, and in a very short time a Catholic colony, with timber houses, with a post-office and general shop, with *no* public houses, but a temperance society instead, and each family with twenty acres of land and flourishing crops of flax, Indian corn, oats, and even wheat, began to exist and to prosper. This is the St. Paul Catholic Colonization Bureau. There are two other societies for the promotion of Catholic emigration. One is called the Irish Catholic Colonization Association; it was fully described in our own pages two years ago by the Right Rev. J. L. Spalding, Bishop of Peoria.*

The other is the Irish American Colonization Company, of which the managing director is Mr. John Sweetman. This association differs from the other two by having its head-quarters in Dublin,

* See DUBLIN REVIEW for January, 1881, article, "The Position of Catholics in the United States." Mr. P. Bagenal, who, in his "American Irish" gives a good description of these various organizations for promoting emigration, has certainly read Bishop Spalding's article, either in our paper or in pamphlet form, for some of his sentences are word for word those of Bishop Spalding.

with a Board of Direction which includes such names as the Right Hon. W. Cogan, Mr. Edmund Dease, Lieutenant-Colonel W. Butler, C.B., &c. The Land Act gives powers to the Commissioners to make advances of money as loans, to help intending emigrants. These advances are not to be made, however, to individuals, but to a State, or Colony, or, what is more to the purpose, to a "public body or public company," with whose constitution and security the Land Commission is satisfied. Here is a chance which has not hitherto been taken advantage of to any appreciable extent. We are told that the Irish people are now steadfastly opposed to emigration. From evidence we have seen it seems clear that no very trustworthy conclusion can be formed either that they are or that they are not. The probable solution is that there are numbers who would emigrate if they could, whilst there are also numbers who express themselves as utterly hostile to the very notion of emigration. Lord Derby said at Manchester:—

The other remedy—emigration—I do believe in, and I believe, further, that now is the time to push it forward. A few years ago it would have been useless or worse. The Irish Nationalists would have objected, as they still object, to diminishing the numbers of the people. Irish priests dislike to see their congregations leaving them, and think, very justly, that the air of a colony is not favourable to ecclesiastical institutions. But unless I am greatly deceived, neither patriots nor priests could now keep the people back. A change has come over their feelings, and in the poorest and worst districts they are as anxious to go beyond seas as they formerly were reluctant. I think the opportunity should not be lost. They can only starve where they are, and they are sure to do well in the new world. I am not fond of suggesting public expenditure, and I speak for nobody but myself, but, personally, I believe that some millions spent in promoting Irish emigration, if Parliament and the Cabinet saw their way to it, would pay us well. There would be fewer disaffected persons to deal with. I say disaffected, for starving men must be always discontented; and those who stayed behind would be better off.

Mr. W. E. Forster, commenting on those words at Glasgow on the following day, said :

In that I entirely agree with Lord Derby, and if money can do it, money should be spent—not to force the people to go, but to help them if they wish to go. My friend Mr. Tuke, a man whom not even anybody in Ireland can find fault with, will tell you he found hundreds and thousands who longed to go, and my only fear about it is that we must not overdo it, because it is not an easy matter to take out families. Able-bodied young men there is plenty of demand for, and for young women there is also a great demand as servants in Canada and America. But for females it requires great caution, and

there is a great danger of overdoing it. It is not merely these small cotter farmers who are distressed in Ireland. Many of the labourers in Ireland are very poor, and there are districts in which there are many more than there ought to be.

But Mr. Forster went on to touch upon a subject which has not yet received the attention it deserves. He spoke of "migration" instead of emigration. He says that he came away from Ireland with the conviction that much might be done in that direction, and he professes that if he had remained in his office he would have attempted it. He would have tried to develop the resources of Ireland; he would have promoted public works—canals, railways, better harbours, help to the fisheries, and other undertakings that would pay.

Meanwhile the agitation goes on for what the first article of the National League calls "the restitution to the Irish people of the right to manage their own affairs in a Parliament elected by the people of Ireland." We have on a former occasion expressed our decided opinion that a measure of Home Rule for Ireland was only a question of time. The English people on this point will yield to pressure, and to pressure only. It must be remarked that this movement is altogether distinct from the land agitation. The Land Act, with whatever improvements of detail there may be required, is now safe. If Mr. Davitt and others still pretend that the land is the motive of their action, it is only to persuade the people to be more zealous in supporting them. The "abolition of landlords" is now seen to be a meaningless phrase, intended to cover a political revolution; and none see this better than the farmers whom the Land Act has virtually put in the place of the landlord. The National League wants an Irish Parliament, and it is not certain that the leaders do not want a universal confiscation of land to the State—the State being the Irish Parliament. Were it not for this fear, and for the fear of what would happen to the Irish Protestants, the granting of a National Board, an enlarged parish vestry, elected by the county and sitting in Dublin would not seem to be far off.

The coming of the New Year finds the prospects of peace and tranquillity in Ireland still by no means as assured as her friends could wish. One thing seems certain; she must make her choice between Mr. Parnell and Mr. Davitt. Mr. Parnell, at Cork, on December 17, practically apologized for raising the "No Rent" cry. "I am not one of those," he said, "who ever believed that the tenants of Ireland would refuse to pay rent." On the other hand, Michael Davitt, at Wolverhampton, on December 22, whilst repeating the stock phrases about the landlords, said, in the most pointed way, that he believed a "fair rent would be to give the landlord as little as possible; for the reason that when a man

earned nothing, his wages ought to be infinitesimally small" (*Times* of Dec. 23). This is naked Communism, and as such must be reprobated and condemned, as well by all true friends of Ireland as by Catholics all the world over. There are signs that Mr. Davitt's prestige and influence are on the wane. His undoubted earnestness, and his readiness to back his policy by suffering for it have attracted greater attention to his visionary and mischievous views than real lovers of their country can desire. Meanwhile the inflammatory words for which Mr. William O'Brien, the proprietor of the *United Irishman*, is now being prosecuted in Dublin are a type of the unreasonableness of a large number of those who agitate for Ireland. No reasonable man can entertain a doubt that the murders for which sentences have been passed in September and in the present month are among the greatest obstacles to the country's obtaining her legitimate demands. Under these circumstances, every patriot should at the very least think seriously and in God's sight before he commits himself to words or acts which may discredit the operation of the law and encourage murder. But here we have a journalist who, without even professing his belief in the innocence of certain condemned men, takes the opportunity to assert in the most absolute terms that their trials bear the "indelible mark of foul play." This is much to be regretted.

The distress, which for some time has threatened in the North-west, has assumed serious proportions in the county of Donegal. But we gather from an evidently well-intentioned special correspondent of the *Daily News*, Dec. 28, that there is hope it may be localized within a limited area. The workhouse test has broken down, as those who knew best always said it would. Hundreds of small farmers have applied for temporary relief, and have been refused. Board after Board of Guardians have reported against the Government Circular and protested against the state of the law. There seems, at least, no reason why productive public works, so much wanted, should not be set on foot. The cry of emigration is being raised with greater energy than ever. We confess, as we have already hinted, that we find it very difficult to understand, in regard to emigration, whether the people of the western sea-board are inclined to accept it or not. Accounts are extremely conflicting; probably an inquirer on the spot may elicit any shade of opinion to which he is himself predisposed. But the people of Ireland could live on the soil of Ireland, if Englishmen would be patient and just, and if Irishmen would wait a year or two longer for the results of what is even now in motion. There is no chance of Ireland being ignored any longer, or even put off with half measures, if only Ireland does not herself throw the train off the lines. The following words of Mr. Chamberlain's speech at Ashton, on Dec. 19, deserve to be recorded here. They are

stronger, perhaps, than the bulk of even his own party would approve ; but no Government which allows one of its members to utter words like these can help going on to complete what has already been begun for the benefit of Ireland :—

If five years ago, in 1877, when Mr. Butt introduced his Land Bill, the then Government and Parliament, in a time of profound peace, could have been brought to consider the problem before them and to endeavour to achieve its settlement, they might in all probability have come to an arrangement which would have been perfectly satisfactory, and which would have been based on a compromise which at this moment everybody would think to be extremely moderate. If that had been done we should have heard little of the Land League and of all that followed upon it. Unfortunately, Irish legislation always comes too late, and thus loses the grace which it would have if it were freely tendered. Now, once more, we may have an opportunity. The Land Act, that great measure, that monument to Mr. Gladstone's patience and ability, although possibly it may in some particulars be still imperfect, has, at all events, met substantially the grievance of the Irish tenant-farmers, and everywhere the country is settling down. Agrarian crime, at all events, has almost disappeared under the influence of this measure, coupled, as it has been, with a firm administration of the laws ; and, according to all precedent, we may expect a breathing space, and for a considerable time at least we may look for peace and quiet. If we take advantage of this, if the British Parliament could be persuaded to seek out what are still the wrongs and grievances of the Irish people, and to endeavour to remedy them, not with a grudging hand, but in a broad and generous spirit, not waiting for clamorous agitation, then, I believe, that this expected truce will develop into a lasting treaty of peace and amity. But do not let us deceive ourselves. Do not let us suppose that our work is yet complete. As long as Ireland is without any institutions of local government worthy of the name, as long as nothing is done to cultivate the sense of responsibility in the people, as long as Irishmen in their own country are deprived of rights and privileges which are conceded to Englishmen and Scotchmen, and even to Irishmen in this country, as long as the large proportion of the population are shut out from any part in the management of their own affairs, while the education of the people is stunted, their prejudices ignored, so long the seeds of discontent and disloyalty will remain only to burst forth into luxuriant growth at the first favourable season. (Cheers.) I confess I dread the impatience of English politicians. They say " Oh, we have had enough of Ireland ; the Irish are never satisfied." They forget how much reason (cheers) Irishmen still have for discontent, how many errors there are to be repaired, how many crimes to be atoned for, before we are entitled to rest from our labours, or to abandon in despair the hope of welding into a loyal and contented nation the whole people of the United Kingdom.

ENCYCLICAL LETTER OF POPE LEO XIII. ON ST. FRANCIS OF ASSISI AND THE SPREAD OF THE THIRD ORDER.

*Venerabilibus Fratribus, Patriarchis, Primatibus, Archiepiscopis et
Episcopis, Universis Catholici Orbis Gratiam et Communionem cum
Apostolica Sede Habentibus.*

LEO PP. XIII.

VENERABILES FRATRES, SALUTEM ET APOSTOLICAM
BENEDICTIONEM.

AUSPICATO concessum est populo christiano duorum virorum memoriam brevi temporis intervallo recolere, qui ad sempiterna sanctitatis præmia in cælum evocati, præclaram alumnorum copiam, tamquam virtutum suarum perpetuo renascentem propaginem, in terris reliquerunt.—Siquidem post sæcularia solemnia ob memoriam Benedicti, monachorum in Occidente patris legiferi, proxima est occasio non dispar habendorum publice honorum Francisco Assisiensi, septimo post quam natus est exeunte sæculo. Quod sane contingere benigno quodam divinæ Providentiæ consilio, non immerito arbitramur. Nam oblato ad celebrandum tantorum patrum natali die, homines admonere Deus velle videtur, ut summa illorum merita recordentur, simulque intelligant, conditos ab iis virorum religiosorum ordines tam indigne violari minime debuisse, in iis præsertim civitatibus, quibus incrementa humanitatis et gloriæ labore, ingenio, sedulitate pepererunt.—Ista quidem solemnia confidimus haud vacua fructura populo christiano, qui non sine causa sodales religiosos amicorum loco semper habere consuevit: proptereaque sicut Benedicti nomen magna pietate gratoque animo honoravit, ita nunc Francisci memoriam festo cultu et multiplici significatione voluntatis est certatim renovaturus. Atque istud pietatis reverentiæque honestum certamen non regione circumscribitur in quæ vir sanctissimus editus est in lucem, nec finitimis a præsentia ejus nobilitatis spatiis: sed late est ad cunctas terrarum oras, quacumque Francisci aut nomen percrebuit, aut instituta vigent, propagatum.

Hunc animorum in re optima ardorem, Nos certe sic probamus, ut nemo magis; præsertim quia Franciscum Assisiensem admirari præcipuaque religione colere ab adolescentia assuevimus; et in familiam Franciscanam adscitos esse gloriamur; et sacra Alverniæ juga libentes atque alacres, pietatis causa, non semel ascendimus: quò loco tanti viri imago, ubicumque poneremus vestigium, objiciebatur animo, mentemque tacita cogitatione suspensam memor illa solitudo tenebat.—Sed quantumvis sit istud studium laudabile, tamen nequaquam in isto omnia. Ita enim de honoribus, qui beato

Francisco properantur, statuendum, tunc maxime futuros ei, cui deferentur gratos, si fuerint iis ipsis, qui deferant, fructuosi. In hoc autem positus est fructus solidus minimeque caducus, ut cujus excellentem virtutem homines admirantur, similitudinem ejus aliquam adripiant, fierique studeant ipsius imitatione meliores. Quod, opitulante Deo, si studiose effecerint, profecto quæsitæ erit præsentium malorum opportuna et valde efficax medicina.—Vos itaque volumus, Venerabiles Fratres, per has Litteras alloqui, non modo pietatem erga Franciscum Nostram publice testaturi, verum etiam vestram excitaturi caritatem, ut in hominum salute eo, quo diximus, curanda remedio Nobiscum pariter elaboretis.

Liberator generis humani Jesus Christus fons est perennis atque perpetuus omnium honorum, quæ ab infinita Dei benignitate ad nos proficiscuntur, ita plane ut qui semel mundum servavit, idem sit in omnes sæculorum ætates servaturus: *Nec enim aliud nomen est sub cælo datum hominibus, in quo oporteat nos salvos fieri.** Si quando igitur naturæ vitio aut hominum culpa contingat, ut in deteriores partem delabatur genus humanum, et singulari quadam ope indigere ad evadendum videatur, omnino recipere se ad Jesum Christum necesse est, atque istud putare maximum certissimumque perfugium. Divina enim illius virtus tam magna est tantumque pollet, ut omnium in ea vel periculorum depulsio, vel malorum posita sanatio sit. Futura est autem certa sanatio, si modo ad professionem christianæ sapientiæ et ad evangelicæ vivendi præcepta genus humanum reducat. Iis autem, quæ diximus, forte insidentibus malis, simul ac solatii venit divinitus provisa maturitas, fere jubet Deus, continuo virum aliquem in terris existere, non unum de multis, sed summum et singularem, quem restituendæ salutis publicæ præficiat muneri. Atqui istud plane usuveniebat sub exitum sæculi duodecimi aliquantoties serius: fuit autem ejus maximi operis perfectior Franciscus.

Satis illa nota est ætas cum sua indole virtutum ac vitiorum. Insita altius in animus vigeat fides catholica: pulcrumque erat complures pietatis fervore incensos in Palæstinam transmittere, qui vincere aut emori destinavissent. Sed tamen valde populares mores licentia mutaverat: nihilque erat tam hominibus necessarium, quam ut christianos spiritus revocarent.—Jamvero christianæ virtutis caput est generosa animi affectio, rerum arduarum ac difficilium patiens: cujus forma quædam in cruce adumbratur, quam, qui Christum sequi malunt, onusto ferant humero necesse est. Illius autem partes affectionis sunt, abinentem rerum mortalium animum gerere: sibimet acriter imperare: casus adversos facile moderateque ferre. Denique caritas in Deum in proximos una omnium est domina et regina virtutum; cujus tanta vis est, ut molestias, quæ officium comitantur, omnes abstergeat, laboresque quantumvis magnos non tolerabiles solum efficiat, verum etiam jucundos.

Harum virtutum sæculo duodecimo magna apparebat inopia, cum nimis multi, penitus mancipati rebus humanis, aut appetentia

* Act. iv. 12.

honorum ac divitiarum insanirent, aut per luxum et libidines ætatem agerent. Plurimum valebant pauci; quorum opes fere in oppressionem miseræ et contemptæ multitudinis evaserant: atque hujusmodi vitiorum maculas ne ii quidem effugerant, qui disciplinæ ceteris esse ex instituto debuissent. Et restincta passim caritate, variæ quotidianæque pestes consecutæ erant, invidere, æmulari, odisse; distractis adeo infestisque animis, ut ad minimam quamque causam et civitates finitimæ sese invicem præliando conficerent, et cives cum civibus ferro inhumane decernerent.

In id sæculum Francisci cecidit ætas. Qui tamen mira constantia simplicitate pari aggressus est dictis et factis genuinam christianæ perfectionis imaginem senescenti mundo ad spectandum proponere. — Reapse, quemadmodum Dominicus Gusmanus pater integritatem cœlestium doctrinarum per eadem tempora tuebatur, pravosque hæreticorum errores luce christianæ sapientiæ depellebat, ita Franciscus, ad grandia ducente Deo, illud impetravit ut ad virtutem excitaret christianos homines, et diu multumque devios ad imitationem Christi traduceret. Non certe fortuito factum est, ut ad aures acciderent adolescentis illæ ex Evangelio sententiæ: *Nolite possidere aurum, neque argentum, neque pecuniam in zonis vestris, non peram in via, neque duas tunicas, neque calceamenta, neque virgam.* Et. Si vis perfectus esse, vade, vende quæ habes et da pauperibus . . . et veni, sequere me.†* Quæ tamquam sibi nominatim dicta interpretatus, continuo abdicat se rebus omnibus: vestimenta mutat: paupertatem sibi sociam et comitem constituit in omni vita futuram, et maxima illa virtutum præcepta, quæ celso erectoque animo amplexus erat, Ordinis sui velut fundamenta fore decernit. Ex eo tempore, inter tantam sæculi mollitiam fastidiumque delicatissimum, ille horrido cultu atque aspero incedere: victum ostiatim quærere: et quæ acerbissima putantur, insanæ plebis ludibria non tam perferre, quam vorare alacritate mirabili. Videlicet stultitiam Crucis Christi adsumpserat et probarat, uti absolutam sapientiam: cumque in ejus augusta mysteria intelligendo penetravisset, vidit judicavitque, nusquam posse gloriam suam melius collocari.—Una cum amore Crucis, pervasit Francisci pectus caritas vehemens, quæ impulit hominem, ut propagandum nomen christianum animose susciperet, ob eamque causam obviam sese vel manifesto capitis periculo ultro offerret. Hac ille caritate homines complectebatur universos: multo tamen cariores habuit egenos et sordidos, ita prorsus ut quos ceteri refugere aut superbius fastidire consuevissent, iis potissimum ille delectari videretur. Qua ratione egregie de ea germanitate meruit, qua restituta perfecta ex toto hominum genere unam velut familiam Christus Dominus conflavit, in potestatem unius omnium parentis Dei constitutam.

Tot igitur virtutum præsidio atque hac præsertim asperitate vitæ, studuit vir innocentissimus formam Jesu Christi, quoad poterat, in se ipse transferre. Sed divinæ Providentiæ numen in hoc etiam

* Matt. x. 9, 10.

† Matt. xix. 21.

eluxisse videtur, quod rerum externarum singulares quasdam cum divino Redemptore similitudines assecutus est.—Sic, ad exemplar Jesu, Francisco contigit, ut in lucem susciiperetur in stabulo, ac tale stratum haberet puer infans, quale olim ipse Christus, tectam stramentis terram. Quo tempore, ut fertur, leves per sublime Angelorem chori, et mulcentes æra concentus similitudinem compleverunt. Item lectos quosdam, uti Christus Apostolos, sibi discipulos adjunxit, quos peragraræ terras juberet, christianæ pacis ac sempiternæ salutis nuntios. Pauperrimus, contumeliose illusus, repudiatus a suis, vel in hoc speciem Jesu Christi retulit, quod nec tantulum voluit habere proprium, quo caput reclinaret. Postrema similitudinis nota accessit, cum in Alverni montis vertice, velut in Calvario suo, novo ad illam ætatem exemplo, sacris stigmatibus corpori ejus divinitus impressis, propemodum actus est in crucem.—Rem hoc loco commemoramus non minus miraculo nobilem, quam sæculorum prædicatione illustrem. Cum enim esset olim in cruciatuum Christi vehementi cogitatione defixus, eorumque vim acerbissimam ad se traduceret, et tamquam sitiens hauriret, delapsus e cælo repente Angelus se ostendit: unde arcana quædam virtus cum subito emicuisset, palmas pedesque quasi transfixos clavis, itemque velut acuta cuspidē vulneratum latus Franciscus sensit. Quo facto, ingentem caritatis ardorem concepit animo corpore vivam expressamque vulnere Jesu Christi in reliquum tempus imaginem gessit.

Ista rerum miracula, angelico potius quam humano celebranda præconio, satis demonstrant quantum ille vir, quamque dignus fuerit, quem æqualibus suis ad mores christianos revocandis Deus destinaret. Profecto ad Damiani ædem exaudita Francisco est major humana vox: *I, labantem tuere domum meam.* Neque minus admirationis habet oblata divinitus Innocentio III. species, cum sibi videre visus est Basilicæ Lateranensis inclinata mœnia humeris suis Franciscum sustententem. Quorum vis ratioque portentorum perspicua est: nimirum significabatur, christianæ reipublicæ non leve per ea tempora præsidium et columen Franciscum futurum. Revera nihil cunctatus est quin accingeretur. Duodeni illi, qui se in ejus disciplinam primi contulerant, exigui instar seminis extiterunt, quod secundo Dei numine, auspiciisque Pontificis maximi, celeriter visum est in uberrimam segetem adolescere. Eis igitur ad Christi exempla sancte institutis variis Italiæ Europæque regionibus, Evangelii causa, describit: dato certis inter eos negotio, ut in Africam usque trajiciant. Nec mora: inopes, indocti, rudes, committunt tamen populo sese; in triviis plateisque, nullo loci apparatu nec pompa verborum, ad contemptum rerum humanarum cogitationemque futuri sæculi homines adhortari incipiunt. Mirum tam ineptis, ut videbantur, operariis quantus respondit operæ fructus. Ad eus enim confluere catervatim cupida audiendi multitudo: tam dolenter admissa deflere, oblivisci injuriarum, compositisque dissidiis ad pacis consilia redire. Incredibile dictu est quanta inclinatione animorum ac prope impetu ad Franciscum turba raperetur. Assectabantur maximo concursu, quacumque ille ingrederetur: nec raro ex oppidis, ex urbibus

frequentioribus universi promiscue cives homini erant supplices, ut se vellet in disciplinam rite accipere.—Quamobrem causa nata est viro sanctissimo, cur sodalitatem *Tertii Ordinis* institueret, quæ omnem hominum conditionem, omnem ætatem, utrumque sexum reciperet, nec familiæ rerumque domesticarum vincula abrumperet. Eam quippe prudenter temperavit non tam legibus propriis, quam ipsis legum evangelicarum partibus: quæ sane nemini christiano graviores videantur. Videlicet præceptis Dei Ecclesiæque obtemperetur; absint factiones et rixæ: nihil detrahatur de aliena re: nisi pro religione patriaque, ne arma sumantur; modestia in victu cultuque servetur: facesset luxus: periculosa chorearum artisque ludicræ lenocinia vitentur.

Facile est intelligere permagnas manare utilitates ex hujusmodi instituto debuisse cum salutari per se, tum ad eum tempestatem mirabiliter opportuno.—Quam opportunitatem et satis indicant coalitæ ejusdem generis ex Dominicana familia aliisque ordinibus sodalitates, et eventus ipse confirmat. Sane illi Franciscalium ordini nomen dare inflammato studio summaque voluntatum propensione ab infimis ad summos vulgo properabant. Optarunt ante alios hanc laudem Ludovicus IX., Galliarum rex, et Elisabetha, Hungarorum regina: successere ætatum decursu plures ex Pontificibus maximis, item ex Cardinalibus, ex Episcopis, ex regibus, ex dynastis: qui omnes insignia franciscalia non aliena esse a dignitate sua duxerunt.—Sodales tertii ordinis animum suum in tuenda religione catholica pium æque ac fortem probavere; quarum virtutum si magnam ab improbis subierunt invidiam, ea tamen, quæ honestissima est atque unice expetenda, sapientium et bonorum approbatione numquam caruerunt. Imo Gregorius ipse IX decessor Noster, fidem ipsorum ac fortitudinem publice gratulatus, minime dubitavit et auctoritate sua defendere, et *militēs Christi, Machabæos alteros* honoris causa, appellare.—Neque carebat veritate laus. Magnum enim salutis publicæ præsidium erat in illo hominum ordine: qui propositis sibi auctoris sui virtutibus et legibus, perficiebant quoad facultas ferret, ut christianæ honestatis decora in civitate reviviscerent. Certe ipsorum opera exemplisque extinctæ sepe aut delinitæ sunt factionum partes: erepta ab efferatorum dextris arma: litium et jurgiorum causæ sublata: parta inopiæ et solitudini solatia: castigata, fortunarum gurgēs et corruptelarum instrumentum luxuria. Quare pax domestica et tranquillitas publica, integritas morum et mansuetudo, rei familiaris rectus usus et tutela, quæ sunt optima humanitatis incolumitatisque firmamenta, ex tertio Franciscalium ordine, tamquam ex stirpe quadam, gignuntur: eorumque bonorum conservationem magna ex parte Francisco debet Europa.

Plus tamen, quam ulla ex gentibus ceteris, Francisco debet Italia: quæ sicut ejus virtutibus princeps theatrum fuit, ita maxime beneficia sensit.—Et sane quo tempore multa multi pro injuria contenderent, ille afflicto et jacenti constanter porrexit dexteram: in summa egestate dives, numquam destitit alienam sublevare inopiam, immemor suæ. Vagiit suaviter in ejus ore patrius sermo recens: vim

caritatis simul et poeticæ expressit canticis, quæ vulgus edisceret, quæque admiratione visa sunt non indigna eruditæ posteritatis. Ad Francisci cogitationem, aura quædam afflatusque humano augustior ingenia nostrorum concitavit, ita quidem ut in ejus rebus gesti pingendis, fingendis, celandis summorum artificum industria certarit. Nactus est in Francisco Alighierius, quod grandiloquo pariter mollissimoque caneret versu: Cimabue et Giotto, Parrhasii luminibus ad immortalitatem illustrarent: clari artifices ædificandi, quod magnificis operibus perficerent, vel ad sepulcrum hominis pauperculi, vel ad ædem Mariæ Angelorum, tot tantorumque miraculorum testem. Ad hæc autem templa homines undique commeare frequentes solent, veneraturi Assisiensem patrem pauperum, cui, ut se rebus humanis despoliaverat funditus, ita divinæ bonitatis large copioseque dona affluerunt.

Igitur perspicuum est, in christianam civilemque rempublicam ab uno hoc homine vim beneficiorum influxisse. Sed quoniam ille ejus spiritus, omnino excellenterque christianus, mirifice est ad omnia et loca et tempora accomodatus, nemo dubitaverit, quin Franciscalia instituta magnopere sint ætate hac nostra profutura. Eo vel magis, quod horum temporum ratio ad illorum rationem pluribus ex causis videtur accedere.—Quemadmodum sæculo duodecimo, ita nunc non parum deferbuit divina caritas; nec levis est officiorum christianorum, partim ignorance, partim negligentia, perturbatio. Simili animorum cursu similibusque studiis, in aucupandis vitæ commodis, in consecrandis avide voluptatibus plerique ætatem consumunt. Diffuentes luxuria, sua profundunt, aliena appetunt: fraternitatis humanæ nomen extollentes, plura tamen fraterne dicunt quam faciunt: feruntur enim amore sui, et illa erga tenuiores atque inopes genuina caritas quotidie minuitur.—Per eam ætatem multiplex Albigeniensium error, concitandis adversus Ecclesiæ potestatem turbis, una simul civitatem perturbaret et ad quoddam *socialismi* genus munierat iter. Hodieque similiter *naturalismi* fautores propagatorumque creverunt; qui subesse Ecclesiæ oportere pertinaciter negant, et longius, quo consentaneum est, gradatim procedentes, ne civili quidem potestati parcunt: vim et seditiones in populo probant: agrariam rem tentant: proletariorum cupiditatibus blandiuntur, domestici publicique ordinis fundamenta debilitant.

In his igitur tot tantisque incommodis, probe intelligitis, Venerabiles Fratres, spem sublevationis non exiguam collocari in institutis Franciscalibus merito posse, si modo in pristinum statum restituantur.—Iis enim florentibus, facile floreret et fides et pietas et omnis christiana laus; frangeretur exlex caducarum rerum appetitio, nec pertæderet, quod maximum atque odiosissimum plerisque putatur onus, domitas habere virtute cupiditates. Concordiæ vere fraternæ vinclis colligati diligerent homines inter se, egenisquæ et calamitosis, quippe imaginem Christi gerentibus, eam, quam par est, reverentiam adhiberent.—Præterea qui religione christiana penitus imbuti sunt, sentiunt judicio certo, legitime imperantibus conscientia officii obtemperari, nullaque in re violari quemquam oportere;

qua animi affectione nihil est efficacius ad extinguendam radicibus omnem in hoc genere vitiositatem, vim, injurias, novarum rerum libidinem, invidiam inter varios civitatis ordines: in quibus omnibus initia simul atque arma *socialismi* consistunt.—Denique illud etiam, in quo prudentes rerum civilium tanto opere laborant, de locupletium et egenorum rationibus erit optime constitutum, hoc fixo et persuaso, non vacare dignitate paupertatem: divitem misericordem et munificum, pauperem sua sorte industriaque contentum esse oportere: cumque neuter sit ad hæc commutabilia bona natus, alteri patientia, alteri liberalitate in cælum esse veniundum.

His de causis Nobis est diu et magnopere in votis, ut quantum quisque potest in imitationem Francisci Assisiensis se intendat.—Ideirco sicut semper antea tertio Franciscalium ordini singularem curam adhibuimus, ita nunc summa Dei benignitate ad gerendum Pontificatum maximum vocati, cum inciderit ut id peropportune fieri possit, christianos homines hortamur, ut nomen dare sanctæ huic Jesu Christi militiæ ne recusent. Plurimi numerantur passim ex utroque sexu, qui Patris Seraphici vestigiis alacri animo jam ingrediuntur. Quorum laudamus tale studium vehementerque probamus, ita tamen ut illud augeri et ad plures propagari, Vobis præsertim adnitentibus, Venerabiles Fratres, velimus.—Et caput est commendationis Nostræ, ut qui insignia *Pœnitentiæ* induerint, imaginem spectent sanctissimi auctoris sui, ad eamque contendant: sine qua, quod inde expectaretur boni, nihil esset. Itaque date operam, ut *Tertium Ordinem* vulgi noscant atque ex veritate æstiment: provide, ut qui curam gerunt animarum, doceant sedulo qualis ille sit, quam facile unicuique pateat, quam magnis in animorum salutem privilegiis abundet, quantum utilitatis privatim et publice polliceatur. In quo eo magis est elaborandum, quod sodales Franciscæ ordinis primi et alterius gravi in præsens perculsi plaga indigne laborant. Hi quidem utinam, parentis sui patrocínio defensi, celeriter ex tot fluctibus vegeti et florentes emergant! Utinam etiam christianæ gentes ad disciplinam tertii ordinis confluant, ita alacres itaque frequentes, uti olim undique ad Franciscum ipsum sese certatim effundebant!—Hoc autem majore contentione poscimus et potiore jure ab Italis speramus, quo unius patriæ necessitudo et uberior acceptorum beneficiorum copia propensiore jubet esse in Franciscum animo et majores eidem gratiam habere. Ita sane septem post sæculis Italicæ genti et omni christiano orbi contingeret, ut se a perturbatione revocatum ad tranquillitatem, ab exitio ad salutem, hominis Assisiensis beneficio sentiret. Id quidem communi prece, per hos dies maxime, ab ipso Francisco flagitemus: idem contendamus à Maria Virgine matre Dei, quæ famuli sui pietatem ac fidem cœlesti tutela donisque singularibus perpetuo remuneravit.

Interea cœlestium munerum auspicio, et præcipuè Nostræ benevolentiae testem, Apostolicam benedictionem Vobis, Venerabiles Fratres, universoque Clero et populo singulis concedito, peramanter in Domino impertimus.

Datum Romæ apud S. Petrum, die xvii septembris, A. MDCCCLXXXII, Pontificatus Nostri anno quinto.

LEO PP. XIII.

Science Notices.

The Comet.—The comet, which has lately been so brilliant an object in the morning sky, has proved not only an object of research to astronomers, but has created much wonder and speculation in the outside world. Mr. Findlay of the Cape of Good Hope Observatory claims the honour of having first sighted the comet on Sept. 8th of last year. About a week later in Brazil it had attained such brilliancy that on the 18th, 19th, and 20th, it was visible in full daylight. How intense that brilliancy must have been may be inferred from the fact that two observers in Cape Town followed the comet with their instruments right up to the dazzling limb of the sun, behind which it suddenly disappeared.

In the meantime the observations on the comet's path revealed some facts of the highest interest to astronomers. The calculations of its elements coincided remarkably with the comet of 1668, which is that of 1843, and of 1880. In 1843 it appeared to be moving in an orbit of 170 years, yet it came back in 1880, or in a period of 37 years. And if we may rely upon the calculations it is here back again within a period of two years! The comet therefore appears to be more and more brought within the mighty influence of the sun's attraction, and many months may not elapse before it returns once more, this time not to escape. Then astronomers and the world will be gratified by the unique spectacle of a comet falling into the sun.

Comets still continue to be as mysterious as ever—science can make but little of them. Generally speaking, a comet consists of a nucleus and a coma or tail. Whether the nucleus or kernel is solid, we know not; and it is useless to speculate as to the effects of a collision of a comet with the earth. Sir John Herschel used to say that the solid matter of most comets might be carted away in a waggon of very ordinary dimensions. The composition and behaviour of the tail are most perplexing. There is no doubt that the comet obeys the law of attraction and circles round the sun, it is no less certain that the tail is matter in some shape or another ejected from the comet, and yet this cometary matter no sooner joins the tail, but, changing its nature, it disobeys the law of gravitation and starts on its own course directly away from the sun.

To the spectroscope we must in all probability look for further discoveries into the nature of comets. Dr. Huggins, the foremost of English spectroscopists, has been able to add a little to our small stock of knowledge on the subject. The light from some twenty comets has been examined, and there can be no doubt from the close agreement of the observations that it proceeds from glowing carbon in conjunction with hydrogen. And now the present comet

has another surprise in store, it has shown at times the bright line of the metal sodium in its spectrum. It is not unreasonable to conclude that sodium is not the only metal in the cometary nucleus.

It is not altogether certain that the present comet is identical with that of 1843 and 1880, and we may yet be disappointed in our hopes of seeing the comet fall into the sun next year. The elements of the present comet give an orbit strongly resembling that of '43 and '80, but not absolutely identical. Should however the present comet be destined to absorption by the sun, there are no grounds for viewing that event with apprehension. The mass of a comet must be infinitely little as compared with the mass of the sun. Not many years ago a comet passed by Jupiter's satellites, the largest of which is only 2,500 miles in diameter. Now if the comet had any appreciable mass, by all the laws of gravitation it should have exercised some perturbing influence on these miniature moons. But though astronomers were sharply on the look out for some such effect, Jupiter's satellites pursued in absolute freedom their track around their primary. Whatever then is the density of the nucleus of the comet, it cannot be anything very alarming; and it is quite gratuitous to suppose that the mighty fires of the sun can receive any marked accession of energy and heat from the fall of a quantity of matter that could exert no influence on the moons of Jupiter.

Secondary Batteries.—We have watched the progress of the Faure Accumulating Batteries with great interest, and we shall endeavour to keep our readers acquainted with the progress made in the application and improvement of this wonderful invention. The promises of the Secondary Battery two years ago were most seducing. That we should have a large amount of electric energy stored up in very small space, an energy that was available for almost any purpose, for lighting, for moving our trains, our carriages or our tricycles, captivated the imagination of us all. And now, what are the results?

The Brighton Railway has employed the accumulator to light up the carriages with the electric light. The effect, we know, is very pleasing, but of the cost and number of batteries employed we learn nothing. A few months ago Londoners were much surprised to see a revenue cutter named the "Electricity" speeding along without funnel or steam. It was driven by the energy stored in forty-five accumulators. It is still more interesting to hear that Prof. Ayrton has succeeded in driving a tricycle by means of these batteries. The accumulator was placed on the foot-board of the tricycle, and, by a special invention, an electromotor drove the wheels. We are not, however, surprised to hear that our new batteries are still afflicted with that serious drawback dead-weight. In the tricycle of Prof. Ayrton the accumulators weighed 12 stone, the weight of an additional person. It would seem desirable to place the accumulators in another part of the machine and leave the treadles free, so that the rider, on ascending a hill, might supplement the electric propulsion.

The progress made in the improvement of these batteries is

hitherto far from encouraging. Recent improvements there have been, it is true, but inventors, in their endeavours, seem to confine themselves to the best way of working up the lead and its peroxide into convenient forms rather than to discern fresh combinations more efficient and less troublesome than the present clumsy designs. We do not hear that they are yet manufactured on a large scale—the only real test of their success. There is a feeling, too, abroad that the storage of electric energy is not yet satisfactory; the current escapes and leaks away in a manner which has not yet been explained. Encouraging progress, therefore, can hardly be reported this quarter.

Minute Animal Life.—The fact, long suspected, that microscopic animalcules were the root and origin of zymotic diseases becomes more and more established from the researches of scientists. That splenic fever arises from the presence of these minute germs in the blood has been marvellously discovered by M. Pasteur. The researches of M. Koch on tubercle all point in the same direction. And now M. Pasteur, having discovered the microbe so intimately connected with typhoid fever, has proceeded to subject it to the most extraordinary experiments. We can only describe them as an attempt to nurse this minute speck of life, so as to rid it almost entirely of its virus. He endeavoured at first to effect this by exposing the microbe to the presence of oxygen; but in this he failed, the germs suddenly showing signs of sterility and death. Finding that the microbes thrive well in veal broth, he took some blood all alive with these germs, he sowed it day after day in this broth, and regulated most carefully the supply of oxygen. He was thus able to bring these microbes to the very verge of sterility or death. These almost sterile germs he made the parent stock of fresh cultures and fresh series, whose poisonous action was thus considerably modified. It can hardly be said that he has evolved a new species of microbe, but he has succeeded in rendering the typhoid germ so harmless as to be enabled, with perfect safety, to inoculate unprotected animals therewith.

The extraordinary vitality of these germs is quite a phenomenon of natural history. Nothing but the most intense heat seems to affect them. A remarkable instance was furnished to the *Times* a few months ago. The Rev. Mr. Osborne, from the south of England, had discovered in his garden some mould particularly rich in that interesting little animal, the *rotifer*. He had sent packets of this earth to friends thousands of miles away, but it had no sooner been moistened with a little water than these animalcules exhibited, under the microscope, their characteristic wheel-movements. Some of the dust that had lain for years in a private drawer was found, when moistened with water, to be quite instinct with life. Senility or decay seem to be unknown conditions of this pole of the animal world, and gives rise to some curious speculations. Whether these facts will make for Darwin or not, we are hardly prepared to say; but some have not hesitated to declare that they point to conclusions unfavourable to the doctrine of evolution.

Meteorology on Ben Nevis.—Mr. Clement Wragge's self-devotion to the cause of meteorology deserves a special record. The want of a mountain observatory somewhat similar to that on the Puy de Dôme, near Clermont, has long been felt in England. Savants abroad have not been slow to point out that England possesses a station of exceptional importance to meteorology. Ben Nevis lies in the very centre of the tract that is mostly traversed by the great storms that come to us from the Atlantic. The Government, however, and the Royal Society have turned a deaf ear to all appeals for an observatory on Ben Nevis, and it has been left as usual to private enterprise to carry out a work of the highest importance to science. Two years ago Mr. C. Wragge came forward, and offered the Scotch Meteorological Society to ascend Ben Nevis daily from Fort William, and institute a regular series of the usual observations. We believe that such enthusiasm and energy has rarely been equalled in the history of science. The start had usually to be made about 5 A.M. The first 2,000 feet was taken on horseback, that is, when Mr. Wragge had not to dismount and lead his horse through the swamps which cover the greater part of the way. About nine the summit was reached, and then two hours were devoted to registering the observations of the self-recording instruments. This was perhaps the most trying part of the whole work. Genial weather is not frequently found at 4,000 feet above the sea level. The observers had often to take their observations in the midst of thick fog, drizzling rain, and a biting wind; and the wonder is how hands and fingers could possibly hold instruments under such conditions. The air, too, was often so charged with moisture that the dry bulb of the thermometer could scarcely be dried, and the pencil would condense the moisture and let fall great drops of moisture on to the readings. But our observers were not to be daunted, and we believe that the observations have not been discontinued for a single day from June 1 to November 1 during the present year.

We think, however, that the unkind elements, the marshy pony track, were not so hard to bear as the conduct of some excursionists last summer on Ben Nevis. One would have thought that the slightest modicum of education, let alone the luxurious instruction of our Board Schools, would have taught our people that thermometer-stands and valuable cases of instruments are not meant to serve the purpose of Aunt Sallys. It seemed good, however, to some of our friends on their holiday to make one of these thermometer screens a sort of mark for their stone throwing; and they were not satisfied apparently until they had reduced the valuable set of instruments to a mass of broken glass. This is, we believe, the only interruption in the continuous record of six months' observations.

The precise benefit resulting to science from these observations is not yet revealed. The most, we suppose, that any meteorologist can hope for is that his records will go to swell that huge store of observations that will become available when the first principles of

weather science are ascertained. Until that time he must be content to toil and exclaim *Sic vos non vobis*.

The Weather and the Meteor-Systems.—Mr. Proctor has contributed to *Longman's Magazine* for December an interesting Paper on the probable cause of the cold snaps of February, April, and May. It is well known that the temperature of the air does not advance regularly from its minimum in January to its maximum in July. A series of observations on the daily range of temperature extending over fifty years would be certain to eliminate any little accidental variations, and present the general broad features of the rising or falling curve of heat. In the published returns of the Greenwich mean temperature for the last fifty years the curve ascends very regularly from the middle of January to the end of July; it is broken, however, by three or four very curious depressions. The three most marked dips occur about the 10th of February, the 10th of April, and the 10th of May. It is not a little singular, too, that popular weather-lore is, by a curious exception, at one with science on this subject. Every gardener knows, to his cost, the cold snap of May, the "borrowing days" of April has passed into popular song in the north. The February period is not sufficiently important to obtain recognition. Erman pointed out, some years ago, that the cold period of February occurs just six months after the August meteors cross the earth's orbit; while the May cold period is just six months after the passage of the November meteors. The coincidence was sufficiently remarkable to give rise to the theory that the cold wave of these periods is brought about by the August and November meteors passing at these dates athwart the sun and robbing us of the solar heat.

To this theory Mr. Proctor, in *Knowledge*, six months ago, objected that the cold snaps in question were confined to Europe, or at least, the northern hemisphere; an extra-terrestrial cause, such as the obstruction of the meteors, should be felt in the northern and southern hemisphere alike. Recent observations from the southern hemisphere point to similar cold periods occurring in the same months, and at the same dates. It becomes pretty evident then that the depressions are due to some influence outside the earth.

Mr. Proctor demolishes utterly the theory of the August and November meteors. He points out that these meteor rings circle round the sun in orbits far larger than the earth's—the aphelion of the November ring, the smaller orbit of the two, is somewhere near the planet Uranus, and, therefore, by no possible chance, could these meteors place themselves between the sun and the earth.

He urges, however, that it is quite in accordance with theory and practice to suppose that there are millions of meteoric rings in interplanetary space besides the two great streams encountered by the earth. In fact he holds that the solar corona is due to the clustering and meeting of innumerable meteor systems in the neighbourhood of the sun. And he enters into a rough calculation to show that on the lowest estimate a meteor ring between the sun and the earth would suffice to cut off about a 7,000th part of his light and heat.

The theory is extremely ingenious but it seems to prove too much. If the meteor rings are of such countless number, we should expect to see their presence in the neighbourhood of the sun marked by more than three or four depressions during the year. To render the theory more complete, it will be also necessary to establish a loss of light at the cold periods proportionate to the loss of heat, and this is far from being established. Any contribution, however, to the theory of meteorology is always welcome. But what a forlorn outlook for the science, if our weather changes are determined by the fortuitous clustering of meteors round the sun!

Notices of Catholic Continental Periodicals.

GERMAN PERIODICALS.

By Dr. BELLESHEIM, Cologne.

1. *Katholik.*

THE September and October issues contain studies on the supernatural virtues of Faith, Hope, and Charity, as expounded by Dante in the "*Divina Commedia*," and the connection of this last with the immortal works of S. Thomas and S. Bonaventure. The author of these able articles, Rev. Zahn, of Wurzburg, establishes that the greatest poet the Catholic Church may boast of altogether follows the doctors of the Middle Ages whenever he explains the truths of Christianity. It is to the intimate connection between the natural and supernatural order, philosophy and theology, reason and faith that we are to trace the strength and harmony witnessed in the "*Divina Commedia*," as in the works of S. Thomas and S. Bonaventure. From S. Thomas Dante received his power of close reasoning; it is to S. Bonaventure that he was indebted for that mystical depth and fervour of charity which like a glowing fire pervade his works. What an immense difference between these intellectual heroes of the ages of faith and our own century, which witnesses all but inconceivably minute research into details in the several departments of science, whilst exhibiting altogether a most sad oblivion of what supports man in life and death. The greater stress must be laid on these researches into Dante's philosophical and theological system, since there exists a German school claiming Dante as a fosterer of modern systems, nay, as being one of the pre-Reformation Reformers. Let me take this opportunity of reminding Catholics in England of Professor Hettinger's splendid work, "*Die goettliche Comödie des Dante Alighieri*" (Freiburg, Herder, 1880), which treats exhaustively of the theology, philosophy, and political system of the great Florentine.

The October issue also contains a refutation of Professor von Hartman's system of Pessimism considered as destructive of moral responsibility. A system identifying God and man, and consoling poor mankind with the blasphemous idea of a return to Nirwana bears the mark of reprobation impressed on its front. That it is utterly unequal to the task of solving the all-important social problems of the day needs not to be added.

Professor Luecken in the September issue examines into Professor Max Mueller's opinions about the primitive state of mankind and its original religion. "*Fides ex auditu*"—that is the word of S. Paul, thoroughly destroying Mueller's theories. "Whoever," says Dr. Luecken, "wilfully disparages this word and insists on constructing *à priori* the religion of mankind, will go astray not less surely than he who in regarding a vast country devastated and ruined by war, would simply prescind from history and explain this terrible situation by natural causes, the wear and tear of time, &c. The further we go back in the history of mankind the purer are the religious ideas we meet with, and all the stronger the corroboration which the Christian religion gathers thence.

In the same issue I commented on the life and works of Blessed Alonso d'Orozco of the Augustinian Order, who was beatified by Leo XIII. only a few months ago. Alonso d'Orozco was the great champion of the Spanish Augustinians at the very time when the German Augustinian Luther renounced his vows, the dignity of the priesthood, and obedience to the Church. Blessed Alonso was born in 1500, at Oropesa, in the diocese of Avila, Spain. Having finished the study of the laws in the university of Salamanca he joined, together with his elder brother, the Augustinians under the celebrated preacher S. Thomas of Villanueva. In the course of time Alonso was called on to discharge the most important offices in his Order, and, owing to his splendid gifts, vast learning, and Christian virtues, was named preacher to the Court. The letters patent of his nomination were signed by the German Emperor, Charles V., two years before he abdicated the Crown at Brussels in 1556. It may, however, be reasonably doubted whether he ever preached before that Emperor. King Philip II. always held him in the highest esteem, and during Alonso's last illness several times visited him. As a preacher Alonso ranks with S. Thomas of Villanueva, but as a writer in theology, both scholastic and mystical, he, perhaps, may be pronounced to surpass him. He had reached his forty-second year before he made his *débüt* as a theological writer. It was at that time when, as he himself tells us: "*Vi en sueños á vuestra purísima madre la cual me digo una sola palabra, y fué: 'Escribe.'*" From that day onwards Alonso published one of his learned treatises nearly every year. I may here draw attention to the "*Vergel de Oracion*," "*Memorial de Amor santo*," "*Regla de vida cristiana*," "*Tratado de la Pasion*," "*Declamatio in laudem praecelestissimi praesulis et doctoris ecclesiae Augustini*," "*Declamationes Deiparae Mariae Virginis per omnes illius festivitates digestae*," as also to his homilies for Sundays, the "*Institutio regalis*,"

tracing the high office and vast responsibility of a Christian King. Alonso lived to the age of ninety-one years, dying at Madrid, September 19, 1591.

2. *Historisch-politische Blaetter*.—Besides long biographies of Dr. Ward and Dr. Pusey, and several articles bearing on social questions, the *Blaetter* contains an extended notice of Dr. Onno Klopp's recent work: "Das Jahr, 1683, und der grosse Türkenkrieg," which retraces the history of the last Turkish invasion, the siege of Vienna, and the wonderful defeat of the Turks. It need scarcely be pointed out that the gifted author of the "Downfall of the House of Stuart in connection with European politics," presents the public with a work equally praiseworthy for its deep learning, sound criticism, fair judgment, and large use of the Imperial archives. Klopp's view of his subject is a general one. Hence the reader becomes acquainted not only with Austria and Turkey and the prominent figures of their princes, diplomatists, and generals, but also with the politics of Louis XIV. Whilst the Emperor Leopold I. unceasingly laboured for the grandeur of Germany and the preservation of the Catholic religion, the French King became the ally of the Turk. In addition to these facts, our book throws a quite unexpected light on the King of Poland, John Sobieski. The latter by his defence of the Emperor in those days of extreme sorrow had won for himself the admiration of the Christian world. But since the publication by the Academy of Cracow (1879) of "*Acta historica res gestas Poloniae illustrantia*," Sobieski's character has lost much of its ancient splendour and *prestige*. Sobieski, together with his Queen, were paid by Louis XIV., that they might help the French King in attaining his political aims. Special praise is given by Klopp to the great adversary of Louis XIV., Pope Innocent XI. (Odescalchi), who by incessant public and private prayers, and also by large contributions, amounting to more than a million of florins, aided the sorely tried Emperor Leopold, who, in sustaining and overcoming the terrible assaults of the Turk, defended the common cause of Christianity. Last, but not the least, comes to be noted the humble, but, in his humility, most powerful, Capuchin Fra Marco d'Aviano, of Venice. Sent by Innocent II. to the Emperor's Court, "he exceeded in value an army of 30,000 men," and owing to his ability, prudence, and patience, became one of the most influential men in the Cabinet.

3. *Stimmen aus Maria Laach*.—F. Baumgartner writes on S. Teresa, F. Spillmann brings before the German public the Conspiracy of Titus Oates, F. Granderath gives an account of his tour through the West of Ireland, and F. Bauer traces the history of the Church in New Granada, from 1842 to 1861, which ended in the expulsion of the Society of Jesus by the most despicable means.

ITALIAN PERIODICALS.

La Civiltà Cattolica. 18 Novembre, 1882.*The Ideal and the True.*

AN article in the *Civiltà Cattolica* for November 18, entitled "Ideale e Verità," is directed against the realist school of art in Italy. The so-called *Veristi* pretend that the ideal is the opposite of the true, against which assertion the innate aspiration of human nature towards the ideal protests. The mind of man has a lively desire for the beautiful, and that the beautiful should be as free as possible from the imperfections which attach to things as they exist, whether in the material or the spiritual order. But the beautiful for which all sigh is the ideal. Why does a work of art, whether in painting, sculpture, or poetry, which embodies this high aim kindle popular enthusiasm, except that it seems to respond to this latent desire, so natural to us? Our minds are, in fact, as we know, made to the image and are the mirror of the Divine Mind. Now, as the Divine Mind contemplates complacently within Itself those eternal archetypes which are the perfect images of things, even so our minds receive so much the more delight as the ideals which the fine arts set before them approximate to the perfection of these archetypes. And because such ideals are resplendent with purity, grace, and love, and are not to be met with as fully realized anywhere in creation, shall they therefore be taxed with untruthfulness? Rather may we not say that they more nearly approach the truth, inasmuch as they more perfectly imitate the Divine conceptions, which are the foundation and measure of all truth. The ideal and the true agree very well together in spite of all that may be said by the advocates of realism. These will never succeed in eradicating from the human mind the noble passion for the ideal and the desire to know in their essential truth the eternal patterns of things. To no one here below is it given to behold and admire them, but genius, so to say, gets a glimpse of them, and gives us a sample in those sublime works which we are in the habit of calling divine, and considering as the miracles of art. What in comparison with these is the most perfect copy of any existing object? It is cold, mute, dead. It may be praised, but it kindles no enthusiasm.

Art is of necessity the disciple of Nature; we do not need the *Veristi* to tell us that; but they would have it, moreover, that, if art goes one step beyond servile imitation, all is spoilt, and truth sacrificed. This is a fallacy, for the imitation of Nature does not exclude that noble synthesis by which genius produces its admirable works. In these all is true, because every part corresponds to and expresses a perfection which is truly diffused throughout Nature. Art, in fact, aims at reproducing the forms of Nature in their essential perfection. But in no actual existing subject is to be found all the perfection which belongs to it, whether from the incapacity of the material, rarely disposed to receive the whole perfection of form, or from the very fact of the same form being multiplied in

myriads of individuals, which does not admit of the entire perfection being exhibited in any single example. Art corrects, so to say, this deficiency in finite Nature. Marvellous vocation of art, which in the ideal union of the relatively true and beautiful furnishes a splendid image of that infinite and most perfect unity wherein absolute Beauty is Truth, and absolute Truth is Beauty. Check this exalting aspiration, and you fall into abject realism and become immersed in the slough wherein wallow your Zólas, Stechettis, and modern limners of impure Venuses. For by parting with the Divine ideal they sink into a degrading animalism. Yet, after all, this too is an ideal, only it is a swinish ideal. We may, then, claim to ask which is the truest art, that which makes us like to God, or that which degrades us to the level of the inferior animal creation? He who denies God may prefer the latter, for he glories in a scientific progress which consists in a constant evolution of forms from brute matter. If all be essentially material, what need have we of a spiritual idea? It is a lie, and art, therefore, must confine itself to the reproduction of Nature. Against such a theory common sense protests, and even the *Fanfulla* and *Vedetta* of Florence are indignant. Yorik, who makes his daily bread by his blasphemies in these pages, says that if this were so, as many realists of his acquaintance pretend, a photograph would be a picture and a *procés verbal* a poem. Fortunately, the theory cannot be reduced to practice, for in Nature, and especially in animated Nature, there is a movement, a life, and an infinite charm of relations, all resulting in a world of true beauty of which no model could be given unless the artist should conceive them ideally in his imagination, and, having done so, transfer them to his work. All must confess that such a process must necessarily be combined with imitation of beautiful Nature in every production which would claim to be a work of art. Yorik truly observes that art does not consist wholly in imitation, in execution, and in the exact reproduction of things which fall under the senses, but rather in that innate faculty of culling in those things certain special features, certain original physiognomies, certain modes of being or of seeming invisible to the vulgar eye, which reveal the knowledge of their secret relations with the world of ideas and the pure sentiment of the graces of Nature, pointing to the work of fancy and the inspiration of genius rather than to the labour of the hand and the perfection of instruments. So true is it that the most patient, faithful, and minute imitation of Nature will scarcely ever arrive at being a work of art. Nature, the inexhaustible source of all imitations, supplies to the artist the elements of his work, but it is art which combines and assimilates them. In Nature the beautiful is manifested in scattered fragments; art collects and unites them harmoniously, imparts to them an eloquent language, and invests them with an original thought.

The writer of this article in the *Civiltà* adds some interesting remarks with respect to Manzoni and the way in which he is regarded and treated by the realists, a way which marks their disingenuousness, and of which the cause is not far to seek. If ever

there was a writer and poet who was an elevated disciple of Nature it was the author of the "Promessi Sposi." His love of what is genuine and faithful to Nature led him to discard from his poetry all those classical allusions which were based on the old heathen mythology. He considered it absurd to refer to what is now recognized as false as if it were true; chilling to introduce into poetry what has no place in ideas, memory, or sentiment; wearisome to be ever parading these cold and lifeless figures; and ridiculous if this be done in a serious mood. Yet the very men who call themselves *Veristi* are the sworn foes of Manzoni and his school, and hail as their master and leader, one who in this nineteenth century gravely invokes Phœbus and Hebe, Venus and Bacchus, Satyrs, Dryads, Naiads, and even Satan! To one who objected to this last invocation, he replied, in his vindication, "Satan is a fiction, Satan is a lie; who believes in him? Not I, for certain." So much for the truthfulness of the realists. But these men have good reasons of their own for assailing Manzoni and his school. They cannot tolerate that a chaste and religious ideal should take the place of their swinish ideal; and, having early perceived that the School of Manzoni might render some service to sound morality and Catholic belief, they at once vowed a war of extermination against it, an anti-religious war under the false disguise of a literary controversy.

La Civiltà Cattolica, 4 Novembre, 1882.

Present State of Linguistic Studies.

THE *Civiltà Cattolica* continues its series of articles on the progress of linguistic studies. In the article of Nov. 4 the absurd opinion of Lenormant respecting the Antediluvian Lamech is examined. The few words concerning this patriarch to be found in the fourth Chapter of Genesis are familiar to all, and have always been considered as hard of interpretation, but perhaps none has been hazarded so strange and fantastic as that of the eminent French archæologist. With all the confidence distinguishing theorists, he seems to know as much about Lamech, his mind, and intentions, as if that patriarch had written and published his autobiography. Commenting on the passage in question, he says that this "song," as he designates it, breathes such an accent of primitive ferocity that we should readily place it in the mouth of a savage of the stone age, dancing round the corpse of his victim and brandishing his bludgeon of flint or the jaw-bone of a cave bear, wherewith he has been able to fabricate for himself a terrible weapon. To conjure up such a picture out of the Scripture text certainly requires a considerable stretch of the imagination. Lenormant, quite blind to its extravagance, wonders much at the strangeness, as he deems it, of the interpretation suggested by a certain number of Fathers who have been able to "see in this little poem an expression of remorse and repentance." The reviewer considers the interpretations of St. John Chrysostom or of St. Basil as by no means forced or repugnant to the Hebrew text,

but what he on his part regards as strange is the motive imputed to them by Lenormant. "They have tortured the text," writes the latter, to "discover a repentant Lamech, in order to escape from the idea that such an atrocious proclamation of the principle of personal revenge could have been revealed and inspired from on high." Now, supposing the "song" of Lamech to be that of a cold-blooded assassin, a notion borrowed from the German rationalists, it would not follow that Scripture approved the sentiment which it simply records as matter of history. Following the rationalists, Lenormant indulges in other gratuitous hypotheses, all his commentaries on this subject, as on other questions alluded to, having the radical vice that they take for granted what it was needful to prove.

It is due to Lenormant to add that he is a sincere Catholic, professing a firm belief in the truth of Scripture and submission to the Church's authority, but he appears to be one of those who think it for the interests of religion to make as many admissions to its adversaries as he possibly can, esteeming this the safest line of defence. The motive is praiseworthy, but the system of concession may be carried too far, and may be often premature as respects scientific certainty and demonstration.

Of a Misunderstanding pernicious to Catholic Action.

IN an article thus entitled the writer endeavours to enlighten his Catholic countrymen as to the line of conduct proper for them, and the difference between action and revolutionary agitation; for a certain number are disposed to repine at what they view as the forced inaction to which they are condemned by the Holy Father's prohibition to take part in political life. "Why," they ask, "should not Catholicism, which baptized Pagan society, accomplish the same work for the Revolution?" Let the example of France, Spain, and even Belgium show whether the revolutionary system can be worked successfully by Catholics. Not that they are forbidden, save in Italy, for special reasons, to intervene in political affairs. What they have been able to do by their noble stand in Germany is worthy of all credit, but even where it is permitted, nay even desirable, for them to contend on the political arena, they must ever bear in mind that it is not by adopting the party warfare of the modern revolutionists that they will work to any real advantage. They are Catholics, and therefore must not descend to mere political agitation, and their system of action must rest on a wider and sounder basis than does that of their opponents. The article, it may be added, although written with an immediate eye to Italian Catholics, has a very pertinent application generally, since the principle involved is the same, even where circumstances differ.

FRENCH PERIODICALS.

La Controverse. 16 Novembre, 1882. Lyons.

"SI M. Renan est devenu incrédule par amour de la Verité?" is the title of an article which has reference to M. Renan's contribution to the *Revue des Deux-Mondes* of the 1st of November,* that has been read in England with perhaps as much interest as in France. In this article the author of the "Vie de Jésus" gives the public another glimpse into his inmost life, and relates those early mental struggles which ended in his putting aside the Christian Faith at the same time with his clerical dress. It is to be remembered that, although the sincerity of M. Renan's narrative must be accepted without question, it need not be taken as the criterion of his power to see himself as he is, especially when preparing his likeness for the public gaze, nor of the exactitude of his judgment. All autobiography begets some degree of fear on these points. In the present instance biography has the tone of panegyric; the hero (on his own showing) never falls into error, never makes a *faux-pas*; he enjoys the more than human felicity of following always, without even tripping, that path of rectitude which the sentiment of honour and love of truth show to him. Nevertheless, many a passage has the ring of sincerity, and we refuse to see in the warm eulogium on his former masters at Saint Sulpice only a rhetorical artifice.

M. Renan entered the Seminary of St. Sulpice in 1843, then under M. Carbon, "one of the men," he says, "whom I have most loved." The professors of various branches of theology, "étaient, sans exception de dignes continuateurs d'une respectable tradition." These professors thought they saw in the young Renan "un futur bon confrère." To the celebrated M. Le Hir, M. Renan especially attached himself, and the glowing appreciation of him now given to the world has all the absoluteness of youthful judgment and generous admiration. He says:

M. Le Hir was a scholar (*savant*) and a saint; he was both the one and the other eminently. This union in the same person of two entities which rarely go together was effected in him without violence, because the saint absolutely ruled and led the scholar. Not a single difficulty objected by rationalism which he did not know of. He never gave in to one of them, because orthodox truth was never, with him, a subject of doubt. This, on his part, was less a result submitted to than a triumphant act of will. Altogether a stranger to natural philosophy and the scientific spirit—a first condition of which is to have no previous faith (*foi préalable*) and to reject nothing that comes—he remained in that equilibrium which a less ardent conviction would have weighed away from. . . . He was an able critic in all which did not belong to faith. . . . He had for many years taught the Hebrew courses. His philological science enchanted me. His grammar lessons and comparison of Hebrew with other Semitic roots, was admirable. I had at this time an extraordinary power of assimilation: I drank in all he said. On Walk-

* "Souvenirs d'enfance et de jeunesse—Le Séminaire Saint-Sulpice."

days at Issy he taught me Syriac. We explained together the Syriac New Testament of Gutbier. M. Le Hir determined my career: I was a philologist by instinct. All that I know as a *savant* I owe to M. Le Hir. It even seems to me sometimes that what I did not learn from him, I never learned well. Thus, he was not very strong in Arabic, and hence it is that I have remained a mediocre Arabist.

Soon M. Renan added to his studies that of German. In German literature he found what he looked for, "the agreement of highly religious mind with critical spirit!" He adds: "*Je regrettais par moments de a être pas protestant, afin de pouvoir être philosophe sans cesser d'être chrétien!*" He was now engaged in a conflict between his Catholic belief and the conclusions he had drawn from his theological and biblical studies. Theology he found was well built together, complete and beautiful in design, but it all rested on one treatise—"de vera religione," and that, like the Indian tortoise, rested on nothing. It was all assumptions and no arguments: there never had been a miracle under such circumstances as to be observed and attested as such. Then; for *facile descensus*, he discovered that our Lord did not institute seven sacraments; that Christian dogma had grown like any plant; that the Bible was full of contradictions and errors, of fables and marks of its human origin; that the fourth Gospel contradicts the synoptics, &c., &c.

M. Renan was already in minor orders: it came to the moment of taking sub-deaconship and clerical obligations—and he refused to do so; he bid adieu at once to clerical dress and Catholicism. There was no being a critic and a Catholic together: he made "a great sacrifice," he says, "for truth, remained a critic and has been very happy ever since." When he entered the clerical state, his engagement with God was: "*Dominus pars hereditatis meæ et calicis mei:*" and he light-heartedly adds: "*Une idée élevée m'a toujours soutenu dans la direction de ma vie, si bien même que l'héritage que Dieu devrait me rendre d'après notre engagement réciproque, ma foi! je l'en tiens quitte; mon lot a été bon,*" &c.

The article we are summarizing, having given a great part of M. Renan's article in his own words, proceeds to comment on it. It was only common honesty, it remarks, and not "un acte de grande honnêteté," for M. Renan not to take orders when he no longer believed, although it might bring at the moment great pain. As to the rest, "we believe that M. Renan, like all preceding or succeeding apostates, rejected the truths of Christianity only because he had not that sovereign love for truth which every soul owes it—the love in him had been conquered by another love." Without venturing to judge, this may be well supposed to have been intellectual pride. For, to see the truth, necessitates that one love it—in the case of those verities which are not *evident* in the philosophical sense. The recognition that two and two make four requires no particular mood of mind, the recognition of the truths of the moral order and of revelation may be retarded and impeded by states of soul, &c.: to an unwilling student of revelation strong proofs appear weak, puerile or specious

objections seem complete and triumphant, miracles become unlikely, or unauthenticated, or at last impossible. M. Renan took no precautions to preserve the faith and truth he had inherited; he exposed it to dangers which his youth and want of experience rendered more dangerous. He founded insuperable difficulties on philology, theology, and Scripture, in all of which studies, with whatever gifts of genius, he was only a tyro. He had by his side a man—M. Le Hir—who in philological attainments was as far beyond him as in the experience which only age can bring; he made no effort to guard his own learning with his master's piety, or to accept that master's assurances of possible solution yet unintelligible perhaps to his unfolding powers. Besides, much of what he advances as justification of his awful act of separation, are the difficulties of Bible and theology, such as he still continues to misrepresent them. Some of his Scripture difficulties may even be held by a Catholic, at least *salvâ fide*. The whole of this excellent animadversion on M. Renan's mixture of truth and misrepresentation ought to be read *in extenso* by those who feel any other impression than one of sincere pity for the profound self-sufficiency and self-satisfaction of the writer in the *Revue de Deux-Mondes*.

Notices of Books.

Nature and Thought. An Introduction to a Natural Philosophy. By ST. GEORGE MIVART. London: Kegan Paul & Co. 1882.

THIS latest production of one of our most eminent Catholic philosophers and contemporary thinkers is undoubtedly the most remarkable work he has yet given to the world. It may be briefly described as an attempt to establish on a solid basis the trustworthiness of our Faculties, the reality of the External World, and the Existence of God. It is in the form of a dialogue, and in the course of the book there are not a few happy descriptions of Nature, and many most interesting illustrations from biology and the kindred sciences, in which Mr. Mivart is an acknowledged master.

This work is of a more fundamental character than the author's admirable "Lessons from Nature." The subjects which it treats are, undoubtedly, weighty and abstruse; but of all the questions which are now in the arena of discussion we should consider that these are the most absolutely essential to be treated not only rightly, but thoroughly and completely. What is called in general phrase "Scepticism" may not, possibly, have much hold, so far, on the multitude. In fact, the very nature of Scepticism excludes all chance of its ever becoming a popular form of error with the mass of men who do not reflect. But with the more cultivated classes—with those whom it would be the greatest triumph, as it is the most anxious work, of the Catholic Church to bring to believe in the full

Revelation of God—the mode of looking at things which that word signifies is more universal than most of us imagine. For instance, the objections to the conception of a God, which Mr. Mivart meets and refutes in the fifth chapter of this work, are just such as one hears from numbers of earnest young men who have been brought up intellectually on Mill, Spencer, and Lewes. It is the intellectual incapability to separate the Universe from its Cause, to see how “anthropomorphic” conceptions of God are true yet inadequate, and inadequate yet true, to reconcile the existence of evil with the idea of a God of goodness, and to see through the objections to the freedom of the will, and therefore to the possibility of morality—it is these and similar difficulties which, with so many men, stand in the way of the acceptance of Revelation, and therefore of the whole faith of Christ.

We must try to give a general idea of this truly valuable book. It is divided into five chapters. They are entitled, respectively, “Introductory Groupings,” “The Inner World,” “The Outer World,” “The Intellectual World,” and “Causes and Consequences.” The first and the last of these titles are open to the charge of neither giving a sufficient idea of the matter treated under them, nor of being very attractive in themselves. Mr. Mivart’s “Introductory Groupings” is a chapter which, by way of introduction to his whole subject, pleads the visible harmony of the external universe as a presumptive proof that the faculties of man must be harmonious too. He finds that the whole effect of modern metaphysics, from Descartes and Hume to Herbert Spencer, is to destroy confidence in the faculties of our human nature. First one then another of our youthful beliefs and primitive inferences is criticized, exposed and shown to be baseless and untenable. On the other hand, every other thing but man’s mind shows a lovely and satisfying harmony—growth, proportion and beauty. Nature, Nature blended with art, art itself, all in their different ways show that the end or purpose of existence is the attainment of a certain harmony. This idea is admirably and eloquently wrought out. The writer then applies the principle thus attained to that complex of faculties which may be grouped under the generic name of “thought;” and he concludes, “its perfection must consist in the harmony with which its various actions are co-ordinated to its proper end.”* He thus continues :—

It is surely worth a man’s while to try and see whether the discords which have been asserted to exist in his nature are real and necessary discords, or whether he cannot so attune the various strings of his complex being as to elicit from them a stirring harmony which may rouse him from that state of enchantment into which the spells of metaphysicians may have thrown him, by showing that those conflicts which have been said to take place between the declarations of his different faculties do not in fact exist, and that his faculties are veracious. But no good can follow from merely trifling with such questions; the inquirer must grapple boldly, honestly, and vigorously with his subject. By so doing, however, he may discover himself to be the natural possessor of a system

which is as harmonious as beautiful, and which is 'good,' because 'true.' Not, of course, that every system which is harmonious in itself, and so coherent, is because coherent, true; but that a system of propositions, each of which is seen by the mind to be evidently true, must, if they are coherent and mutually confirmatory, be a true system.*

In order to find the criterion of all certainty, and, therefore, the foundation of intellectual harmony, Mr. Mivart first examines whether we can have absolute certainty about anything. He finds that even professed sceptics admit some things as certain; for instance, their present state of feeling, and their memory; and he shows that they must also admit the certainty of the conclusion of a process of inference rightly drawn, and of intellectual intuitions. In demonstrating these propositions Mr. Mivart only goes over the ground which many Catholic philosophers have traversed, in proving that Scepticism is not only irrational but self-contradictory. But Mr. Mivart, in showing that "evidence" is the criterion of certainty, engages in an inquiry which we find it a little difficult to follow. He says, "Whatever is both subjectively and objectively true, is true," and he rightly regards this as a self-evident truth. But it is not easy to see the difference between subjective evidence, that is, evidence as it is in the mind, and objective evidence, or the evidence of the things that are evident. It would appear that the evidence of the things that are evident becomes evidence at all by the very fact of its being taken into the mind. (We are taking for granted, as Mr. Mivart does here, that the external universe is real.) To us, he seems rather to mean that that evidence is true evidence which is not contradicted by other evidence; or, that that *inference from evidence* is just which admits of being proved by other evidence. But no doubt, the truth which he has hit upon in this part of the chapter is no less important than ingeniously put. It amounts, we think, to this: that a very strong proof of our possession of *objective certainty* is afforded by the fact that, given two or more external objects, those objects are found to affect each other *in fact* in that precise way in which our subjective impressions of them would predict. Thus, a cart of hay is judged by the observer to be too large to enter a certain gateway; the cart advances and sticks fast. This illustrates the fact that we can have objective certainty. If we had not; if we had only subjective certainty, then it would be difficult not to imagine that the results of the relations of external objects would in many instances differ from the results of our conceptions of those objects.

The chapter called "The Outer World," in which Mr. Mivart proves that the external world is real, is marked by his carrying still further this very principle—that the resultants of the apparent relations of things are exactly what we should expect if those things were real and not merely subjective. This is worked out with a great wealth of illustration. Many readers will be interested to read Mr. Mivart's exposition of his belief in what so many scientists hold to be a heresy—that the secondary qualities (colour, taste, smell, sound)

really exist in bodies just as unsophisticated persons believe them to exist. Though inadequate, he says, "to tell us the whole story," our senses are not mendacious. The objective cause of secondary qualities exists in bodies, quite independently of our sensations; our sensations do not tell us completely what the cause is; but they tell us something about it.

Mr. Mivart's proof of the existence of a First Cause is, we think, complete; as is also his demonstration that if that Cause exists it is "personal." Most interesting, also, is his solution of all the "anthropomorphic" difficulty; the difficulty, arising from the fact that all our conceptions of God must be in the shape of "human" qualities. He says, finely paraphrasing the axiom of Catholic theology, "Surely the rational method is to employ the highest conceptions you can, while freely acknowledging their utter inadequacy" (p. 205). He well reminds these declaimers about anthropomorphism that even the old monks of Fountain's Abbey (where the discussion takes place) were quite familiar with their views, and denied that even existence could be predicated univocally of God and creatures.

There is only one thing that we much miss in this welcome book. We should have been glad to see Mr. Mivart attempt to prove that the first uncaused Cause must be the Infinite *simpliciter*—the absolutely Infinite. It would possibly have carried him beyond his scope. But the conceptions of Natural Theology, on which in these days so much depends, require, we are convinced, for their due and persuasive development, a complete study of the notion of the Infinite with its fertile consequences. In the meantime we have nothing but praise and thanks for a book which will prove of equal use to the preacher, the theologian, and the man of the world. Its style is bright, lively, and pointed; and illustrations of every kind, many of which are themselves most instructive, constantly lighten the labour of hard thought, and throw a pleasant light on the philosophical argument.

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1. *Lehrbuch der Kirchengeschichte für Studirende.* Von Dr. FRANZ KRAUS, Professor der Theologie an der Universität Freiburg. Zweite Auflage. Trier: Lintz. 1882.
 2. *Handbuch der allgemeinen Kirchengeschichte.* Von Dr. JOHANNES ALZOG. Zehnte Auflage, neu bearbeitet von Dr. FRANZ KRAUS. Zwei Bände: mit zwei chronologischen Tabellen und drei kirchlich-geographischen Karten. Mainz: Kupferberg. 1882.

DR. KRAUS, professor of ecclesiastical history in the University of Freiburg, is favourably known throughout Catholic Germany for his extensive knowledge of Christian art and antiquity. What Canons Northcote and Brownlow by their *Roma Sotterranea* have done for Catholic England he has done for Germany. In addition to this he is still publishing, supported by the most expert German archaeologists, the "*Realencyklopädie der christlichen Alterthümer.*" Now we have before us the second edition

of his textbook of ecclesiastical history which met with a good welcome in Germany, combining as it does critical sagacity, extensive knowledge of the Fathers and general documents of Church history, with excellent order in the use of such an immense accumulation of matter. I fail to see that the author is justified in fixing the starting-point of the third period of ecclesiastical history at the middle of the fifteenth century instead of 1517, when Luther opposed the Pope. Undoubtedly long before Luther, a spirit akin to his made its appearance now and again in various countries. But a systematical opposition destructive of the whole edifice of the Church, sapping its very foundation and utterly putting authority to defiance, must be traced to Luther. The learned author seems not to do full justice to Gregory VII., whose vigorous figure ought to have been far more brought into prominence (p. 327). But he gives us what is to be expected in a compendium published after the eventful year of 1870—viz., an accurate description of the Vatican Council. But even in discharging this duty the Professor seems to attach an undue importance to the well-known article inserted in the *Civiltà Cattolica*, February 6, 1869 (page 731). The spirit of opposition everywhere could see that the Jesuits were responsible for that article. But Mgr. Cecconi, Archbishop of Florence, in the second volume of his valuable “*Storia del Ecumenico Concilio Vaticano*,” has unmistakably shown that the article was not in the least the work of a Jesuit, but only a vote given on the summons of Mgr. (now Cardinal) Chigi, Nuncio in Paris, by a French priest, and by permission of Cardinal Antonelli published in the *Civiltà*. As in my contribution to the *Katholik* in 1880 I strongly insisted on this important truth, Professor Kraus ought not to have overlooked it. Neither can I give an unqualified approval to the author’s opinion on the modern supporters of scholastic theology. The advocates of a return to the principles, whether philosophical or theological, of St. Thomas, are thereby not in the least obliged to reject modern institutions of parliaments and the representation of the people. And even if some of them do thus reject, are they without possibility of excuse? Modern parliaments may do justice to the Catholic Church, and in many cases they have done so. But in innumerable other cases, and in our own days, the Catholic Church has been indebted to parliaments for the most severe and cruel laws of persecution. Hence we cannot but wish Professor Kraus would correct the opinion he entertains in page 731. The same author has just published the tenth edition of Professor Alzog’s textbook of Ecclesiastical History. As an English translation of it was last year published in Dublin, and criticized in this Review soon afterwards, I abstain from remark here, except to say that the learned editor has omitted nothing that could bring the book up to present standards in ecclesiastical history and archæology.

BELLESHEIM.

Der Ursprung des Briefes an Diognet. Von Dr. HEINRICH KIHN, Professor der Theologie an der Universität Würzburg. (The Authorship of the Epistle to Diognetus). Freiburg: Herder. 1882.

ONE of the most precious documents handed down to us from Christian antiquity is the Epistle to Diognetus (Επιστολή πρὸς Διόγνητον). It ranks amongst the works of the apostolic Fathers and, for the first time, was edited by Henry Stephanus in 1592. Students of ecclesiastical history agree in eulogizing this letter: the classical elegance of its style, the force of its language, the strict logical development of its ideas, and the fire pervading the whole document and insensibly seizing upon the reader. Its contents are more important than its style; indeed, one might ascribe its authorship to a disciple of the apostles. "It would be very difficult to decide," says Moehler ('Patrologie,' 170), "which is more remarkable in this letter, the art of the apologist in the accumulation and presentment of his matter, or the dogmatic learning which now presents apostolic doctrine in all its simplicity and again rises with enthusiasm to a species of holy mysticism when developing the most striking points of dogma and Christian conduct." Scholars widely differ as to the authorship of the letter and the person to whom it was addressed. It would be vain to enter into the discussion. Mr. F. Donaldson, in his critical history of Christian literature and doctrine from the death of the Apostles to the Nicene Council (London, 1866), attempted to fix the authorship on some fugitives from Constantinople in the fifteenth century. Dr. Overbeck assigned the document to the post-Constantine period. Unquestionably it is to be ascribed to a Father of the second century. But whilst antiquarians for the most part concur in tracing the letter to St. Justin, Dr. Kihn goes back to the first part of the second century when Hadrian reigned (117-138). He first gives a learned critique of the letter (1-35), and he defends its integrity and unity (35-55); next, he deals with the date of its composition (55-94), and inquires as to its author and the person to whom it was addressed (94-154), and lastly he gives a very exact translation (155-165). The salient point of the book is the third and fourth treatises. Supported by solid learning and extensive knowledge of Christian and profane authors, Dr. Kihn establishes *Aristides*, the well-known apologist, as the author of the epistle to Diognetus. The latter, according to him, was no other person than Hadrian. The κρᾶτιστε Διόγνητε is simply "His Imperial Majesty." Without entering into a minute examination of Dr. Kihn's arguments, I may remark that the general situation, both religious and social, of Christianity as described in our letter seems to support his opinion. But what may be objected to is the author's statement as to Hadrian. He writes, page 149: "The letter must be considered as a special work, supplementary of the apology (*scil.* of Aristides)." Dr. Kihn, in ascribing to the letter the official character of an apology directed, or to be directed, by Aristides to the Emperor in favour of the

Christians, will scarcely be able to clear away the immense difficulties arising from the caustic description of heathenism as contained in Chapter II. of the letter. Would it not have been a daring attempt for a Christian apologist, in a public letter to a heathen Emperor, to speak in the following terms of heathen idols: Οὐ κωφὰ πάντα; Οὐ τυφλά; Οὐκ ἄψυχα; Οὐ πάντα φθειρομένα. Undoubtedly these and other far keener words would have wounded and irritated, but never softened the mind of even the philosophically cultivated Hadrian. But in venturing this remark I am not trying to lessen the value of Dr. Kihn's clever treatise, about which, I am quite convinced, that it will speedily be duly appreciated both within Germany and beyond it.

BELLESHEIM.

Frithjof and Ingebjorg, and other Poems. By DOUGLAS B. W. SLADEN, an Australian Colonist. London: Kegan Paul, Trench & Co. 1882.

THE intellectual life of our colonies, and their nobler immaterial products, are dreams of the future yet; but all promise is precious, and these verses are part of the early Australian promise, struck off in the midst of this trafficking age of land, sheep and gold, and sent home by the colonist to the old country and to his friend and master of Rugby days. The poems, which are on the most various subjects, compare more than favourably with early American verse, with which the author modestly desires to contrast them rather than with the maturity of English poetry.

Down in the corner of the main
Where this small sheaf of rhyme did grow,
We have not yet lived fifty years :
But as the swift hours onward flow,
We too shall breed poetic peers
For Arnold and for Tennyson.

A little judicious weeding might improve the book, but there is no lack of fine and honest thought; and though there may be an "r" lost in a rhyme here and there, the culture of the writer proves such blemishes to be curable. Nor is it a small thing in these days, when many verse-writers think it brave to ignore or deny religion, to find one with truer bravery writing the name of God in worship along his first verses. His few glimpses of Australia hint where his pen is at its best. There is sound sense in the reflections of the Squire's younger brother, showing more than knightly valour in sitting on a three-rail fence "sentry against the wilderness," and working with his own hands "towards a gallant goal." Note, too, the worth of the Australian touch in the verses in memory of a soldier, "C le F.," born at Grasmere and killed in Afghanistan:—

Wandering over the Cumbrian mountains,
Herding his flocks on Helvellyn's breast,
Watering sheep at the hillside fountains,
The high young spirit could find no rest.

Galloping over Australian meadows
On the fierce steed that he loved the best,
Only the flickering gum-tree shadows
"Twixt him and the sun—he found no rest.

Under the sky on the Afghan mountains,
With a foeman's bullet in his breast;
Dead for a draught of the hillside fountains
To quench his fever—he lies at rest.

The Gospel according to St. John. By B. F. WESTCOTT, D.D., Regius Professor of Divinity, Cambridge. London: J. Murray. 1882.

THIS book is a reprint of one of the most valuable parts of the Speaker's Commentary. Its publication as a separate volume is a proof of the high esteem in which Canon Westcott's work is held by the public. In reviewing the second volume of the Speaker's Commentary on the New Testament we expressed our sincere appreciation of the value of this treatise, especially as a defence of St. John's authorship of the Fourth Gospel. We will now confine our remarks to certain shortcomings in the learned work which take off from its value in the judgment of Catholics. The author's treatment of the dogmatic texts in the Gospel is most disappointing; and the more so, because his exposition of the first chapter shows that he is a theologian as well as biblical scholar. But it is when Dr. Westcott touches questions at issue between the Catholic Church and Anglicanism that he loses nerve and clearness of vision forsakes him. He seeks to minimize the Apostle's meaning and to explain away rather than to explain the Gospel words. Canon Westcott's comment on the sixth chapter is a case in point. "Eating the Flesh" and "Drinking the Blood" mean, he says, believing and compassionating the sufferings of Christ. Yet, in a long additional note he says: "It must not be concluded that 'eating the flesh of the Son of Man and drinking his blood' is simply a metaphorical expression, for 'believing in Christ' or more specifically for believing in Christ, who had lived and died for men." Further on he says: "There can be no doubt that the truth which is presented in its absolute form in these discourses is presented in a specific act and in a concrete form in Holy Communion; and yet farther, that the Holy Communion is the divinely appointed means whereby men may realize the truth" (p. 113). And yet he adds, that "to attempt to transfer the words of the discourse with their consequences to the Sacrament is not only to involve the history in hopeless confusion, but to introduce overwhelming difficulties into their interpretation." In attempting to make a distinction between the word *σάφξ*, used in the promise, and *σῶμα*, the word used in the institution of the Blessed Eucharist, he virtually contradicts his own comment on "the Word became Flesh." It is hardly worthy of the Professor to turn to his own advantage St. Augustine's "crede et manducasti," leaving his readers in ignorance of the fact that St. Augustine, in common with most of the Fathers of the

first five centuries, taught the necessity of Infant Communion as a condition of their salvation—a doctrine based entirely on their Eucharistic interpretation of this chapter. Nor is it fair to quote one sentence from St. Bernard which gives a mystical interpretation, and to withhold the next sentence which gives the sacramental interpretation. Yet we thankfully acknowledge that Canon Westcott makes no secret of what he calls “the remarkable gloss” found in some early authorities (D. &c.) at the end of v. 56, “even as the Father is in me and I in the Father. Verily, verily, I say unto you, unless ye receive (λάβητε) *the body of the Son of Man as the bread of life*, ye have not life in him.” Now, though these words may be an interpretation of the Codex Bezae, they suffice to show what was the recognized and undisputed key to the meaning of Christ’s words, when this MS. was written, that is in the sixth century, but, as Dr. Westcott elsewhere says (xc.), representing a “text of very high antiquity, dating from the end of the second century.” The Cambridge Professor of Divinity is equally indefinite in his comment on John xx. 23. “The main thought,” he says “which the words convey is that of the reality of the power of absolution from sin granted to the Church, and they have the character of perpetuity. Yet this power is confided not to the Christian ministry, but to the Christian Society;” for he says “there is nothing in the context to show that the gift was confined to any particular group (as the Apostles) among the whole company present.” But as to the nature of the gift, and where it is to be found, and how poor sinners are to get the benefit of it, the learned commentator does not inform his readers.

Canon Westcott seeks to make controversial capital by calling attention to the two distinct words used by our Lord in John x. 16, αἰλή and ποίμνη, a distinction obscured by the Vulgate version, which renders both by *ovile*, and unmarked even in King James’s version. But thanks to Dr. Westcott’s pointing out, the more enlightened revisers of our day have set the matter right by their rendering of “*one flock*, one shepherd.” But it is “too late,” Dr. Westcott thinks, “for any correction to do away with the effects which a translation *undeniably false* has produced on popular ecclesiastical ideas” (p. 162). He says, too, “that the obliteration of this essential distinction between the ‘fold’ and the ‘flock’ in many of the later Western versions of this passage indicates, as it appears, a tendency of Roman Christianity, and has served in no small degree to confirm and extend the false claims of the Roman See (p. 155).” This, of course, is very deplorable if true. But we fail to see that the boasted correction makes any great difference to our Lord’s meaning. The words may be different, but the sense is the same. The context shows that the oneness of the fold is implied in the oneness of the flock and shepherd. Dr. Westcott surely forgets that twice in the same chapter our Lord speaks of Himself as “*the door*” of the sheepfold. This we presume means that there is only one fold—“this fold.” But the Cambridge Divinity Professor would teach that the “one shepherd” has many folds though only “one flock.” He often uses the

expression "a Catholic Church," implying that in his opinion there are several. After this we naturally look to see how he will explain our Lord's prayer for Unity as the special mark of His disciples, and we are not surprised to find the Professor saying "the true unity of believers, like the Unity of Person in the Holy Trinity with which it is compared, is offered as something far more than a mere moral unity of purpose, feeling, affection; it is, *in some mysterious mode which we cannot apprehend*, a vital unity." Something more, too, we presume than the Thirty-nine Article unity of Anglicanism and a general agreement to differ on all questions of faith. Dr. Westcott is more happy in points of textual criticism than he is in exegesis. Yet we are compelled to protest against his rejection of John v. 4, in which he has been followed by the New Testament Revisers. As regards "The Lord's brethren," we are glad to see that Dr. Westcott has no sympathy for Canon Farrar's odious view, which is rejected even by M. Renan. The Professor joins with Dr. Lightfoot in upholding the Epiphanian hypothesis of an earlier marriage by St. Joseph. But he takes no note of the difficulty that on this hypothesis our Lord was not the heir to David's Throne.

Critical and Exegetical Commentary on the New Testament. Edited by H. A. W. MEYER, Th.D., Oberconsistorialrath, Hanover. Translated from the German. 20 vols. Edinburgh: T. & T. Clark. 1879 to 1882.

WE congratulate both translators and publishers on the completion of this most valuable addition to the Foreign Theological Library. They deserve the best thanks of English Scripture students for putting within their reach a Commentary which is held in such high esteem in Germany that it has already passed through three editions. The English version is made from the author's third edition, "without addition or subtraction, in its latest and presumably best form as it left his hands." And it may be claimed for the English edition that it is superior to the German, inasmuch as it is better printed, and, thanks to the great watchfulness of the editor, freer from small inaccuracies. Dr. Meyer wrote no less than ten of these volumes himself. His labours have been supplemented by Drs. Huther and Lüneman. We regret to see that the publisher has been obliged to withhold Dr. Düsterdieck's Apocalypse on account of the want of encouragement on the part of subscribers. This is the more to be regretted as it spoils the completeness of the Commentary. The late Dr. Meyer, we judge from his works, was a man of immense learning, sound judgment, and earnest piety. His treatment of Holy Scripture is marked with the deepest reverence. He has no love for the reckless theorizing and the destructive criticism of some of his fellow-countrymen. Dr. Paton Gloag, one of the editors, even says that "in the Commentary there is little which one who is bound to the most confessional views can find fault with." It is needless to say that this Commentary is exclusively meant for students, and exactly meets their wants:

difficulties fairly met and learnedly discussed. It is of course unavoidable that the natural combativeness of the Teutonic character should assert itself even in Scripture Commentary. A running fire of notes has to be kept up against rival professors of other universities. This is monotonous to English readers who do not know the parties aimed at, but stimulating to the Professor's German admirers. We gather from the editors of the English edition that these professorial feuds, so long and so tiresome, have oftentimes an odd termination. When a Professor dies in Germany, his enemy seizes upon his works, revises, annotates, and castigates to his heart's content, and then publishes this to the world as the latest edition of the dead man's works. Some one has said that biographers will have a bad time of it in the next world when they meet the subjects of their biographies. But this is nothing compared with what such editors may expect at the hands of the aggrieved authors hereafter. The translators of these volumes have had a long and weary task. To use a geological term, they have had to work on a hard conglomerate of Greek, Hebrew, Latin, and German, to say nothing of Dutch, and they have done their work well. If it were not ungracious we might complain, not as others have done, of their Greek words, for a knowledge of Greek is supposed in their readers, but of the new-fangled English words which they coin, *e.g.*, *normative*, *avanting*, &c. We will conclude with the hope that Bible students may show their appreciation of the translator's toil, and thus encourage the enterprising publishers to carry out their original plan and bring out in English garb Düsterdieck's two volumes on Revelations—that book of the New Testament which stands most in need of a good Commentary.

Records of the English Catholics. Vol. II. The Letters and Memorials of William Cardinal Allen. Edited by Fathers of the Congregation of the London Oratory, with an Historical Introduction by THOS. F. KNOX, D.D. London: D. Nutt. 1882.

WE hail with pleasure the appearance of the second volume of the "Records of the English Catholics," a work of such magnitude and importance that it almost marks an epoch in Catholic literature. Four years have now elapsed since the appearance of the "Douai Diaries," and the present volume in point of interest and careful editing is superior, if anything, to its predecessor. There is, however, a melancholy interest attached to these pages. The late lamented Thomas F. Knox was engaged almost to the last hour of his life over their production; he sank under heart disease as the last sheets of the Introduction were passing through the press. We can record our conviction here, so often expressed elsewhere, that the Catholic body has sustained a very heavy loss by the death of F. Knox. He was among the oldest of the Oxford converts, and though he displayed no remarkable qualifications for pulpit eloquence, he had that ripe judgment and discretion which his superiors knew well how to turn to account. Of his sound learning and his ex-

tensive historical reading there is no need to speak; the two volumes of the "Records" are themselves ample testimony. We trust that his loss has not been so serious as to create a gap that cannot be filled, or that there is any danger of interruption to the series. That he has found able and devoted coadjutors in his work we cannot doubt from the careful way in which these pages have been carried through the press, and still more from the excellent index and summary that are appended to the present volume. And when we remember how imperfect were the originals with which these letters have to be compared, how loaded with corrections and slips of the pen, this is no small praise indeed. The second volume of the "Records" carries out the purpose set forth in the Preface to the "Douai Diaries"—viz., a publication containing a complete collection of Cardinal Allen's letters, edited and unedited. Other letters and documents calculated to throw light on the Cardinal's life have been inserted in their appropriate places, making a collection in all of 284 letters ranging over a period of twenty-six years—viz., from 1567 to 1593. To the readers of the first volume of the "Records" much of the matter contained in this collection will be familiar, for the editor has extracted some of the most interesting passages for the compilation of his life of the Cardinal. Those, however, who are not afraid to work through the labyrinths of a Latin correspondence of the sixteenth century will be amply repaid for their trouble. Many an unnoticed little fact, perhaps beneath the dignity of the muse of history, takes us back to those times and shows us how our fathers looked and acted in their ordinary everyday lives.

The first thing to claim our notice in this volume is a very able historical introduction from the pen of the late Father Knox; an introduction which is the very type of what such an undertaking should be—thorough and authentic. Having given us in vol. i. a general sketch of Cardinal Allen's life, the editor proceeds to follow him through all the intricacies of his political action with the Pope and the King of Spain. It is by no means an easy task; but nothing can be more satisfactory than the account of the secret history of those wearisome and protracted negotiations which finally closed with the crowning disaster of the Armada. Throughout them all Allen stands the central figure, trusted by the Popes, the King of Spain, and Mary Queen of Scots; looked up to as a father by all the exiles, by his skill and prudence bringing about the fusion of the most heterogeneous elements to aid in the restoration of religion in England. F. Persons' almost superhuman labours in the cause had no little share in the results indicated. Now in England, now in Scotland, in Paris, Madrid, and Rome, we admire his boundless energy and fertility of resource; whilst his devotion and love for Allen, his complete subordination to his friend, and his anxiety to push him forward on every occasion are still more admirable features in his character. The influence and abilities of these great men united would have pushed through an enterprise far more arduous even than the invasion of England, had they not been thwarted by the dark policy and self-willedness of Philip II. of Spain.

It was about the year 1582 that Dr. W. Allen was first called upon to mix in political matters. Catholics had begun to look up in Scotland. The Earl of Lennox, a Catholic at heart, had obtained possession of the young King's person, and had utterly routed the Elizabethan faction. The opportunity was a favourable one for carrying out the project of the exiles. It was proposed to land a force of 20,000 men in Scotland and make that country the base of operations for the great invasion of England; the proximity of the Catholic Northern Earls would be exceedingly favourable for the enterprise. The Duke of Guise, on condition of a liberal subsidy, was willing to head the expedition. But in spite of all F. Persons' exertions at Rome and Madrid, the terms of the subsidy could not be arranged, and the opportunity passed away; the Raid of Ruthven occurred, and Lennox was fleeing for his life to France. The project of the exiles was put on one side for the present.

In 1584 the time was again favourable. King James of Scotland had crushed the rebellion of the Elizabethan faction, and had written in friendly terms to the Duke of Guise. Allen drew up a memorandum urging a landing in the North of England, the Pile of Fouldrey; and setting forth the number of men that the Catholic lords had promised to bring into the field. But nothing could stir Philip; the golden opportunity passed by, and the Duc de Guise soon found himself absorbed in the internal affairs of France.

In 1585 Gregory XIII. died, and Sixtus V. succeeded. Philip thinking to find the new Pontiff more energetic in the enterprise, or rather more liberal with a subsidy, writes to Allen that he has resolved to take the matter into his own hand, and to commit the execution of it to the Prince of Parma. Allen and Persons were summoned to Rome to acquaint the new Pope with the state of affairs in England. They found the Pontiff full of zeal in the matter; he promised at once 200,000 crowns as soon as the expedition should set sail, 100,000 the moment the army landed, 100,000 more at the end of six months, and after another six months 100,000 more; and if the war lasted longer His Holiness was prepared to give 200,000 a year until the kingdom should be peacefully occupied. Philip, however, haggled for better terms, required that one of his family should be declared heir to the throne on the death of Mary Queen of Scots, and then nearly succeeded in breaking off the negotiations altogether through the insolence of his ambassador, Count Olivares.

Philip's next step was to press for Allen's promotion to the Cardinalate, as a matter of utmost importance to the cause of religion in England. There can be no doubt that this move was due to F. Persons' disinterested love for his friend; for some years his influence at the Court of Spain, which was considerable, had been sedulously directed to the exaltation of Allen. The Pope, however, declared that he was quite willing to accede to the wishes of Philip on the matter, but he would give Allen the hat as soon as the expedition was ready to sail.

In the meantime Allen and Persons were busy with tongue and pen. Count Olivares wrote to the King "that they have ready wit

and speech about the affairs of England." "I let it be seen," he says, "that I am pleased to receive these papers, which will be useful when the time comes for considering the matter, without giving them hopes that it will be soon." To find them occupation he commissioned them to draw up a memorandum, which perhaps more than any other document had the fatal effect of sowing discord among English Catholics. It was to prove that Philip's daughter, the Infanta Isabel, was the rightful heir to the throne of England.

After much pressure Sixtus V. created Allen a Cardinal on August 7, 1587, in full expectation that the expedition was at last about to sail. But Philip's incomprehensible policy delayed the matter once more, and it was not till the following year, in the month of July, 1588, that the Invincible Armada left the shores of Spain. With its complete and crushing failure every one is acquainted, and with its failure Cardinal Allen's political life came to an end.

Such is a brief sketch of the story told in this introduction, and told in these pages as far as possible in the *ipsissima verba* of the actors themselves. To the student of history we can commend this survey as admirable in its kind; to the Catholic it will be doubly welcome, from its own intrinsic worth, and as a work which does honour to the body to which he belongs.

Over and above the historical matter, the introduction urges certain views on the Cardinal's position which seem to us to be wanting in completeness. The editor is emphatic in laying down that we cannot hope to take a correct view of Allen's policy unless we divest ourselves of modern notions and regard him from the point of view of his own times. His political action, according to modern ideas, is little short of treason and treachery, but judged by the spirit and canons of those days it will be found perfectly justifiable. He bids us remember that the belief in the deposing power of the Popes was then prevalent throughout the Catholic world, that an heretical prince was only entitled to a forced obedience and submission, that it seemed at that time as if the Catholic religion in England was threatened with total extinction. This is very true; our only difficulty is that there were Catholics in those days, in possession presumably of the same evidence, who took as severe a view of the Cardinal's proceedings as any expressed in modern times. What the strength or importance of that party was we are unable to say; we could have wished the editor had thought good to clear up this point so material to Allen's reputation. That such a party did exist we can infer from the very striking manifestation of loyalty on the part of Catholics during the Armada invasion, and also from a proclamation of Elizabeth's, Nov. 5, 1602, in which she distinguishes between the Jesuits devoted to the King of Spain and combined for the purpose of subverting the throne, and those disobedient subjects who masked themselves under the vizard of pretended conscience. The Jesuits and their followers she orders absolutely to leave the kingdom within thirty days, the other party, in acknowledging their allegiance and duty to her, may expect some measure of relief. There is also a letter in this volume, numbered clxxvii., from a Jesuit

in England to F. Persons, dated Oct. 23, 1587, in which he states that a number of gentlemen were much disturbed by the publication of a book supposed to be from the pen of Allen. The book relates that a certain Catholic gentleman serving in the army of the Queen treacherously handed over the town of Daventry to the Spanish army, and the author proceeds to defend and commend the conduct of the Catholic. This treatise caused so much excitement in the party that the chief men of the Catholic laity drew up an answer to the work utterly repudiating all participation in such sentiments. Such persons would seem scarcely of a spirit to encourage the proceedings of Allen and Persons. Although we bear in mind that Catholics of those days still held to the deposing power of the Pontiff, we must also remind ourselves that most Englishmen were extraordinarily tenacious of the principle of the hereditary succession to the English crown, and the claims of the lawful heir to the throne seemed to them established by an almost divine right.

Whatever may be our opinion about Allen's policy, there can be no two opinions about his large-heartedness, his sympathy with sorrow, his fine feeling, and those high and noble qualities which constitute a king of men. Any one who runs may read all this in the letters before us. Of the letters in this collection by far the most numerous and important are those addressed to F. Alfonso Agazzari, S.J., Rector of the English College in Rome; they number 55 in all. Most of these will be new to the English public. They are full of details of the course of the persecution in England, the everyday reports gathered from priests and disciples, who all seem to have made their way to Allen. One curious feature of these letters is that it gives us one view of the Elizabethan persecution to which we are unaccustomed to meet with in a Catholic account. It was Allen's interest to make light of the perils of the English mission, and he is constantly reminding F. Rector of the striking success of the missionaries, and the impotence and failure of the enemy. In a letter dated Sept. 12, 1583, he declares that the persecution is slackening, as the magistrates are compelled to proceed against certain furious Puritans. This half-year he says he has ordained nineteen priests and sent sixteen on to the mission. One of his priests writes to say that he has reconciled to the Church more than 400 in one province of the kingdom. In a letter, dated Aug. 5, 1584, he writes:—

We have not lost thirty lives during these years of persecution. We have gained over a hundred thousand souls, and we have brought the State and the nation to the point that they must either despair of being able to defend their heresy, or else come to a better view of the situation.

The Jesuits were thinking of retiring altogether from the English mission. Allen implores them

not to give way to the enemy on account of these dangers; if we give the least sign of anything like a serious fear it is all over with us and the State. . . . As far as my own priests are concerned, before God I assure your paternity that they have no fear of these things; and during the fourteen years in which I have been engaged in this work, they have

never been more fervent, more eager, for this contest. During this summer, twenty have left the college; part have gone and landed safely in England, the rest will go this month. And by the zeal and industry of the Catholics in this island, which increases with the fury of the enemy, we have daily new ways and harbours for crossing as well as for returning. They pass backwards and forwards constantly without any danger, nor has any one, as far as I know, been captured during these two months.

And this is the year 1584, in which F. Persons, writing to F. Ribadeneira, declares that "the persecution is most violent, the landing places are guarded with such vigilance than no one can cross or return" (Paris, Sept. 15, 1584). How shall we decide between two such contradictory documents proceeding from the two men of the time best informed on the subject?

The affection and friendship towards F. Agazzari displayed by Dr. Allen in these letters is very remarkable; his confidence in F. Rector is boundless; to him he pours out all his joys and woes, all his warmest feelings of gratitude. Whatever else may be said of F. Agazzari, there was no one more untiring in his efforts to promote and organize the great collection on behalf of the English seminarists; and none recognized this more clearly and gratefully than Dr. Allen. What, however, is difficult to understand is, how so warm, so holy a friendship ever came to be shattered, or how F. Agazzari could ever bring himself to pen those severe words of his on Allen which are to be found in his letter to Persons quoted in the introduction to the "*Douai Diaries*," p. xcvi. It is impossible to explain the affair or to give any colourable cause for the misunderstanding. There is a letter in this collection which throws a good deal of light on the divergency of character of the two men, and seems to indicate that F. Agazzari was a little susceptible and exacting.

Dr. W. ALLEN to F. ALFONSO AGAZZARI, S.J. Reims, 5th August, 1582.
Pax Christi.

Very Rev. Father, and most dear Colleague,—I received the day before yesterday, with the greatest pleasure, your letter written on the 7th July. It was, however, by no means pleasing to find therein that you are too much afflicted at the foolish and seditious sayings about enticing our young men into the Society; and I should never have reported these sayings to you if I had thought they would so wound you, you whose soul ought to be hardened to these things; but they were, indeed, worthless and ridiculous, and refuted on the spot to those who brought them to me. Still, I thought I ought to mention them, so that you might know the common talk among the students. But why, my father, do you speak so anxiously to me on this matter? Why do you bring forward the Confessor, Gilbert, Barret, as witnesses to the sincerity of your action? As if any one in the whole world would be a more willing witness, or better able to uphold your innocence and straightforwardness than your friend Allen. Set your mind to rest about Allen, who, as long as he lives, will never suffer his friend Alphonso to be crushed by calumnies. I know your labours and patience towards us, and these will bring you honour and immortal glory before God and men. Therefore, do not sadden us both, but be strengthened in the Lord, who will return you an

exceeding weight of reward for your good deeds, and for all that you suffer unjustly.

A little later in 1584 F. Alphonsus writes in a very curt way, and in language that sounds to us unfeeling, and declares that he will have nothing more to do with collections for the Seminaries. Surely two more dissimilar characters were never knit together in friendship.

There is one more letter from which we must allow ourselves an extract—one to F. Chancey, Prior of the Carthusians, who complained to Allen that the new seminary priests were not sufficiently equipped with theology for the English mission. In Allen's reply a little light is thrown on the state of the old English clergy.

I never admitted any one to go in and to reconcile sinners and schismatics in all cases but they were XXX yeres old, or not farr under, and many of them much more; and some so well lerned that they might have passed with estimation to any degree of divinitye in our universities when they flourished more than they do now. And nonne be so unfytt but that they have had much more convenient institution in all kind of pastorall doctrine than the common sort of curats had in old tyme, as you may better than I remember their wantt then in manner even of necessary knowledge. And many of the elder sort of priests long since made in England, comming hyther to see our trade, and tarryinge with us some good tyme, will beare us witness in that point of all diligence and industry, and how careful we bee that none passe but well qualified, or with tolerable fourneiture, thowghe (because Mercury cannot be made of every logg) not all of highest witt or learninge.

The Prior had also complained of the unseemly disguises adopted by many of the clergy. He replies—

That any of them go in fethers, I have not muche hard of before; but I am assured they goo not in such comely sort as there holye order requireth; but, alas! they needfully disguise themselves with colours, ruffles, and rapers, and I cannot tell how many waies besyde, which they take to be lawfull in such distresse. And so do both you and I too, I dare say, think it lawfull; for youe have redd, I doubt not, what our doctors and scholmen teache in that case. Sure yt is as old as you bee, and so wise and grave as all the world knoweth you to bee, you might in Flushen, London, or Geneva, or any other such place that is become barbarous by lacke of religion, weare lay apparell (except you have some special exception by your order which I knowe not of), yea, and a fether too, to save your lyfe, or to cover some good purpose entended; thowghe I should laughe to meete you in a fether there. Neverthelesse, I would not counsell the Catholyke preists in England, except yt were in great necessitee, to put themselves into too much disguised geare, leest by lightnesse of outward attyre, there behaviour inward be made lighter.

We lay down this work with the sincere wish and hope that the remaining volumes of the series will in due time see the light. Such works as these stand in the foremost rank of the literature of our country. Their preparation needs nice judgment, rare scholarship, and wide reading. We cannot offer them too warm a welcome or give sufficient encouragement to those who have devoted their labours and talents to so meritorious and honourable a work.

A Bird's Eye View of Irish History. Enlarged and Revised. By Sir CHARLES GAVAN DUFFY, K.C.M.G. Dublin: Duffy. 1882.

SIR CHARLES GAVAN DUFFY has consented to reprint in a handy form that chapter from "Young Ireland" which was so much admired at the time of publication, "A Bird's Eye View of Irish History." The original work has already been reviewed in these pages, and Sir Charles' achievements in the world of politics and of letters are too well known to require any eulogy from his critics. Those who desire to have a concise and brilliant account of Irish History, and who have not the opportunity of turning to the larger work, will find in this volume all that will meet their requirements. A little manual of this sort from one to whose words Englishmen will listen with respect is calculated to do much benefit to the Irish cause in England. Sir C. Gavan Duffy has many qualifications for the task of an Irish historian, and the statements of this little work, though such at times as to take away our breath with horror, will be found corroborated by so calm and impartial an historian as Lecky. The truth is that Englishmen are growing much ashamed of the part we have played in Ireland as governors. For a long time England posed before Europe as the champion of liberty and constitutionalism, and for a time foreign nations reluctantly accepted her in the position; and it is only of late years that they have become aware of the fact that there is a skeleton in our cupboard—that the crimes of misgovernment in Ireland are of a far darker hue than those of the much-decried King Bomba. All this is too clearly and ably set out in the little work before us. For our own part we could have wished in these pages a little less invective against the English. The Irish tale of woe needs no heightening. The simple unaffected narrative is so harrowing, so disgraceful, that even English Catholics can scarcely bear to hear it told. There is, no doubt, some excuse in an Irish historian to go out of his way to give a *tu quoque* to England. Two of the most popular historians of England, Lord Macaulay and Mr. J. A. Froude, bring to the treatment of Irish topics a prejudice and bitterness which at times almost seems to amount to mania. And an Irish writer may be readily excused if he assumes that English readers will be influenced by the party statements of these writers. We are glad to say that this is by no means the case, and it is like flogging a dead horse to enter into a serious refutation of the wild sayings of Mr. Froude.

This little book of two hundred and fifty pages can be read through, as the author hopes it may, during an evening; and once taken up it will not be laid down till it is finished.

Moses and Geology; or, the Harmony of the Bible with Science. By SAMUEL KINNS, Ph.D., F.R.A.S. London: Cassell & Co. 1882.

THIS is a most puzzling book. Ostensibly written for the purpose of reconciling the Bible with science, it is practically a popular sketch of the most striking scientific laws and discoveries,

interspersed with a number of feeble and tawdry religious reflections. The scientific portion is so good, and the reflective portion is so poor, that we are driven to suspect Mr. Kinns of having had a *collaborateur* for the one portion or the other. It seems inconceivable that any one so well acquainted with scientific methods as the author must be, could ever indulge in such commonplace remarks, or parade such pointless personal gossip as disfigure these pages. For instance, after pointing out the number of possible changes that could be rung on a peal of twelve bells, and the number of arrangements that could be set up between the "bits" of a key and the wards of a lock, the following reflections occur to him on concluding the chapter :—

After reading this chapter it may be that the merchant, when he's locking up his safe, will glance at his beautifully-made key, and will on his way home amuse himself with thinking out some of these interesting problems. Or the clergyman, when listening to the charming peal of bells of his church, may recall the number of variations which could be made in relating the order of creative events (p. 17).

Again, on page 358, speaking of the scientific aspect of "memory," he suddenly breaks off into the following rhapsody on a mother's love :—

Can anything be more touchingly beautiful than a mother's love? Will she not suffer anything for her boy? . . . When her gentle teaching is appreciated, and he, prompted by her love, encouraged by her smiles, and aided by her prayers, rises step after step in the achievement of noble deeds which gain for him the esteem and admiration of his fellow-men, how her breast glows with delight; and entering into her closet she falls down before her Heavenly Father and thanks Him from the bottom of her heart that He has given her such a son.

It is then the mothers of England who are the real cause of all its greatness and of all its piety. And can we not be proud of the noble example of our Queen in whom all the domestic virtues have shone forth, that she stands alone in this respect above all those who have ever sat upon England's throne.

Such is the stuff we have to wade through at the beginning and end of each chapter of an otherwise very excellent work. For the scientific part we have nothing but praise. The different points are explained in clear and striking language, and they display a wide reading and grasp of each subject. Of course, as becomes a popular work, there is plenty of response to imaginative appeals. There are ideal sketches of battle royal between pakeolithic monsters, which are, however, becoming a little familiar to most readers. There are other ideal sketches of which we think very highly; the building up of our planet is well suggested on p. 69; the description, too, of the first formation of the ocean is admirably sketched, p. 73. The branch of science best represented seems to be geology, the points being well chosen and most fully illustrated. The inspiration, however, of Hugh Miller is a little too patent throughout the work.

No pains seem to have been spared to make the volume attractive; paper, print, and illustrations have been carefully selected.

The work is a very useful and interesting one, when we get rid of the author's little personal *quodlibets*. Fortunately there is no difficulty in the matter; the difference of style between the twaddle and the science is as clearly marked as the division between the Rhone and the Arve at their junction near Geneva.

Diocesan Histories, York. By GEORGE ORNSBY, M.A., F.S.A., Canon of York and Vicar of Fishlake. With Map. London: Society for Promoting Christian Knowledge. New York: E. & J. B. Young & Co.

FROM the learning and accuracy of Canon Ornsby, whose edition of the "Household Books of Lord William Howard" (in the Surtees Society publications) was criticized in a former number of the DUBLIN REVIEW, we should be quite prepared to expect a very interesting volume in the "Diocesan History of York." In fact, the subject, from St. Paulinus downwards, is one so rich in character and materials, that even a much inferior skill to his could hardly fail of rendering it attractive. What he has done may be described as a popular summary of the annals of the diocese, by an Anglican antiquarian familiar with the sources and with the results presented by recent labourers in the same field.

When we have said this, the reader will pretty well know what to anticipate—a great number of picturesque facts brought together, points adverse to Catholicism given without emphasis, and of necessity the Anglican view presupposed, which regards Archbishops Longley or Thomson as the successors of St. William of York, and the glories of the remoter Catholic past as conventionally their inheritance; ignoring the Catholic present, though by no means, it must be acknowledged, either defending or evading the persecutions sustained by our ancestors in the faith in Tudor or Stuart times. The writer is too kind-hearted and too candid to do that, and we should be glad to quote some pages on that head, which at this moment would be especially telling.

We wish such a book may give a hint to Catholic scholars, of whom we have several highly capable of producing a work of the same literary character as this, but adapted for popular reading among Catholics. In the meantime, it would be well that such students would keep their eye on what is being done in this way by rich and active Protestant societies, like that under whose auspices the volume before us comes out as the first in a series.

The Jesuit Mission of the Zambesi. Letters from the Missionaries. No. 1. Sold for the benefit of the Mission. London: Burns & Oates. 1882.

THE serial publication of letters from the Jesuit Missionaries of the Zambesi, of which the present number is the first instalment, will be hailed with pleasure by all interested in the fate of the Mission, whose early history was sketched in an article in this

REVIEW for January, 1882. The Church has not been slow to turn to her own account the extraordinary series of circumstances by which the attention of the whole civilized world has been directed, during the present generation, to the exploration of Africa. It may be that the future has in store a repetition of the Jewish repudiation of truth, in the apostasy of the chosen people of the New Covenant, as the favoured nations of Europe may be called. It may be, too, that a second perversion may be followed by a second disinheritation, that a new Gentile world may be called to take the place of the old, fallen from its vocation, and that the light which dawned in Bethlehem may pass from continent to continent, leaving in the regions it abandons a yet blacker darkness than that it chased away.

The most superficial glance at what may be termed the geography of religion suffices to show over how small an extent of the habitable earth the evangelical precept of teaching all nations has yet received its complete fulfilment. Europe, outside whose boundaries Christianity has never as yet thriven or prospered extensively or without suffering from the deteriorating influences around it, occupies but a fourteenth portion of the terrestrial surface, and notwithstanding that it bulks so largely in the history of mankind is geographically the most insignificant of the main divisions of the globe. How long this small unit of the earth's area will retain its proud pre-eminence as teacher of the universe is a question for future history to solve, but it is at least safe to predict that forfeiture of its high prerogative will follow at no distant date after it shall have cast away the sceptre fallen to it from the race of Judah, by voluntary abdication of the function of propagator of the Gospel.

And if this be indeed the seed-time of truth for other lands, hitherto left fallow of all spiritual culture, the missionaries of Catholicity are nowhere behindhand in preparing the soil for the harvest of the future. In Africa more especially, where little less than a quarter of the earth's surface has been, until the present generation, practically cut off from all communication with the rest, they are striving against incalculable obstacles to keep ahead of the most advanced outposts of civilization. At what cost of toil and danger, at what sacrifice of precious lives inevitably risked in the cause, this result must be achieved, is strikingly illustrated in the little volume before us.

The Jesuit Mission which started from Grahamstown for the Zambesi in April, 1879, has already, in less than three years, lost five priests and one lay-brother, victims to the insidious climate, and to the hardships of long and racking journeys. Twelve missionaries and eleven brothers are still in the field, scattered over various points of the vast district allotted to them, which extends from the northern boundary of the Transvaal to the tenth parallel of south latitude, and from the twenty-second degree of east longitude to the shores of the Indian Ocean. The first journeys in such an undertaking are necessarily more or less tentative, and the work of the missionaries as yet has been principally the exploration and gradual organization of their vast territory. The difficulties of this preliminary work are summed up in the preface to the present volume of letters.

These men have to be provided with all that is necessary to support life in a wilderness, and to impart the elements of civilization to those around them. They must be conveyed by sea a voyage of six thousand miles, and must then commence a journey of many months over the almost trackless wilderness of Africa, like travellers on the ocean, trusting only in themselves and in Him who made the dry land as well as the sea. All this is but the journey. They have then to build houses and schools, and to support themselves, bringing in yearly from across the seas those European goods of which they have need, and all this without any resource on which to depend, except what they may succeed in raising from the soil, and the gifts of the benevolent at home. Similar works are being attempted under the patronage of richly-founded societies and even of crowned heads, and the means they are able to bring to the task do not exceed the needs. We have but the offerings of those who seek the welfare of humanity, but their number is very great, and we have confidence in their support. It is calculated that about £3,000 a year will suffice to maintain the mission. About half of this sum may be said to be assured to us by the Society for the Propagation of the Faith and the gifts of Catholic friends. It is to secure to us the remaining sum of £1,500 a year that we now appeal to all friends of the abandoned and of the miserable. If this sum is compared with the gigantic sums raised for objects of luxury, and too often of the merest folly, it will seem a very small offering to secure the success of a great enterprise for the regeneration of millions of the human race.

The extreme moderation of the sum asked for gives an idea, when we allow for the large contingent expenses, of the frugality with which the Fathers must live, and of the skilful economy they must practise in tilling the soil, and making the most of the resources of the country itself. Their first station was established at Gubuluwayo, where Lo Bengula, the king of the Matabele, extends to them a certain measure of favour and protection. He has also permitted them to make a halting station and dépôt at Tati on the more direct road to the north. Neither he nor his people, however, show the slightest inclination to receive religious instruction from them, and indeed the Zulu race to which they belong has as yet proved absolutely impenetrable to Christian teachings. Their aversion to it in Matabele land, is, the Jesuits think, in a great degree, owing to dread of the king, who, though personally friendly to the missionaries, is hostile to their doctrines, and has, moreover, a jealous dislike to his subjects acquiring any knowledge which might make him feel his own inferiority. The chief is, according to a letter from Father de Wit in the present series, the visible god of his people, who can make rain, cause drought, and exercise other supernatural powers. They also believe in oracles uttered from caves in the mountains, in witchcraft, and magical incantations. These superstitions, made the pretext for accusations of witchcraft, followed by sentence of death, the only punishment in their code, and by confiscation of cattle, are the true basis of the government of the country, and Lo Bengula, while too shrewd to be a believer in them, recognizes them as the main source of his authority. Hence, "as long as the present rule lasts," says the Father, "there is but little hope of converting the Matabele, and much less the subjugated tribes."

Under these circumstances the Fathers regard their establishments in Matabele land only as bases of supply and communication for still more advanced stations nearer to the Zambesi itself. From Lebotche or Lobossi, king of the Barotse, the powerful tribe occupying the upper valley of that stream, they have already had a favourable reception, and he and his chiefs have sanctioned the establishment of three stations in their territory, one at the present capital, another at Sesheke, the former royal town, and a third at the kraal of Moemba, a tributary chief on the north bank of the river. The Barotse people, among whom they are thus established, enjoy a degree of material civilization far more advanced than that of the surrounding tribes, but if the accounts given by Major Serpa Pinto and Dr. Holub of their recent visits to the country may be trusted, are, in regard to morality, on quite as low a level. The former traveller narrowly escaped from several treacherous attacks on his life while amongst them, and accuses this very king Lobossi of being a party to at least one of them. If the missionaries, however, should succeed in making any impression on this young man, the future of their undertaking would be secured, as he is the most powerful potentate in South Equatorial Africa.

The climate of the Zambesi region is unfortunately a great obstacle to missionary enterprise there. Both the two last-named travellers suffered severely from its effects, and even the seasoned African attendants of Major Pinto were not proof against the fever it engenders. The entire Barotse valley forms the overflow bed of the river, which, in its annual flood, pours through it in a torrent thirty miles wide, leaving it, when it retires, a track of marsh reeking with miasma as it dries. One of the missionaries, Father Terörde, fell a victim to the fever immediately after his arrival at Moemba's kraal, and two of his companions were likewise attacked by it, but recovered. It is to be hoped that a more thorough exploration of the country may bring to light some portion of it less ravaged by this terrible scourge, where missionary stations can be established without further sacrifice of valuable lives.

The writer of the introduction to these letters points out the material advantages likely to follow from the opening up to English manufactures of these vast regions, where he says that, with the exception of the Kebrabasa Rapids above Tete, the water-way is complete from the Indian Ocean to within eighty miles of the Victoria Falls of the Zambesi, and all that is wanted for the regular flow of European commerce up this great river is the establishment of centres of civilization on its banks with open water communication between them. Thus as the pioneers of trade, if on no higher grounds, the Jesuit missionaries of the Zambesi may fairly claim the support of the British public.

Uncle Pat's Cabin ; or, Life among the Agricultural Labourers of Ireland.
By W. C. UPTON. Dublin : M. H. Gill & Son. 1882.

“THE worst fed, worst clad, and worst housed man in the civilized world.” In these words did the Devon Commission, which made its Report in 1847, describe the condition of the Irish agricultural labourer of that time ; and it is to be feared that the description is still only too accurate. Dependent on the farmers for subsistence, the labourers suffered with them in their distress, but have not participated in their prosperity. The Land Act of 1881, indeed, authorizes the advance of public money for the purpose of building labourers’ dwellings ; and another Act of last session gives power to the Land Commission, when an agreement has been concluded between landlord and tenant as to the fair rent of the farm, to make an order providing for the proper accommodation of the labourers employed in its cultivation. These enactments, however, have not as yet effected any amelioration in the labourer’s lot ; and it is with the object of attracting public attention to its miseries that the author of “Uncle Pat’s Cabin” tells his story of Irish life.

Familiarity with the people whom he describes, and strong sympathy with their sufferings, give a reality and earnestness to the work which go far to atone for the absence of dramatic incident. Few, indeed, have a better title to speak for the labourer than the author of “Uncle Pat’s Cabin,” who is, if we are rightly informed, a carpenter in the city of Limerick. For many years he has taken an active part in promoting agitation among the labourers. But the fire has been hard to kindle. The Irish Agricultural Labourers’ Union and the Labourers’ League have both disappeared, and are now represented by the Irish Labour and Industrial Union which was founded in August, 1882, under the presidency of Mr. Parnell, the success of which is not likely to be greater than that of its predecessors. The most painful and dispiriting part of this subject, thrown into strong relief by Mr. Upton’s work, is that the miseries of the labourer proceed from the oppression of men like himself in every respect except one, namely, the accident of fortune whereby they *occupy* instead of *labouring* on a farm. If rackrenting, harsh unfeeling conduct, and appropriation of another’s laborious industry are to be stamped out, some method must be devised to protect the labourer from the exactions of the farmer, as the latter is already protected against those of a rapacious landlord.

The Commercial Restraints of Ireland considered in a Series of Letters to a Noble Lord ; containing an historical account of the affairs of that Kingdom. Dublin, 1779. By JOHN HELY HUTCHINSON, Provost of Trinity College. Re-edited by W. G. CARROLL, M.A. Dublin : M. H. Gill & Son. 1882.

THE republication of these letters after an interval of more than a century has been undertaken with the praiseworthy object of stimulating the revival of native Irish industries. By setting forth

in all its hideousness the record of selfish and cruel legislation whereby the development of trade was hindered in the past, and by reminding Irishmen that they now labour under none of those disabilities, it is hoped that they may be awakened to a sense of the paramount importance of energetic industry. "There are no prohibitions now." Why, then, should not the Irish of to-day resume the manufactures of the seventeenth century, and take their natural place among the producers of the great commercial world? Any attempt to do so will certainly not be thwarted at the present day by legislative restrictions or international jealousies, and the project is well calculated to awaken the sympathy, if not the enthusiasm, of all well-wishers of the country. It is, unfortunately, not so easy to revive as to extinguish the sensitive life of trade; and there are many circumstances which now render it extremely difficult for an agricultural community to take part in the elaborate processes of modern manufactures. In the Provost's letters which were addressed to Lord Buckinghamshire, Lord Lieutenant of Ireland in 1779, the dispassionate reader will find ample proof that two at least of the most important branches of Irish trade were deliberately annihilated. These were the export of cattle, and the manufacture of woollen goods; and the same unworthy motive—jealous dread of Irish prosperity—prompted the interference of England in both cases. At the time of the Restoration Ireland was, according to Hutchinson, extremely poor, "almost the whole property of the kingdom was in a state of the utmost anarchy and confusion;" and even in 1672, when the country had greatly improved, "the manufacture bestowed upon a year's exportation did not exceed £8,000!" The one resource which Ireland then possessed was her cattle trade, and that was taken from her. In 1663 an Act was passed in England "for the encouragement of trade," in which a clause was inserted imposing a penalty of £2 on each head of Irish cattle and 10s. on each sheep imported into England between July and December. The farmers of the West of England thought that the importation of Irish cattle lowered the value of English land; and in 1666 "the Western Parliament men," according to Pepys, "wholly against the sense of most of the rest of the House," carried the Act prohibiting altogether the importation of Irish cattle.

Mr. Froude,* referring to the English policy towards Ireland in 1663, states that the latter country was regarded as a colony to be administered, not for her own benefit, but for the convenience of the mother country. After describing the rapid increase of wealth during the Cromwellian epoch, he proceeds: "Home jealousy took alarm at a growth so rapid. Ireland, if allowed free trade, would, it was feared, undersell England in the world's markets. Profits would fall. The value of real estate would fall. The best artisans would emigrate to a country where land was cheap and living inexpensive. English commerce was about to be ruined for the sake of the unruly island, which was for ever a thorn in her side.

* "The English in Ireland," vol. i. p. 160.

"In the Navigation Act of 1663 Ireland was left out. She had established an independent trade with New England; it was destroyed. All produce of the Colonies sent to Ireland, all Irish produce sent to the Colonies, had first to be landed in England and thence re-shipped in English bottoms. She had established a large and lucrative cattle trade with Bristol, Milford, and Liverpool. It was supposed to lower the value of English farm produce, and was utterly prohibited. Neither cow nor bullock, sheep or pig, fat or lean, might be transported from Ireland to England. Salt beef and bacon, even butter and cheese, lay under the same interdiction."

This certainly presents an unfavourable picture of the paternal legislation of the time. But worse is to come. The Irish had from an early date manufactured rough friezes from the wool of their sheep; but it was not until the period of the Restoration that, all other outlets being prohibited, they turned their attention to the manufacture of broad cloth and woollen goods. This new trade was fostered by the care of James, Duke of Ormond, the Lord Lieutenant of the day, who imported Flemish workmen to instruct the people, and established factories on the most approved principles for the development of this industry. The times, however, were not favourable to commercial activity; and towards the close of the century the total value of manufactured woollens exported in each year amounted to little more than £20,000. The remark, therefore, of the author is perfectly just, that "the apprehensions of England seem rather to have arisen from the fears of future than from the experience of any past rivalry in this trade." But such as it was it was doomed to destruction. More barefaced in its outrageous selfishness even than the destruction of the cattle trade, was the suppression of the woollen manufacture in 1699. The exportation of Irish fleeces had already been prohibited to any country but England. The compulsion thus put upon the Irish to work up their own materials stimulated their manufacturing industry; and blankets, friezes, and woollen cloths were exported in comparatively large quantities. The jealousy and prejudice of English manufacturers interposed to check the nascent industry. The clothworkers of England petitioned the Parliament, the Parliament addressed the king, and the king replied in the ever memorable words, "I shall do all that in me lies to discourage the woollen trade in Ireland, and to encourage the linen manufacture there; and to promote the trade of England." William, ignorant of the nation's needs, or careless of the welfare of the unfortunate island committed to his harsh government, lost no time in fulfilling his nefarious promise. He embodied the substance of the parliamentary addresses in a letter to the Lords Justices, who made what is pleasantly termed a "quicken-speech" to the Irish Parliament. That body, too subservient to protest, too helpless to rebel, bribed by delusive promises of support to their linen trade, assisted in the extinction of the nation's industry. They passed a law imposing an additional duty of twenty per cent. on broad cloth, and of ten per cent. on all new draperies except friezes. The English Parliament in the same year expressly pro-

hibited the exportation from Ireland of all goods made of or mixed with wool, except to England and Wales; and, since the import duties were in these countries practically prohibitive, this measure effectually annihilated *all* foreign trade in Irish woollen goods. It is not to be wondered at that, under these circumstances, the Irish became a "nation of smugglers," and "running the wool," as it was called, superseded legitimate trade.

The letters of Hutchinson abound with proofs of the abject poverty of the country, during "a period of fourscore years of profound internal peace," under "a succession of five excellent sovereigns;" and from this fact he draws the inference, "that a country will sooner recover from the miseries and devastation occasioned by war, invasion, rebellion, massacre, than from laws restraining the commerce, discouraging the manufactures, fettering the industry, and, above all, breaking the spirits of the people.*"

If any excuse can be offered for the restrictive legislation of the English Parliament, it is that its policy was not dictated by any special hatred of Ireland, but was solely due to the instinct of self-preservation, coupled with gross ignorance of all economic causes. Examples are not wanting of similar restrictions imposed on their own country in the interests of particular localities. Thus, by a statute of Henry the Eighth's reign it was enacted that none should make coverlets in Yorkshire but inhabitants of the City of York; and it would be easy to multiply instances of similar legislation. The means employed to encourage trade consisted for the most part of export bounties, and prohibitions of rival industries; while in the woollen trade the ludicrous expedient was adopted at the end of Charles the Second's reign of enacting that all persons should be buried in woollen shrouds.

The restrictions on the woollen trade were partially removed in 1739 by the abolition of the import duties in England upon woollen or bay yarn; but it was not until 1780, the year after the publication of these letters, that the regenerate Irish Parliament obtained "free trade for Ireland,"—not "free trade" in the sense in which the expression is now used, but trade free from the selfish restrictions imposed upon it for the exclusive benefit of England. It cannot be said that the letters of Provost Hutchinson are written in an agreeable style. They are frequently overcharged with rhetoric; and, as a historical statement, their utility is diminished by the total absence of methodical arrangement.

Even those who take no interest in the dry bones of this long-buried question, will yet find themselves repaid by a perusal of the *Life of John Hely Hutchinson*, prefixed to the letters in this volume. He was a prominent figure in the most active period of Irish political life, a brilliant parliamentary debater, the rival of Flood, the friend of Grattan. He persistently advocated the claims of the Catholics, and was an enthusiast on the subject of Irish Free Trade. "*He was,*" according to Grattan, "*the*

* "Commercial Restraints," p. 21.

servant of many Governments, but he was an Irishman notwithstanding." It must be admitted, indeed, that he was one of the most insatiable place-hunters that ever existed. He lived in an atmosphere of intrigue and prosecuted it to some result; for besides the historic office of Provost of Trinity College which he obtained, though neither in Orders, nor a Fellow, nor even a man of learning, he secured the Prime Serjeantcy with an extra salary of £500 a year, the sinecure post of Alnager worth £1,000 a year, and a reversionary grant of the Principal Secretaryship of State. He was also Searcher of Strangford, and major in a cavalry regiment, a post which, when threatened with court-martial for non-attendance to duty, he sold forthwith for £3,000. So notorious was his rapacity that Lord North said of him that, if he were made a present of England and Ireland, he would immediately ask for the Isle of Man for a potato-garden.

A Guide to Modern English History. By WILLIAM CORY. Parts I. and II. C. Kegan Paul, Trench & Co.

IT appears that some years ago it fell to the lot of Mr. Cory to instruct in English History a foreign guest, not a Christian nor a European, who was at the time preparing for an examination at one of the Inns of Court. This was the origin of the present work, and accounts for much that is curious in it. In adapting statements to so remote a mind, Mr. Cory was led to explain many terms which, in ordinary books, are assumed to be understood; in point of fact, he had to begin with the very rudiments of the subject. And so, in these volumes, which by no means affect an elementary character, a great many things appear which surely can only be required by the beginner in historical studies. Thus, at page 6, Mr. Cory explains at some length why "it is customary among diplomatists to speak of the State as though it were embodied in a crowned man—His Britannic Majesty." At page 21, he thinks it necessary to intimate, in a foot-note, that "Teutonic" means "Germanic," and at page 155 there is another note to interpret the signification of autonomy. These are a few instances out of many of our author's condescension to readers of low intellectual estate. On the other hand, his pages bristle with epigrams and other literary pyrotechnics, quite unsuitable for the elementary student, for fireworks are the worst things in the world for seeing by. Hence his work, although not without considerable merit, cannot be entitled to a favourable judgment as a whole, according to any known canons of literary composition. It is one of those

Unfinish'd things one knows not what to call,
Their generation's so equivocal.

It is too pretentious for the schoolroom and too humble for the library. It produces upon the reader's mind the same effect as is produced in domestic life by the premature assumption of virility by adolescence.

Now, of all stages of human existence the least tolerable is the hobbledehoy stage.

Still there are good things—plenty of good things—in Mr. Cory's two volumes. Take some of his smart sayings for example: "When there is a knot in English politics, Whigs fumble over it, Tories cut it, or try to cut it" (vol. i. p. 213). Lord Grey's "pride which saved him from vanity did not disgust him with other people's vanity" (vol. ii. p. 33). Lord Brougham "certainly encouraged others who were competent to work out schemes; he was as one who travels for a manufacturing firm and shows samples" (vol. ii. p. 39). Lord Palmerston "made England his first violin in the European concert" (vol. ii. p. 249). "In 1784 the East India Company was more like a ruler than a merchant, but no one could say when the merchant ended and the ruler began" (vol. ii. p. 339). Let us, however, in justice to Mr. Cory, quote one or two longer passages in which his vigour, terseness, and piquancy are specially manifested. First take the following description of the Duke of Wellington for whose great qualities he has a just but discriminating admiration:—

The English general who stood first without a rival was the Duke of Wellington. He was probably the greatest man that ever was sincerely content to serve. During his fifty years of conspicuous public life, he accepted every opportunity of serving the State as naturally as a horse takes food, and he conformed to all law and all social obligation just as if he had no self-love. He never set up for a statesman, but in giving counsel and in getting things done he surpassed those Englishmen and those foreigners who made it their business to frame and execute a policy. If he had been enthusiastic, he could not have been more daring; if he had been trained in philosophy, he could hardly have been more judicious. So far from being an enthusiast or a philosopher, he was substantially a man of pleasure, and he was not without hardness of heart. It cost him no effort to be perfectly truthful, although he could not always so completely rule his tongue or his pen as not to scold or scoff a little more than he intended. Though not a professor of friendship, he was attached to his like-minded master in politics, Lord Castlereagh; and when the meeting of Parliament compelled the First Commoner to go home, he took his place at Vienna just as one partner succeeds another in trading. For sitting in council with the envoys, and for holding interviews with those monarchs who interfered with the envoys of the Great Powers, the Duke of Wellington had one special qualification which no one else, not even Lord Castlereagh, could share; he was the friend of France. Once when he went to a French theatre he was applauded; a French lady was rebuked for clapping her hands by a fellow-countryman, who said to her, "Don't you know that he has always beaten us?" and she answered, "Yes; but he has always beaten us like a gentleman." He had refused to take advantage of traitorous intrigue when French malcontents offered help against Soult, their leader. He had sent home his froward allies when they plundered French villages. He had compelled, with gentle reasoning, the son of the Bourbon who claimed the French crown to desist from premature rebellion against the provisional government which came between Napoleon and Louis. He was well acquainted with this Louis, the first Frenchman that ever understood English institutions; and he was on terms of friendship, not

of entangling intimacy, with M. Talleyrand, the inimitably clever representative of the new French monarchy (vol. i. p. 10).

Next let the reader peruse our author's very happy sketch of Mr. Peel, whose "authoritative intellect" he justly ranks very high, and whom, indeed, he deems "to have been well called the greatest Member of Parliament":—

By listening to Mr. Peel, his contemporaries were instructed rather than persuaded. He was to them as a guardian to his wards, or as a craftsman to apprentices. He was so cold and yet so sensitive; so haughty and so candid withal—such a corner-stone of party government, yet so broadly patriotic, that he could be accepted as the sponsor for a governing class, not to be disowned by it when it judged for itself. He was a plebeian Tory with high refinement. In his youth he had missed the encyclopædic training of a Horner or a Hallam. But in three cases out of four he knew a thing just in time, after it was known to the philosophers, before it was known to the empirics; and when he avowed his new lesson, sensible Britons had to stand in a row as his class-fellows. In later life he used to name Mr. Huskisson as his teacher. From him he learnt the art of political economy; but not from him, nor from any clever man whose cleverness was dominant over character, did he learn the more sublime act of guiding freemen in questions of right and wrong (vol. i. p. 211).

This last extract, we think, presents Mr. Cory at his best. If the reader wants to see him at his worst, or very nearly at his worst, he may refer to his account of O'Connell (see vol. ii. *passim*), or to the estimates of Irish history and the Irish character which crop up from time to time in his pages, or to his appreciation of the sources of mediæval history—"hearsay carried by mendicants and received by monks—is not this the stuff out of which mediæval history is woven?"—in answer to which question we may refer him to Mr. Freeman and Professor Stubbs, meanwhile recommending to his careful consideration the ancient saw "Ne sutor." Upon a similar level are his literary judgments. Thus he writes of Samuel Taylor Coleridge—perhaps the most subtle and many-sided intellect England has ever produced—"Had his fragmentary books been read, or his uncouth monologues listened to (*sic*) by men of his own age, concerned in affairs, he would have seemed to them, not without reason, a solemn mountebank" (vol. i. p. 128); while of Wordsworth he judges that "the latest of his fresh and genuine poems was written on the death of Mr. Fox in 1806" (vol. i. p. 136, note), after which date he discerns in his verse nothing "fresh or spontaneous," but mere "persevering iteration." It would be mere waste of our time and of our readers' to criticize such criticism.

Jesus of Nazareth ; embracing a Sketch of Jewish History to the Time of His Birth. By EDWARD CLODD, Author of "The Childhood of the World," &c. London : C. Kegan Paul & Co. 1880.

IN reviewing Mr. Clodd's "*Childhood of Religions*,"* we remarked that the work contained only indirect allusions to the history of the Jewish people and of the rise of Christianity, and we urged that no theory of the history of religions could be a sound one unless it gave a consistent account of the place of Christianity and Judaism among the religions of the world. Our attention has since been called to the introductory chapters of a more recent work of Mr. Clodd's, in which he presents the story of Israel in the light of his theory of the development of religions from a primitive fetichism and native worship. We shall not attempt to review the book in detail, nor indeed need we say much upon its main subject. There is little in the book that is new. Mr. Clodd lays no claim to originality ; he seeks chiefly to put in popular form the views of the sceptical critical school, and draws freely on well-known works, ranging from Kuenen's "*Religion of Israel*" and Goldziher's "*Mythology of the Hebrews*," to Ernest Renan's "*Vie de Jésus*" and Mr. Matthew Arnold's "*Literature and Dogma*." Catholic critics have had something to say to the theories of these writers and others like them, and we do not feel called upon to summarize these criticisms as a reply to a summary of the semi-mythic theory of Biblical interpretation. The second part of Mr. Clodd's book has been, moreover, already spoken of in our pages. We are chiefly concerned here with the first part, and this in its bearing upon our article on "*The Childhood of Religions*." First we quote a few words from Mr. Clodd's preface :—

The object of this book (he says) is to present in a compendious form a sketch of the life and teaching of Jesus of Nazareth, viewed from a purely historical standpoint. As such a treatment of the matter requires that some explanation of the conditions out of which He arose, should be substituted for the pre-natal legends concerning Him, the story of His race is traced from the dawn of history to the time of His birth. . . . The book, which is neither a simple history for children nor an exhaustive treatise, will probably be found of service to those who, unable to follow in detail the methods of modern criticism, are eager to know what it has to offer as a consistent and adequate explanation of the career of Jesus.

What Mr. Clodd means by the treatment of the life of our Lord from "a purely historical standpoint" amounts to this :—He rejects the Fourth Gospel and whatever portions of the three others will not fit into his theory : he rejects all the miracles of our Lord, explaining away as "couched in figures of speech" His own appeal to those miracles as proof that He was the Messiah : † he rejects in

* DUBLIN REVIEW, Oct. 28. ‡

† In His reply to the Baptist's message, pp. 286, 287. At p. 337, in a sort of plea in extenuation of the conduct of the priests and Pharisees, we read :—"The account which has been given of their ideas concerning a Messiah show how utterly he failed to answer to these, giving no proof in miracle or sign of a Divine

the same way the Messianic interpretation of the prophecies, tells about the "second Isaiah," and makes the book of Daniel a work of the Macchabean period. After this he is only consistent in rejecting all our Lord's own prophecies. Of the resurrection we have not a word—no attempt is made to tell us how the belief in it arose, nor are we even told that the apostles had that belief, a belief strong enough to change them from the timid men who fled at Gethsemane, to the confessors who gladly faced a hostile Sanhedrim. There are a few words about "Paul," but we are not told how the persecutor became an apostle. We have here no consistent explanation either of the career of Jesus or of the immediate effects of that career. If Mr. Clodd's methods are the "methods of modern criticism," so much the worse for the so-called critics. Perhaps for criticism we should read scepticism. Criticism must run on hard and fast lines, abide by the recognized canons of logically self-consistent proof, and distinguish between facts and theories. Above all, it must never elevate a favourite theory into a touchstone for the facts, so that if an alleged fact or a text is against it, the *primâ facie* conclusions shall be that the assertion is a false one and the text spurious.

Naturally with the same "methods" much of the Old Testament history is dismissed into the realm of myth and legend. The historical value of the book of Genesis is regarded as almost *nil*. It is a mass of traditional legends, and in these legends Mr. Clodd finds traces of a barbarous, half-fetichist nature-worship of the forefathers of Israel. "Like every other race of mankind," he tells us, "they had risen by slow steps from a savage state" (p. 3). This is precisely a point to be proved both in the general and in the particular. Again, when we find them in Egypt, they were still "rude and warlike in their habits and coarse in their beliefs and customs." Is this true? Surely even if the stories of the patriarchs were but legends they would afford internal evidence that they were the traditions of a peaceful, law-abiding people. Lot and Abraham separate to avoid a quarrel among their herdsmen, Jacob rebukes his sons for a deed of vengeance over which a warlike people would have sung a traditional song of triumph. We are told of the early god El Shaddai, and the later God Jehovah, and there is much about Jewish polytheism, though the main proof alleged for it is that there were several different names for God—yet these names all apply to one God as readily and naturally as our own names, God, the Lord, the Almighty, and the rest. The Jewish practice of

mission, and content to teach, argue, reprove, and denounce." This seems to suggest that our Lord refused to work miracles. The very fact that the Messiah was expected to work miracles would, one would think, suggest that our Lord's reply to the Baptist was not "couched in figures of speech." The fact is it is impossible to cut the miracles out of our Lord's life and then give any clear account of it. As to the refusal of His enemies to be convinced by His miracles, it would be a little difficult to understand, if we had not miracles occurring in our own day, the proofs of which as facts rest on ordinary common-sense evidence, and yet men are found who disbelieve in their occurrence without having taken the trouble to look at the evidence.

not pronouncing the name of Jehovah is alleged as a relic of savagery (p. 8), being traced to "the dislike which causes savages to shrink from uttering the names of superhuman beings." After all, does not this mean that savages are men, with feelings of awe and reverence, which, acting in higher ways, made the Jew pronounce Adonai instead of Jehovah, makes the Christian often avoid the over-frequent use in conversation of the holy name of Jesus, and makes us all shrink from risk of the light or disrespectful use of the name of any one we love or respect? Mr. Clodd concedes with Kuenen and against Goldziher that this name of Jehovah is not a late development, that it is "not post-Mosaic" (p. 366), and he adds, "Its connection, now generally admitted, with the verb *to be* justifies the interpretation attached to it in Exodus iii. 14, 'I am that I am,' by which may be understood 'He that is,' or as including the being 'whose verb has no tenses,' the 'eternal.'" He suggests, but with some hesitation, parallels with the "I am who I am" of the Zend-Avesta (which, it should be added, is in any case posterior to the adoption of the name of Jehovah in Israel) and the *nuk pu nuk*, "I am he who I am," of the Egyptian "Book of the Dead."

The last word (he concludes) has not been spoken on this matter, perhaps it never will be; but that a semi-barbarous people like the Israelites evolved, while in the polytheistic stage of development (?), the philosophical ideas of "being" ultimately connected with Jehovah, is in accordance neither with psychology nor history. The impulse in this direction seems to me to have come from Egypt through Moses, who, consciously or not, could scarcely remain unaffected by contact with a religion under whose symbols the conception of a Highest appears traceable (pp. 366, 367).

Unfortunately for this theory, the interpretation of *nuk pu nuk* as "I am he who I am," is at least very doubtful. It is rejected by as competent an authority as Mr. Le Page Renouf in his Hibbert Lectures on the Religion of Egypt. Here, then, the denial of a revelation raises difficulties, which vanish only if we allow that the "semi-barbarous" (?) Israelites had teachers whose knowledge was not all merely human.

Of course no theory of the development of religions could be complete without the sun-myth. Jehovah accordingly is asserted to have been originally a sun-god, the golden bulls of Bethel were symbols of His worship, He was appeased by human sacrifices—bold assertions, which those, at whose feet Mr. Clodd has sat, have tried to prove, but without convincing many. All through we cannot help feeling that Mr. Clodd is very much at the mercy of his guides. Wherever they are fairly in agreement he gives their conclusions as confidently as if no other theory were known to "modern criticism."* Yet in not a few cases the names of some of the first

* Take an instance. Mr. Clodd is showing how a name misunderstood may suggest a myth, and says:—"In a famous legend which grew around the Tower of Babel, the Hebrew narrator mistook that name, which signifies 'Gate of God' for the verb 'balbel,' meaning 'to confound' (p. 6). Now have we here a mistake of the 'Hebrew narrator' or of the 'modern critic?' *Bab ilu* or *Bab-él*, the 'Gate of God,' was certainly the later popular etymology of the name of

critics in Europe might be cited against the views he interprets. There are "modern critics," and among them Oriental scholars of the first rank, who accept the Pentateuch as a body of sound historical documents, and in support of their position appeal to the wonderful light thrown upon it by the results of researches in the old cities on the Tigris, the Euphrates, and the Nile, researches that would long ago have torn into fragments a mere body of tradition compiled and retouched to suit the views of a priestly school long centuries after the period to which it purported to relate. It is curious to note how often the very objections of hostile critics have been the means of setting in a stronger light the proofs to be drawn from modern discoveries in the East. Voltaire laughed at the idea of the metal work of the tabernacle being made in the desert. Had not skilful artists told him that the execution of such work would require the furnaces and other apparatus of a regular foundry? We now know that at the period of the Exodus there existed, in the peninsula of Sinai, the furnaces and works of an Egyptian mining colony. Again, the Elamite monarchy of Chodorlahomor (whose raid upon the south of Canaan led to Abraham's overcome) was supposed to have no possible place in history, to be the result of a bad guess of a late writer. But we have now the very seals of Elamite kings of his race with names constructed on the same principle as his own.* How are we to account for the fact that of all early national records those of Israel alone have *not* been dissolved into myth and fable by the new light that in our day has been flung upon the very beginnings of human history?

And now a word upon the bearing of this book upon the theory put forward in our article on the "Childhood of Religions." Our position was briefly this:—In all religions, of which we possess documents sufficient to enable us to reconstruct their history, the tendency is not one of development in the direction of the idea of

Babylon, but this no more proves that it was the original derivation of the name than the local etymologies of Liver-pool or Maid-stone explain the names of these English towns. The Hebrew narrator calls the tower by its traditional name, and gives an interpretation which connects the name with its origin. The rules of Assyrian word-formation give us a clue to the formation of the word, and thus strongly support the explanation given in Genesis. In Assyrian we frequently find words formed by reduplicating the first letter of the root where in Hebrew and Arabic the whole syllable is reduplicated. Thus Assyrian *qaqadu*, head, corresponds to the Hebrew *qôdôd*; *qaqqaru*, surface of the earth=Arabic, *qarqar*, soft level ground. Thus *Babel*, formed on the same principle, would be correctly referred to the corresponding Hebrew *balbel*. We have the word in Assyrian in the form *bibil*, and M. Opport and other recognized authorities are cited by M. Vigouroux (*La Bible et les découvertes modernes en Assyrie et en Egypte*, vol. i. pp. 268, &c.) in support of this view. He also quotes from M. Opport and others various instances of the changing etymologies given to the names of cities in the East, generally with a view to make the name a more boastful one. "The Gate of God" might well be the later title of a city whose earliest name meant simply confusion.

* *I.e.*, having for their first elements Kudur or Chodar as:—Kudur-nakundi, Kudurmabuk. The second part of the name of Chodolahomor has been identified with that of Lagamar, an Elamite god named in the inscriptions of Assurbanipal. Cf. George Smith, "History of Assurbanipal," p. 228.

one God, but a tendency towards degradation. Thus, for instance, in Persia and India the earlier religion was most undoubtedly higher and purer than the later, and equally striking evidence might be derived from the religion of Egypt. As time goes on we see the gods multiplied, not reduced to unity, the practice of fetichism goes hand-in-hand with the growth of polytheism. In the face of these facts monotheism looks a more probable beginning for religion than the alleged primitive fetichism and rude nature-worship. After carefully reading Mr. Clodd's "sketch" we see no grounds for modifying this argument. From what we know of other peoples, we should, apart from revelation, be quite prepared to find that the forefathers of Israel were monotheists, and there is good positive proof of this, which has been very fully and clearly stated by competent writers; * that there was not a little idolatry among the Jews at various times we freely grant. We have already, in our article, urged this as a proof of their tendency to degradation in religion, against Mr. Clodd's theory of developments. But whatever was the early religion of Israel, the fact remains that there and there alone a monotheistic worship arose and endured for centuries, while all around the peoples of the ancient world were multiplying their gods and inventing new forms of fetichism and demonolatry. From that people of Israel the monotheistic tradition was handed on to Christianity. And it is to Jewish and Christian influence that Islam, the third monotheistic religion of the world, owes its central doctrine. Outside of this tradition no monotheistic worship has arisen. Wherever else we find in a religion the idea of unity, it is a pantheistic unity perfectly compatible with a polytheistic worship. Nowhere else do we find anything like the Jewish and Christian doctrine of the one personal God. All "developments" have a contrary tendency. These are facts for which plain evidence exists, and they at least suggest that there is some probability in the belief that Jew and Christian owe their faith in one God, a faith that has lived through the storms of more than thirty centuries, to acts by which that God made himself known to His children, instead of leaving them "groping blindly in the darkness."

Fusti Apostolici: a Chronology of the Years between the Ascension of Our Lord and the Martyrdom of S. Peter and S. Paul. By the Rev. W. H. ANDERSON, of the Society of Jesus. London: Kegan Paul, Trench & Co. 1882.

THIS little volume is a chronicle of the years of the Apostolic preaching, and will be found of no small help to the study of the Acts of the Apostles. It will be of assistance also to a wider circle of readers, since its brief and methodical text synchronizes the chief incidents of both sacred and profane history during those thirty-six years. An abundant supply of notes furnishes sufficient details or

* An excellent summary of the argument will be found in M. Vigouroux's work, *La Bible et les découvertes modernes en Egypte et en Assyrie*, vol. ii. pp. 307, &c.

references for purposes of the student ; and for the amount of elucidatory and historical matter brought together in them by the industry of the author, students ought to feel very grateful. As a "help" to Bible study, it is a move in the right direction. It will come to pass in due time, let us hope, that men of Father Anderdon's culture and ability will supply the Catholic Scripture student with such guides, helps, &c., as he is now too frequently obliged to borrow from the Protestant press.

A Memoir of the Life and Death of the Rev. Father Augustus Henry Law, S.J. Part II. London: Burns & Oates. 1882.

WE would refer to the notice we gave of the first part of this Memoir in our number of April last year ; the welcome we then gave we now cordially extend to the second part just published. For any further recommendation of it we shall refer to a few lines from no less a pen than that of Cardinal Newman, which form an introduction to the present volume. We take the liberty of quoting them :—

The Oratory, January 29, 1882.

MY DEAR MR. LAW,

Thank you for your most interesting memorials of your son. There is not a word too much in them, as you fear. This is a favour we are not often given, to be able to follow year by year the formation of a saintly mind. How God has blessed you in giving you such a son ! It is a consolation for much suffering, and a sort of pledge of other mercies yet to come,

Most truly yours,

The Honourable W. T. Law.

JOHN H. CARDINAL NEWMAN.

The present volume is made up, as was the former one, of letters written home from sea, and of extracts from the diary which the young sailor seems faithfully to have kept. "The second part of the Memoir comprises the last five years of Augustus Law's service in Her Majesty's Navy ; records his conversion to the Catholic Church ; shows his manner of life on board ship, and at home when on leave, as a Catholic officer during his last eighteen months of service ; and concludes with his entrance upon the Novitiate of the Society of Jesus at Hodder in January, 1854, in the twenty-first year of his age."

The Life of Leon Papin Dupont, the Holy Man of Tours. (Library of Religious Biography, edited by EDWARD HEALY THOMPSON.) London: Burns and Oates. 1882.

WHATEVER may be the opinions of devout Catholics in regard to the devotion to the Holy Face of Our Blessed Saviour, there can be no dispute about the interest and edification of the life of M. Dupont. Mr. Healy Thompson's volume is not a mere translation of the Abbé Janvier's work. It is an original compilation, written in that well-known style of devout suggestiveness and literary excellence which characterize the writer's former volumes of religious biography. M.

Dupont, as far as one can see, will be one day a canonized Saint. He died only six years ago, and he is, therefore, a man of the present generation. Many who knew him are still living, and we venture to say that most of them will be astonished by reading his history. No one seems to have been more astonished than the Abbé Janvier himself. He was a personal friend of M. Dupont, who always treated him with a certain degree of intimacy, and he did not think it would be a difficult task to write his biography. But when he came to handle the materials, to enumerate works, to compare dates, and to read through the fifteen hundred letters which he has left, he very quickly saw that he was in the presence of a personality very far out of the common. Many friends and even casual visitors have been edified by his simple, natural piety and strong grasp of the supernatural, and the short account of a visit paid to M. Dupont, quoted from a letter of the Right Rev. Abbot Sweeney, O.S.B. (p. 245), is a good illustration of the way in which he impressed serious and capable observers. But his *Life* fully drawn out shows him in a very different light indeed. In reading it we find, no doubt, just that mixture of devout audacity with supernatural principle which it is not unusual to call "exaggeration;" but any one who knows the lives of the Saints will hesitate before he uses the word here. As to the rest, the *Life* is full of devout thought and touching stories. Not the least absorbing episode is the history of the discovery and restoration of the Abbey Church of the great Abbey of St. Martin of Tours.

The Temple: Sacred Poems and Private Ejaculations. By Mr. GEORGE HERBERT. Facsimile reprint of First Edition of 1633. Third Edition with Introductory Essay by J. HENRY SHORTHOUSE. London: T. Fisher Unwin. 1882.

FACSIMILE editions are much in vogue, and those who care for such curiosities will be much pleased with this. In its way it leaves nothing to be desired. Not only have we the quaint old type and obsolete spelling, but the volume is "as close an imitation as possible of the original in size, in binding, and in the colour and texture of the paper." Surely imitation could no further go!

The short preface to the First Edition of the reprint has here given way to an Introductory Essay from the pen of the author of "John Inglesant." Perhaps we have not quite fathomed what this Essay is intended to show, but as we understand it, it contains two leading statements: that George Herbert was a true Church of England man, "the religious fopperies of Romanism and the slovenly attire of Dissent" being equally distasteful to him, and in the second place that a certain "exquisite refinement" of which "George Herbert is a type," is one "note of the Church" (of England); and that a certain "religious sympathy with flowers," which George Herbert also possessed, is another "note of the true Church." In support of these statements, he claims for Donne, Wotton, Wither, Quarles, Henry Vaughan Ferrar, and George Herbert, that "these men were the true founders of the Church of England." That

George Herbert should have thrown off his sword and silk clothes to become a parson at a time when parsons were not honoured of society, and live for the remainder of his life among uncouth villagers, Mr. Shorthouse fancies was "a nobler crusade than the world had, well-nigh, ever seen."

True Wayside Tales. By LADY HERBERT. Second Series. London : R. Washbourne. 1883.

THE True Tales of this second instalment abundantly illustrate the proverb that truth is stranger than fiction. One's exclamation after reading each tale is—if it is true it is wonderful; and Lady Herbert assures us of their truth. Each story points a moral: "the danger of ill-regulated affection," "bad effect of spoiling children," "the dangers attending beauty," &c., and we can safely assert, after reading them all, that they are very attractive and useful reading. They form indeed that most difficult of things to get—a "good" book that has the fascination of romance. Young people will read the book with avidity, and it is not in the nature of things that they can read it without being touched. That God is good and that sin is evil, are simple lessons enough, but when preached by these strange incidents from real life they go home to the heart with new vividness and force. Lady Herbert deserves well of the Catholic public for the "True Wayside Tales." We have read them with pleasure and thank her for them.

Science without God. By H. DIDON. Translated from the French by ROSA CONDER. London: Kegan Paul & Co. 1882.

THIS is a fairly executed English translation of a portion of the Conferences of the eloquent Dominican preacher, Père Didon. Only those who cannot read the original will have recourse to such sermons as these in a translation. Rhetorical reasoning nearly always fails to satisfy; but in a first-rate *confrencier* this partial failure is redeemed by a certain luminous intensity which raises ideas and intuitions quite as valuable to personal conviction as the most mathematical reasoning. But a translation is apt to mar the fineness of the lines, and to blur the keen word-etchings of a great artist in language. We cannot say that this translation does *justice* to Père Didon. But it is better than nothing. The Conferences themselves are, as many of our readers know, expositions of serious and lofty problems connected with God and the human soul—Science, Pantheism, Faith, Scepticism, God's existence. The reasoning is good and just; but it is much more than that; it is persuasive and penetrating. The author has the gift of calling out the heart's sympathy; and in these elementary matters which concern the deep foundations of man's being, this sympathy is itself the most powerful argument—at least, for the person who feels it.

LIST OF BOOKS RECEIVED.

"Notes of a Visit to the Russian Church in the years 1840-1841." By the late William Palmer, M.A. Selected and arranged by Cardinal Newman. London: Kegan Paul & Co. 1882.

"Elements of Ecclesiastical Law." By Rev. S. B. Smith, D.D. Vol. II. Ecclesiastical Trials. New York: Benziger Bros. 1882. [We await the arrival of Vol. I. of this important work, to give it the lengthened attention it deserves.]

"Life and Times of St. Anselm, Archbishop of Canterbury, and Primate of the Britains." By Martin Rule, M.A. 2 vols. London: Kegan Paul & Co. 1883.

"A History of the Papacy during the Period of the Reformation." By M. Creighton, M.A. 2 vols. London: Longmans. 1882.

"Atlas Archéologique de la Bible." Par M. L. Cl. Fillion. Lyons and Paris: Delhomme & Briguët. 1883.

"Persia," an Essay in Greek. By Lancelot Dowdall, M.A. Cambridge: Jones & Piggott. 1881.

"Social Life in the Reign of Queen Anne, taken from Original Sources." By John Ashton. 2 vols. London: Chatto & Windus.

"Egypt: Native Rulers and Foreign Interference." By Baron De Malortie. London: William Ridgway. 1882.

"The Doctrine of Last Things contained in the New Testament, &c." By Samuel Davidson, D.D., LL.D. London: Kegan Paul & Co.

"The Life of Jonathan Swift, Dean of St. Patrick's, Dublin." By Henry Craik, M.A. London: John Murray. 1882.

"A Catholic Priest and Scientists." By J. W. Vahey. New York: Benziger Brothers.

"The Works and Words of Our Saviour." By Henry James Coleridge, S.J. (Quarterly Series). London: Burns & Oates. 1882.

"The Life of Mary Ward." By Mary Catherine Elizabeth Chambers, of the Institute of the Blessed Virgin. Edited by Henry James Coleridge, S.J. Vol. I. London: Burns & Oates. 1882.

"Raphael; his Life and Works." By J. A. Crowe and G. B. Cavalcaselle. Vol. I. London: John Murray. 1882.

"The Mirror of True Womanhood." By the Rev. Bernard O'Reilly, L.D. Dublin: M. H. Gill & Son. 1883.

"Historical Portraits of the Tudor Dynasty and the Reformation Period." By S. Hubert Burke. Vol. III. London: John Hodges. 1883.

Besides several Books of Devotion and Spiritual Reading, and others.

THE DUBLIN REVIEW.

APRIL, 1883.

ART. I.—DENIS FLORENCE MACCARTHY.

1. *Poems*. By DENIS FLORENCE MACCARTHY. Dublin: Gill & Son. 1882.
2. *Calderon's Dramas*. By D. F. MACCARTHY. London: 1853.
3. *Mysteries of Corpus Christi*. From the Spanish of CALDERON DE LA BARCA. By D. F. MACCARTHY. Dublin: James Duffy, 1867.
4. *Shelley's Early Life*. By D. F. MACCARTHY. London: 1872.
5. *History of Spanish Literature*. By GEORGE TICKNOR. Boston: 1872.

SELDOM has a writer's name been transferred from the list of those still living and active among their contemporaries, to the ever-growing roll of past celebrities, amid such a universal feeling of regret, as that evoked by the recent death of Denis Florence MacCarthy. While Ireland has lost in him one of the most graceful of her lyrists, his large circle of intimates deplore a friend endeared to them, not more by his brilliant intellectual endowments than by the genial sympathies of his nature. For the gift of song was not in his case counterbalanced by the extravagance of feeling or action which too often accompanies it, and was rather the crowning harmony of a finely tuned mind, than the wild note of undisciplined fancy setting all the other strings ajar. This immunity of his nature from the flaws of the poetic temperament is shared by his writings, and the strain of morbid feeling and fantastic exaggeration of thought affected by many modern bards finds no echo in his simple and manly verse. The quality of directness, as opposed to vagueness of expression, he shares with the greatest poets, and its increasing rarity in

modern letters adds to our regret for one who belonged to the old school of definite thought, and did not attempt to follow the new, in its gropings after utterance amid a maze of subtle ambiguities of diction.

Mr. MacCarthy's biographers find little to say of his early life, save that it was principally passed in Dublin, where he was born in Lower Sackville Street, on May 26th, 1817. Like Moore a town-bred bard, he was unlike his brilliant countryman in receiving his most vivid impressions from external nature; and the love of all its shifting pageantry—of spring promise, and summer sweetness—is the strongest sentiment traceable in his verse. No doubt the very novelty of his rural experiences gave them an added zest, while they were not so absolutely excluded from his life as to fail altogether to count among the influences affecting it. For the inhabitant of the Irish metropolis is not, like the Londoner, hopelessly imprisoned in an impassable wilderness of brick and mortar, but has the country freshness and fairness within easy reach of him on all sides. Nor is the beautiful Bay of Dublin, with its sweeping curves of shore and headland, and bold outline of mountain background, less worthy to nurse a poet's fancy than the lake-gems of the Perthshire Highlands, or the placid meres that mirror the green fells of Westmoreland. Indeed, the Irish poet, with the fond partiality of patriotism, gives his native bay the palm over scenes even fairer than these, and in the following stanzas asserts its pre-eminence in beauty over those hyacinth-blue crescents of sea held in laughing embrace by the shores of Campania the Blest:—

But now that I have been to view
 All, even Nature's self can do,
 And from Gaeta's arch of blue
 Borne many a fond memento;
 And from each fair and famous scene,
 Where beauty is, and power hath been,
 Along the golden shores between
 Misenum and Sorrento;
 I can look proudly in thy face,
 Fair daughter of a hardier race,
 And feel thy winning, well-known grace,
 Without my old misgiving;
 And as I kneel upon thy strand,
 And kiss thy once unvalued hand,
 Proclaim earth holds no lovelier land
 Where life is worth the living.

While the poet's taste for natural beauty was thus early formed on his native scenery, in his boyhood, too, was laid the foundation of those studies which coloured his subsequent literary

career. During his school-days in Dublin, from a learned ecclesiastic, who had spent much of his time in Spain, and was afterwards a Catholic bishop in an English colony, he first acquired the knowledge of Spanish, which he was destined later to turn to such good account.

His poetic faculty began to develop early, and his first verses were published in April, 1834, before he had completed his seventeenth year. To the *Dublin Satirist*, the journal in which they appeared, he continued to contribute, both in prose and verse, during the two following years.

In 1842 was founded the *Nation* newspaper, as the mouth-piece of the political aspirations, which in Ireland, as throughout continental Europe, began to stir and vibrate in the social atmosphere. The perfervid school of so-called patriotism then created, produced much fluent verse, and one poem worthy of the name,* written with truly Hibernian incongruity, by a Fellow of the loyal University of Dublin. Mr. MacCarthy's contributions to this field of literature are marked by a moderation and good taste conspicuously absent in those of his more extreme collaborators, some of whose effusions were of so violent a character as to expose the editor of the paper they appeared in to a criminal prosecution. A selection of political pieces, originally published under the name of "Desmond," are included in the recent volume of our author's works quoted at the head of this article; but such productions are of their nature ephemeral, and are less interesting than the graceful series of lyrics, on subjects more congenial to the writer's essentially poetic nature, which appeared about the same time in the pages of the *Dublin University Magazine*.

In 1846 Mr. MacCarthy was called to the Irish bar, at which, however, he never practised; and in the same year was published, under his editorship, "The Poets and Dramatists of Ireland," with an introductory essay from his pen on the early religion and history of the people of that country. Nearly at the same time he also edited and brought out "The Book of Irish Ballads," a collection of versified legends and traditions by various authors, prefaced by him with an introduction on ballad poetry in general. Henceforward his literary vocation may be said to have been determined, and the progress of his career is marked by the dates of his various works. A passage in one of Shelley's essays first directed his attention to the great Spanish dramatist, whose interpretation became thenceforward the artistic purpose of his life. In 1853 was published the first volume of his translations from Calderon, containing six complete dramas, and represent-

* "Who Fears to Speak of Ninety-eight?"

ing, without doubt, the labour and study of many previous years. The Irish poet's toil, in this his chosen field, was inspired and lightened by that genuine enthusiasm for his subject, without which no good literary work is possible. It lasted throughout his life, and under its influence he published in 1861-67-70 and 73 further instalments of translations from his great original; and completed only a few months before his death the version of another drama, "*Daybreak in Copacabana*," which is as yet unpublished. Fifteen of Calderon's dramas in all were thus rendered by him into English, with a fidelity never attempted before, forming, says his son in the brief memoir prefixed to the recent republication of his poems, "the largest amount of translated verse by any one author that has ever appeared in English."

Nor did his work as a translator end here. In addition to miscellaneous ballads and metrical romances rendered from the Spanish, he also translated from that language, "*The Two Muleteers*," a prose tale, by Fernan Caballero, several mediæval hymns from the Latin, and from the ancient Irish, a portion of what is considered by scholars the great epic of that nation, contained, under the title of "*Ferdiah; or, the Fight at the Ford*," in the volume before us.*

Three sets of lectures, delivered at the Catholic University at the request of Cardinal Newman, the first on poetry, in 1853, the two others on the poets of Spain, and dramatists of the sixteenth century respectively, should not be omitted from the list of his works, among which must be reckoned also such commemorative pieces as the Centenary Odes on Moore and O'Connell, and another, written for the Marchioness of Donegal, to celebrate the inauguration of the statue of her son, the Earl of Belfast.

When we have recounted Mr. MacCarthy's literary labours, but little more remains to be added as to the details of his life, for the domestic sorrows and bereavements that overshadowed it belong to that private and personal side of experience, with which, even in the case of a poet, the public has little concern. No writer was ever more free from the egotism of giving expression to individual feelings in his works, on which, consequently, the actual circumstances of his life throw but little light.

Up to the year 1864 his principal residence was at a place on Killiney Hill, overlooking the Bay of Dublin, but the health of some members of his family at that time necessitating a change

* The same episode has been versified by Mr. Aubrey de Vere in a volume of poems, "*Legends of Ireland's Heroic Age*," noticed in the last Number of this Review.

of climate, he broke up his home, and made a prolonged stay on the Continent. He subsequently settled in London, which afforded greater opportunities for literary research than the Irish capital, and it was while residing here that he published in 1872 a volume on "*Shelly's Early Life*," giving some interesting details of the poet's visit to Dublin in 1812, and of his brief plunge while there into the troubled waters of Hibernian politics.

The last months of Mr. MacCarthy's life were spent in his native land, and his death took place at Blackrock, near Dublin, on Good Friday, April 7th, 1882. A committee of influential citizens was immediately formed for the purpose of raising a fund for a monument or other suitable memorial to him, "to commemorate," in the words of another distinguished literary man, Mr. S. C. Hall, in contributing to it, "not only the lofty genius, but the social and moral worth of one of the truest poets and best men it has been my lot personally to know, regard, and honour."

It would be easy to multiply similar panegyrics, showing how his amiable qualities had endeared him to all who knew him, but the reiteration would be superfluous to such as were of that number, and wearisome to those who were not. While he inspired the warmest affection in his more intimate friends, his superficial attractions, ready Irish wit, and playful sense of humour, ever keen without bitterness, left even on the most casual acquaintances the vivid impression of a charming personality, as the sum of his varied gifts of mind and heart.

The volume just published contains his principal original poems, which are characterized by a fine sense of harmony, and exquisite perception of natural beauty. Pre-eminently a lyric poet, he has written comparatively little in the form of narrative, but to this class of poem belongs "*The Voyage of St. Brendan*," the most important in the present collection. It embodies the legend of the Irish monk, who, about the year 525, sailed across the western main, in the hope of winning the heathen to Christianity, reached the mysterious land of promise beyond the sea, and, after a seven years' absence, returned to his native country to found a monastery at Clonfert. The voyage is described in picturesque language as follows:—

At length the long-expected morning came,
When from the opening arms of that wild bay,
Beneath the hill that bears my humble name,
Over the waves we took our untracked way;
Sweetly the morning lay on tarn and rill,
Gladly the waves played in its golden light,
And the proud top of the majestic hill
Shone in the azure air serene and bright.

Over the sea we flew that sunny morn,
 Not without natural tears and human sighs;
 For who can leave the land where he was born
 And where, perchance, a buried mother lies;
 Where all the friends of riper manhood dwell,
 And where the playmates of his childhood sleep:
 Who can depart and breathe a cold farewell,
 Nor let his eyes their honest tribute weep?

Our little bark, kissing the dimpled smiles
 On ocean's cheek, flew like a wanton bird,
 And then the land, with all its hundred isles,
 Faded away, and yet we spoke no word.
 Each silent tongue held converse with the past,
 Each moistened eye looked round the circling wave,
 And, save the spot where stood our trembling mast,
 Saw all things hid within one mighty grave.

We were alone, on the wide watery waste—
 Nought broke its bright monotony of blue,
 Save where the breeze the flying billows chased,
 Or where the clouds their purple shadows threw.
 We were alone—the pilgrims of the sea—
 One boundless azure desert round us spread;
 No hope, no trust, no strength, except in THEE,
 Father, who once the pilgrim-people led.

And when the bright-faced sun resigned his throne
 Unto the Ethiop queen, who rules the night,
 Who with her pearly crown, and starry zone,
 Fills the dark dome of heaven with silvery light;
 As on we sailed beneath her milder sway,
 And felt within our hearts her holier power,
 We ceased from toil, and humbly knelt to pray,
 And hailed with vesper hymns the tranquil hour!"

The first land reached is an island, called by the Saint the Paradise of Birds, and its feathered inhabitants are thus prettily described:—

There dwells the bird that to the farther west*
 Bears the sweet message of the coming spring;
 June's blushing roses paint his prophet-breast,
 And summer skies gleam from his azure wing,
 While winter prowls around the neighbouring seas,
 The happy bird dwells in his cedar nest,
 Then flies away and leaves his favourite trees,
 Unto his brother of the graceful crest.†

* The blue-bird.

† The cedar-bird.

Birds that with us are clothed in modest brown,
 There wear a splendour words cannot express ;
 The sweet-voiced thrush beareth a golden crown,*
 And even the sparrow boasts a scarlet dress.†
 There partial Nature fondles and illumines
 The plainest offspring that her bosom bears ;
 The golden robin flies on fiery plumes,‡
 And the small wren a purple ruby wears.§

Birds, too, that even in our sunniest hours,
 Ne'er to this cloudy land one moment stray,
 Whose brilliant plumes fleeting and fair as flowers,
 Come with the flowers, and with the flowers decay.||
 The Indian bird with hundred eyes, that throws
 From his blue neck the azure of the skies,
 And his pale brother of the northern snows,
 Bearing white plumes, mirrored with brilliant eyes.¶

After narrating the saint's discovery of the land of promise, the poet concludes with a vision, in which he is bidden to return to his own country ; and the future destiny of that he had visited as a refuge for his suffering compatriots is foretold to him.

But in the end upon that land shall fall
 A bitter scourge, a lasting flood of tears,
 When ruthless tyranny shall level all
 The pious trophies of its early years :
 Then shall this land prove thy poor country's friend,
 And shine a second Eden in the west ;
 Then shall this shore its friendly arms extend,
 And clasp the outcast exile to its breast.

The legend receives from this happy addition a touch of dramatic completeness indicative of true poetic insight on the part of the author. The earnest religious feeling, which was the foundation of his character, is conspicuous in this piece, into which he has appropriately introduced a graceful paraphrase of the "Ave Maris Stella," as the evening hymn of the mariners at sea.

A shorter lyric, "The Bridal of the Year," when published in the *Dublin University Magazine* for May, 1848, drew forth an enthusiastic encomium from Sir William Rowan Hamilton, and an elaborate critique on it is extant in the handwriting of the great geometer. He here speaks of it as "this ode, for such surely we may term the poem, so rich in lyrical enthusiasm and varied melody," calling it "a poem which delights one," and expressing a wish to know the name of the author, who had

* The golden-crowned thrush.

† The scarlet sparrow, or tanagar.

‡ The Baltimore oriole, or fire-bird.

§ The ruby-crowned wren.

|| Peacocks.

¶ The white peacock.

signed it only with his initials. The opening stanza will give some idea of the poet's fanciful lightness of touch, and airy harmony of versification in treating similar subjects, often selected by him as the theme of his song:—

Yes! the summer is returning,
Warmer, brighter beams are burning,
Golden mornings, purple evenings
Come to glad the world once more.
Nature from her long sojourning
In the winter-house of mourning,
With the light of hope outpeeping,
From those eyes that late were weeping,
Cometh dancing o'er the waters
To our distant shore.

On the boughs the birds are singing
Never idle,
For the bridal
Goes the frolic breeze a-ringing,
All the green bells on the branches,
Which the soul of man doth hear;
Music shaken,
It doth waken,

Half in hope and half in fear,
And dons its festal garments for the Bridal of the year!

In the poet's lighter vein of playful tenderness, are the following pretty lines on "Love's Language," written in a spirit recalling that of some early English ballads, and suggesting by their cadence the appropriateness of a musical setting:—

Need I say how much I love thee?—
Need my weak words tell,
That I prize but heaven above thee,
Earth not half so well?
If this truth has failed to move thee,
Hope away must flee;
If thou dost not feel I love thee,
Vain my words would be!

Need I say how long I've sought thee?—
Need my words declare,
Dearest, that I long have thought thee
Good and wise and fair?
If no sigh this truth has brought thee,
Woe! alas! to me;
Where thy own heart has not taught thee
Vain my words would be!

Need I say when others wooed thee,
How my breast did pine,

Lest some fond heart that pursued thee
Dearer were than mine ?
If no pity then came to thee
Mixed with love for me,
Vainly would my words imbue thee,
Vain my words would be !

Love's best language is unspoken,
Yet how simply known,
Eloquent is every token,
Look, and touch, and tone.
If thy heart hath not awoken,
If not yet on thee
Love's sweet silent light hath broken
Vain my words would be !

Yet, in words of truest meaning,
Simple, fond, and few,
By the wild waves intervening,
Dearest, I love you !
Vain the hopes my heart is gleaning,
If, long since to thee,
My fond heart required unscreening,
Vain my words would be !

But, despite his gift of melodious verse, it is less through his original poetry that Mr. MacCarthy is known in literature than through his successful translations from the great Spanish dramatist whom he chose for his principal subject of study, and whose works his own lyrical facility, and other mental endowments, so well qualified him for interpreting.

The task of felicitously rendering poetry from one language into another is one which requires what is commonly called a special faculty, but what is in reality a combination of many faculties. Nor does it by any means follow that the best poet in his own tongue is the best adapter from another, and indeed this has rarely been the case. A striking illustration of this anomaly is furnished in the present instance, by the comparison, which we shall later enable our readers to make of a test passage from Calderon in the versions of Shelley and of Mr. MacCarthy, in which it seems to us the palm must be awarded to the latter.

We would define a good translation as being the best possible compromise between two opposite, and often irreconcilable ideals ; the one having for its standard absolute fidelity of interpretation, the other felicity and vigour in the new form of expression. The original idea must be recast with as little alteration as possible, yet stamped with a fresh impress of renewed vitality from its second birth in the mind of the translator. The power of thus absorbing and remoulding the thoughts of another

requires qualities the very reverse of those associated with original genius, flexibility rather than force of mind, delicacy instead of intensity of perception, subtlety in modifying rather than boldness in conceiving a design.

But the translator of verse, over and above the difficulties of mere interpretation of meaning, has to cope with a fresh set of enigmas, introduced by the necessity for reproducing vocal harmonies, often, from their very nature, incapable of direct transference from one language to another, and admitting only of some imitative substitution of sound. The process of translation thus requires a series of expedients and evasions, in which a sort of mental sleight-of-hand (if the Hibernicism may be permitted) is brought into play, and words and phrases are shuffled, exchanged, and inverted, like the coins and cards in the hands of a skilful conjuror.

Now, this linguistic juggling requires, as its first condition, the full command of two languages, and the complete assimilation of a foreign tongue, though apparently the least of the endowments of a skilful translator, presupposes a special idiosyncrasy. For, in order to render a word or phrase with full comprehension into a second idiom, the knowledge of its bare and obvious meaning in the original will not suffice, without a subtle apprehension in addition of all the under-currents of associated ideas it more remotely suggests. This thorough comprehension, which we would call imaginative, as opposed to literal, can only be attained through sympathy with those who speak and use the language sought to be interpreted. A perfect translation from a dead language is therefore nearly, if not quite, an impossibility, because the link of human fellowship with it is wanting, and without it our interpretation remains arid and lifeless. We have mastered it intellectually, but not sympathetically, because we are cut off from the living key to its more intimate significance.

It may be at once conceded that the attitude of mind required for this complete mastery of another tongue is the very opposite of that of the average Englishman, armour-plated in an impenetrable panoply of prejudice against all fellow-feeling with any nationality but his own. His persuasion that his own countrymen enjoy a monopoly of cleanliness, godliness, honesty, and all the other redeeming virtues of fallen human nature is quite unprejudiced by any amount of evidence to the contrary, and he goes through the world flourishing his bath and his bible in the face of mankind with a conviction of his moral and physical superiority to it that naturally excludes all desire for its more intimate acquaintance.

With the more mobile Celt the case is different. His quicker

perceptions and more responsive temperament give him the power of merging his own individuality in that of another, and clothing his mind at will in a new language or a new habit of thought. And it was because he grafted on this typical Irish geniality of temperament the quick sensibilities of a poet, and the finely-strung perceptions of a man of letters, that Mr. MacCarthy was so admirably fitted for his part as the interpreter of foreign genius.

The people of Ireland have, too, an additional tie with the Catholic nations of Europe in community of religious feeling, while the old Hibernian families are especially linked with Spain by the romantic tradition of Milesian descent. This latter sentiment was particularly strong in our poet, who celebrated the glories of his race in the verses entitled "*The Clan of MacCaura*," referring to their remote Spanish origin as follows :—

What a moment of glory to cherish and dream on
When far o'er the sea came the ships of Herémon,*
With Heber and Ir and the Spanish patricians,
To free Innisfail from the spells of magicians.

This legendary idea of an ancestral tie with Spain was doubtless not without its influence in awaking Mr. MacCarthy's enthusiasm for the literary glories of that country, and in leading him to devote himself in particular to the study of its great dramatist.

No writer who exercised an equally extensive influence over the literature of Europe at large has been so little read outside the limits of his own country as Calderon de la Barca. While his works have served as an inexhaustible quarry of materials whence subsequent dramatists have borrowed plot, incident, and intrigue without scruple or acknowledgment, they have, from the difficulties they offered to translation, and the limited number of students of Spanish, remained in their own proper form almost unknown to foreigners. Schlegel, who was an enthusiastic admirer of Calderon's genius, had indeed rendered some of his dramas into German, in which language they had even been acted with considerable success, while in French, "*Le Paysan Magistrat*" and other familiar plays had been borrowed from them with little alteration; but no complete versified translation of any one of them existed in English until Mr. MacCarthy undertook the task.

But, by a singular coincidence, in the same year (1853) with the publication of the first series of his renderings of Calderon, there appeared another very remarkable translation of six so-called

* Eldest son of Milesius, king of Spain.

comedies of the Spanish dramatist.* The two versions, produced thus simultaneously, and each admirable in its way, offer a strange contrast from the different aims proposed to themselves by the authors, and may be said to stand at the opposite poles of latitude in interpretation. Mr. MacCarthy says in the preface to one of his volumes, "Love, the Greatest Enchantment," &c. :—

Two things I set before me at the beginning of my renewed task, which I trust I have pretty faithfully observed to the end—namely, in the first place to give the meaning of my author exactly, and in its integrity; neither departing from it through diffuseness, nor cramping it through condensation, and secondly to express it strictly in the form of the original or not to express it at all.

And he speaks of Calderon elsewhere as "a poet whose very defects and extravagances are as characteristic of his genius as are his beauties."

The reader shall now judge from an extract from Mr. Fitzgerald's preface how different was the view he took of his function as a translator :—

I have, while faithfully trying to retain what was fine and efficient, sunk, reduced, altered, and replaced, much that seemed not; simplified some perplexities, and curtailed or omitted scenes that seemed to mar the breadth of general effect, supplying such omissions by some lines of after narrative; and in some measure have tried to compensate for the fulness of sonorous Spanish which Saxon-English at least must forego, by a compression which has its own charm to Saxon ears.

Each writer has been singularly successful in attaining his object as here set forth. Mr. Fitzgerald has produced plays with all the verve and movement of original works, which might be taken for those of some early English dramatist, Massinger or Marlowe. We do not know if any of these versions has ever been put on the stage, but we should recommend a manager in want of a play full of sensational incident and highly dramatic in its treatment to try "The Mayor of Zamalea," already dramatized in French as "Le Paysan Magistrat." Mr. Fitzgerald has at any rate published a volume which is most entertaining reading, and forms a valuable addition to English dramatic literature.

Mr. MacCarthy's, on the other hand, remains the standard version for those who wish to make themselves acquainted with Calderon through the most faithful reproduction possible of his style and manner. His rendering is the more interesting from a literary, Mr. Fitzgerald's from a dramatic, point of view; to the latter it may be objected that it is fine, but it is not Calderon; to the former that Calderon ceases to be Calderon in an English

* "Six Dramas of Calderon," freely translated from the Spanish by E. Fitzgerald. London: 1853.

disguise. Mr. Ticknor, in his "History of Spanish Literature," thus compares the two authors :—

Mr. McCarthy's version, often made in the measures of the original, will, I think, give the English reader a nearer idea of Calderon's versification than he will readily obtain elsewhere.

But those of Fitzgerald are good, though they are in blank verse, so choice and charming is his poetical language. Indeed, I doubt whether the short Spanish metres can be made effective in English dramatic composition. The best attempt known to me is in Trench's translation of "*La Vida es Sueño*" at the end of a little volume on Calderon's life and genius, printed both in London and New York in 1856.

Since the preceding note was published, Mr. McCarthy has given to the world translations of two plays and an *auto* of Calderon under the title of "Love, the Greatest Enchantment, the Sorceries of Sin, the Devotion of the Cross, from the Spanish of Calderon, attempted strictly in the Spanish Asonante and other imitative Verse, 1861," printing at the same time a carefully-corrected text of the Spanish originals, page by page, opposite to his translations. It is, I think, one of the boldest attempts ever made in English verse. It is, too, as it seems to me, remarkably successful. Not that asonantes can be made fluent or graceful in English verse, or easily perceptible to an English ear, but that the Spanish air and character of Calderon are so happily and strikingly preserved. Previous to the two volumes noted above, the "Sorceries of Sin," had appeared in the "Atlantis," 1859; but in the present volume Mr. McCarthy has far surpassed all he had previously done; for Calderon is a poet, who, whenever he is translated, should have his very excesses and extravagances both in thought and manner fully produced, in order to give a faithful idea of what is grandest and most effective in his genius. Mr. McCarthy has done this, I conceive, to a degree which I had previously thought impossible. Nothing, I think, in the English language will give us so true an impression of what is most characteristic of the Spanish drama, and perhaps I ought to say of what is most characteristic of Spanish poetry generally.

It would seem to us, however, while fully recognizing the value of Mr. MacCarthy's close adherence to his text, that too much has been sacrificed to mere identity of structure, and that he has imposed on himself superfluous labour, and gratuitously limited his powers of expression by the attempt to reproduce in English the effect of the Spanish asonance or vowel-echo. Between the two extremes of literalness and latitude in translation, a golden medium might perhaps have been found, and Calderon rendered more truthfully, if less imitatively, in a rhymed version, in some such irregular metre as Scott has chosen for his poetical romances, or the late Professor Conington for his charming versified translation of the *Aeneid*.

Mr. MacCarthy, however, judged differently, and thus states his views in the preface to the volume published in 1861, so especially praised by Ticknor :—

The peculiar feature of this translation is its rigid adherence to the metres of the original, and particularly to that especial Spanish one, the asonante vowel rhyme, of which but a few scattered specimens exist in English, and these rather as samples of what our language was incapable of producing to any great extent, than of what it could achieve. This metre is so very peculiar, and so opposed to anything that bears the semblance of rhyme in English, that I have known several persons who were able to read in the original a romance or a scene from a Spanish play, and who, notwithstanding, never perceived the delicate and most elaborate form of versification they had been enjoying until their attention was drawn to it. When once seen or heard, however, the discovery is hailed with delight, and we look or listen for the ever-recurring similarity of cadence or construction, "the manifold wild chimes" of the Spanish asonance, with pleasure and surprise. The numerous examples of it throughout this volume will show the reader what it is, more clearly, perhaps, than any explanation, and yet some definition of it may not be inappropriate in this place. "The Spanish Asonante," says the late Lord Holland, "is a word which resembles another in the vowel on which the last accent falls, as well as the vowel or vowels that follow it; but every consonant after the accented vowel must be different from that in the corresponding syllable. Thus *tos* and *amor*, *orilla* and *deliro*, *àlamo* and *pazaro*, are all *asonantes*." This definition, though perhaps a little too limited for the boundless variety and freedom of the asonance, may be considered tolerably satisfactory. The rhyme, such as it is, is not confined as in all other languages, to a few repetitions, of which those in the octave stanza are, perhaps, the most frequent; but in Spanish the *same* asonance, that is, the same recurring similarity of vowel or vowels in the last accented syllable or syllables of every second line, is kept up unchanged, however long may be the ballad or scene in which it is commenced. In Spanish, from the open sound of the vowels, and from the copiousness of the language, this is easy; in fact it is said that the difficulty lies, not in producing the asonante where it is required, but in avoiding it in the intermediate lines where it is superfluous. But in English the case is very different: from the comparative weakness of the vowel sounds, from the rare possibility of combining them, and, what is still more, from the perpetual variation in quantity, anything like producing the same effect as in the Spanish is impossible. Yet this "ghost of a rhyme," as Dean Trench calls it, is better than none at all, and I have found, from my own experience, that an inflexible determination to reproduce it, at whatever trouble, even though with imperfect success, enables the translator more closely to render the meaning of the original, and saves him from the danger of being tempted into diffuseness

by the facilities of expression which even the unrhymed trochaic, *without the asonance*, too readily supplies.

To this extract, which sufficiently explains the character of the asonance, and the superhuman difficulties it offers to a translator, we add by way of illustrating its effect in English, the subjoined passage from, "Love, the Greatest Enchantment," *e* and *e* being the vowel sounds recurring in every second line—

We Ulysses thy companions,
Dared this mountain wild to enter
Its interior to examine,
To explore its inmost centre.
For we thought the fickle fortune
Of the sea at length had ended,
And that heaven had given us favour,
And the earth a welcome shelter.
But, alas ! doth danger lord it
Over land and sea for ever,
Sea and land th' eternal kingdom,
Ruled by Danger's deathless sceptre.

Mr. MacCarthy's translations appeared in order of date as follows :—In 1853 his first volume, containing six dramas, "The Constant Prince," "The Secret in Words," "The Physician of his own Honour," "Love after Death," "The Purgatory of Saint Patrick," "The Scarf and the Flower." In 1861, "Love, the Greatest Enchantment," "The Sorceries of Sin," "The Devotion of the Cross." In 1867, two "*Autos Sacramentales*," "Belshazzar's Feast," and "The Divine Philothea," prefaced by essays translated from the German of Lorinser, and the Spanish of Gonzalez Pedroso. In 1870, "Chrysanthus and Daria, the two Lovers of Heaven," with two graceful dedicatory sonnets to Longfellow, alluding to the author's acquaintance with him at Rome in 1868. Finally in 1873, "The Wonder-working Magician," "Life is a Dream," and "The Purgatory of St. Patrick," a new translation retaining the asonant rhymes of the original.

It is this last volume which gives the opportunity of comparing Mr. MacCarthy's version with that of Shelley, as the latter has translated several scenes from "The Wonder-working Magician," and amongst them a striking passage which we propose to give as a specimen in both renderings. Without following out all the complications of the drama, it is necessary to premise that it turns on the mediæval legend of St. Cyprian, who, while still a Pagan student and philosopher, invokes the assistance of the fiend to procure him the love of the Christian maiden Justina. But finding that his infernal ally, though able to move mountains and control all the forces of Nature, is impotent against the will of a feeble girl who defies him in the name of a higher

power, he renounces his allegiance to the prince of darkness, becomes a Christian, and is finally martyred with Justina, by order of the Governor of Antioch. The subjoined passage is Shelley's rendering of Cyprian's soliloquy during the storm which heralds the appearance of the demon in the guise of a shipwrecked sailor. It is a specimen of those fervid bursts of lyrical eloquence constantly recurring in Calderon's dramas :—

CYPRIAN.

What is this ! ye heavens for ever pure,
 At once intensely radiant and obscure !
 Athwart the ethereal halls
 The lightnings arrow and the thunder balls
 The day affright,
 As from the horizon round,
 Burst with earthquake sound,
 In mighty torrents the electric fountains :—
 Clouds quench the sun, and thunder smoke
 Strangles the air, and fire eclipses heaven.
 Philosophy, thou canst not even
 Compel their causes underneath thy yoke,
 From yonder clouds even to the waves below
 The fragments of a single ruin choke
 Imagination's flight :—
 For, on flakes of surge, like feathers light,
 The ashes of the desolation cast,
 Upon the gloomy blast,
 Tell of the footsteps of the storm ;
 And nearer see the melancholy form
 Of a great ship, the outcast of the sea
 Drives miserably !
 And it must fly the pity of the port,
 Or perish, and its last and sole resort
 Is its own raging enemy.
 The terror of the thrilling cry
 Was a fatal prophecy
 Of coming death, who hovers now
 Upon that shattered prow,
 That they who die not may be dying still.
 And not alone the insane elements
 Are populous with wild portents,
 But that sad ship is as a miracle
 Of sudden ruin, for it drives so fast
 It seems as if it had arrayed its form
 With the headlong storm.
 It strikes—I almost feel the shock,—
 It stumbles on a jagged rock,—
 Sparkles of blood on the white foam are cast.

VOICES WITHIN.

We are all lost !

We now give Mr. MacCarthy's version of the same passage:—

CYPRIAN.

What's this ye heavens so pure ?
 Clear but a moment hence and now obscure,
 Ye fright the gentle day !
 The thunder-balls, the lightning's forked ray
 Leap from its riven breast,
 Terrific shapes, it cannot keep at rest.
 All the whole heaven a crown of clouds doth wear,
 And with the curling mist like streaming hair,
 This mountain's brow is bound.
 Outspread below the whole horizon round
 Is one volcanic pyre.
 The sun is dead, the air is smoke, heaven fire.
 Philosophy, how far from thee I stray
 When I cannot explain the marvels of this day !
 And now the sea, upborne on clouds the while,
 Seems like some ruined pile,
 And crumbling down the wind as though it were a wall,
 In dust, not foam, doth fall.
 And struggling through the gloom
 Facing the storm, a mighty ship seeks room,
 Flying the dangerous pity of the port
 The noise, the terror, and that fatal cry
 Give fatal augury
 Of the impending stroke, Death hesitates
 For each already dies who death awaits.
 With portents the whole atmosphere is rife,
 Nor is it all the effect of elemental strife,
 The ship is rigged with tempest as it flies.
 It rushes on the lee,
 The war is now no longer of the sea.
 Upon a hidden rock
 It strikes, it breaks, as with a thunder shock
 Blood flakes the foam where helpless it is tost,

VOICES.

We are all lost.

We think our readers will agree with us in giving the palm to Mr. MacCarthy's rendering over that of his more famous rival, who is certainly not seen at his best as a translator, and has written here more than one line, which in a lesser man would be called doggerel. Nothing could show more markedly the difficulty of the task successfully achieved by the Irish poet than such a failure, with which its author, strange to say, expressed himself "well content."*

* "Select Letters of Percy Bysshe Shelley." Edited, with an Introduction, by Richard Garnett.

As the legendary Cyprian is the immediate parent of the mediæval wizard Faust, so in Calderon's drama may the germs of Goethe's be traced. But between the treatment of the same theme by the earlier and later poet there is a difference, marking the shifting of the foundations of thought in the interval between the two. The Spaniard represents innocence, in the person of Justina, as triumphing with scarcely a struggle over a baffled and morally impotent foe, while the German fiend is irresistible as an evil destiny, and rules practically supreme in the moral world. In turning from one to the other, we pass from the serene horizon of mediæval faith, to the turbid and nebulous atmosphere of pessimist philosophy. One of the incidents in the Cyprian legend adopted by Calderon has a counterpart in the popular Faust-story; for the illusory phantasm of Justina, conjured up by the demon to cheat his disciple, turns to a hideous skeleton at his touch, exactly as does the mocking vision of Helen when similarly evoked.

In "*La Vida es Sueño*" Calderon has adopted as the substratum of his drama another fable floating in popular tradition, the same which has furnished Shakespeare with the subject of his induction to "*The Taming of the Shrew*." But while the English dramatist has treated the incident from its purely comic side, and constructed out of it only a slight farce to serve as the introduction to a more serious play, the Spaniard has lavished on it all the wealth of his luxuriant imagination, weaving it into a romantic drama, full of picturesque situation. The story of a trick played upon a sleeper, transported to a palace, and treated with distinction for a day, after which he is replaced in his original condition, and made to believe his brief experience a dream, is an old one, and, though adopted by European chroniclers, came originally from the East.

The drama founded on it by Calderon is perhaps the most famous of all his works, and Mr. MacCarthy says in the introduction to his version :—

It has been translated into many languages, and performed with success on almost every stage in Europe but that of England. So late as the winter of 1866-7, in a Russian version, it drew crowded houses to the great theatre of Moscow; while a few years earlier, as if to give signal proof of the reality of its title, and that life was indeed a dream, the Queen of Sweden expired in the theatre of Stockholm during the performance of "*La Vida es Sueño*."

Calderon's hero is Sigismund, Prince of Poland, immured in a dungeon from his birth, by order of the king his father, lest he should fulfil his horoscope, which predicted that he would prove a tyrant to his people, and bring his sire's grey hairs in humiliation to the dust. But on his reaching man's estate, his father,

anxious to give him an opportunity of proving whether his real dispositions correspond to the unfavourable prediction, determines to experiment on him, by having him transported in sleep to the palace and treated on waking with royal honours. The oracle is fully justified by his conduct under these circumstances, for the violence of his passions endangers the lives of all who come in contact with him,* and, after a day's reign, he is once more drugged, and carried back to his chains and solitude. The following soliloquy, uttered by him when on awaking he is made to believe his experience of power and liberty a dream, is one of Calderon's most celebrated passages, and a fine specimen of Mr. MacCarthy's powers as a translator:—

. . . . Since 'tis plain,
 In this world's uncertain gleam,
 That to live is but to dream :
 Man dreams what he is, and wakes
 Only when upon him breaks
 Death's mysterious morning beam.
 The King dreams he is a King,
 And in this delusive way
 Lives and rules with sovereign sway ;
 All the cheers that round him ring,
 Born of air, on air take wing.
 * * * *
 And the rich man dreams of gold
 Gilding cares it scarce conceals,
 And the poor man dreams he feels
 Want, and misery, and cold.
 Dreams he too, who rank would hold,
 Dreams who bears toil's rough-ribbed hands,
 Dreams who wrong for wrong demands,
 And in fine, throughout the earth,
 All men dream whate'er their birth
 And yet no one understands.
 * * * *
 What is life ? 'Tis but a madness.
 What is life ? A thing that seems,
 A mirage that falsely gleams,
 Phantom joy, delusive rest,
 Since is life a dream at best,
 And even dreams themselves are dreams.

Sigismund's adventures do not, however, end here. By a sudden rising of the populace he is released and placed at the

* The indifference of the early writers to geographical possibilities is illustrated by one of his freaks—throwing a servant out of the palace windows into the sea in the capital of Poland.

head of an army, and the prophecy has its fulfilment in the abasement of his father as a suppliant at his feet after the rout of the royal troops by the insurgents. But the lesson of his dream has not been lost upon Sigismund, who uses his victory with moderation, forgives his father for the wrong of his imprisonment, and bids fair to be a model prince. The secondary plot of the piece is furnished by the adventures of a damsel-errant, who, in pursuit of a faithless admirer, comes upon the secluded valley where Sigismund is kept in durance, and in the nobleman in charge of the captive prince discovers a previously unknown father. This revelation, by clearing up the mystery of her birth, removes the obstacle to her marriage, and she is reconciled to her truant lover, while the lady who had been meantime assigned to him pairs off happily with Sigismund.

The wonderful power exhibited in this drama of breathing fresh vitality into a hackneyed subject, is still more strikingly exemplified in Calderon's treatment of the well-worn classical romance of Ulysses and Circe, dramatized by him under the title of "*El Mayor Encanto Amor*." The enchantress, who ensnares not less by the spells of beauty than by those of magic, figures in mediæval fable under a variety of names—Morgana, Alcina, Armida, or Vivienne—but no other writer has invested her with such purely human interest as Calderon, no one else has so completely merged the syren in the woman, the sorceress in the enamoured fair. Thus, the parable conveyed by the title, "*Love the Greatest Enchantment*," is doubly worked out in the plot, for while Ulysses, proof against all other spells, is subdued by that of love alone, the final ruin of Circe is wrought under the influence of the same passion, since, in despair at its frustration, she renounces all her arts, and is thus conquered by its higher spell.

The opening scene, in which the Greek warrior and his companions are storm-driven on the enchanted isle, has a singular resemblance to the corresponding portion of the "*Tempest*:"—

ANTISTES.

We strive in vain,
Fate frowns averse and drives us o'er the main,
Before the elements :—

ARCHELAUS.

Death wings the wind and the wild waves immense
Will be our graves to-day.

TIMANTES.

Brace up the foresail.

POLYDORUS.

Give the bowline way.

FLORUS.

The rising wind a hurricane doth blow.

ANTISTES.

Hoist !

LEBREL.

To the mainsheet !

CLARIN.

Let the clew lines go.

ULYSSES.

O Sovereign Jove !

Thou who this gulf in mountainous foam dost move,
Altars and sacrifice to thee I vow
If thou wilt tame these angry waters now.

ANTISTES.

God of the Sea ! great Neptune ! in despite
Of Juno's care why thus the Greeks affright ?

ARCHELAUS.

And see the kindling heavens are all ablaze
With angry bolts, and lightning-winged rays.

CLARIN.

Son of Silenus, truly called *divine*.
Save from a watery death these lips that lived on wine !

LEBREL.

Let not, O Momus ! 'tis his latest wish
A man who lived as flesh now die as fish !—

TIMANTES.

This day these waves that round about us rise
Will be our tombs :—

ALL.

Have pity O ye skies !—

POLYDORUS.

It seems that they have listened to our prayer,
Our wild lament that pierced the darksome air.
Since suddenly the winds begin to cease,—

ARCHELAUS.

Yes all the elements proclaim a peace.

Juno, invoked by the Greeks after their landing, disatches Iris to Ulysses with a bunch of flowers as a counter-talisman to render him invulnerable to the spells of Circe, unless he yields to "love's more potent charm." This, however, is the case as soon

as he allows himself to be persuaded to prolong his stay at the court of the enchantress, and Circe triumphs as a woman though baffled as a magician. Arsidas, a rejected lover, is among the visitors of the fatal queen, vainly pleading his suit with her, and by a truly feminine manœuvre, exquisitely divined by the author, she condemns her two guests, as a penance for disputing too hotly in her presence, to feign each the sentiments supposed to be entertained towards her by the other. By thus ordering Ulysses, whom she already loves, though she affects to believe him indifferent, to play the lover, while the detested Arsidas is commanded to dissemble his unwelcome passion, she secures at once freedom from the importunities of the latter and the anticipated delight of hearing from the lips of the former, spoken in the guise of a jest, the protestations and assurances she longs to receive in earnest. It is while still enacting the part of the feigned lover that Ulysses, during a hawking party, ventures to declare his real passion for the enchantress in a hyperbolical speech, our author's translation of which has been selected for special commendation by Longfellow. In reply to a question from her as to the incidents of the chase, he replies by describing the flight of the birds, but in such fashion as to be plainly symbolical of his feelings :—

You scarce had gone when near
 The margin of a lake, that crystal-clear
 Seemed a smooth mirror for the beauteous spring,
 A heron rose ; so sudden its quick wing
 Bore it amid the sky elate and proud
 That at one moment it was bird and cloud,
 And 'twixt the wind and fire
 (Would that such courage had my heart's desire !)
 So interposed itself that its bold wings,
 Wheeling alternate near
 Now the diaphanous, now the higher sphere,
 Were burnt or froze,
 As down they sank, or upward soaring rose,
 In all the fickleness of fond desire,
 Now in the air, and now amid the fire.
 An emblem, as it were,
 This heron was betwixt each opposite sphere
 Of one who is both cowardly and bold,
 Can burn with passion and yet freeze with cold,
 And 'twixt the air and fire still doubts his place.

Circe, knowing him to be in her power, still sports with his growing passion as the caprice of her heart dictates, now telling him he need feign no longer as no one is by—perhaps intending a hint that he may make a real declaration—then

again bidding him still continue to dissemble. Desired by her to continue his narrative of the sport, he resumes :—

I thus proceed :—

Scarce had the heron dwindled to a speck
On the far sky, when from about the neck
Of a gerfalcon I unloosed the band
Which held his hood ; a moment on my hand
I soothed the impatient captive ; his dark brown
Proud feathers smoothing with caressings down.
While he, as if his hunger did surpass
All bounds, picked sharply on his bells of brass.
Scarce were they back restored to light,
He and another, when in daring flight
They scaled Heaven's vault, the vast void space where play
In whirling dance the mote-beams of the day,
Then down the deserts of the wind they float,
And up and down the sky.
One flies away as the other swoopeth nigh ;
And then the ashen-coloured boat
(An ashen-coloured boat it surely were,
That heron that through shining waves of air
Furrowed its way to fields remote),
Resolving to be free and not to fail
Although alone it saileth now
Of feet made oars, of curved beak a prow,
Sails of its wings, and rudder of its tail ;—
Poor wretched heron, said I then, thy strife
'Gainst two opposing ills, is of my life
Too true an image ; since it is to-day
Of two distinct desires the hapless prey.

Meantime, the followers of Ulysses, chafing at their detention, devise a stratagem for rousing their chief from his ignoble inaction. Under pretence of saluting Circe, they shout their war-cry as she appears, while she, to counteract its stirring effect on the enthralled warrior, summons up aërial minstrelsy to hymn the praises of love. As the rival choruses shout their alternate refrains, "To arms ! to arms !" and "Love ! sweet love !" the hero's mind is swayed in turn by each conflicting sentiment ; but the arts of Circe finally prevail, and he is thrown into a charmed slumber, in which she leaves him, to go out and do battle with the approaching army of the jealous and infuriated Arsidæ.

The Greeks, in her absence, resort to a device borrowed by the author from Tasso, placing the neglected armour of Achilles where it must meet the eyes of Ulysses on his awaking. Even this rebuke, however, is unavailing until the Shade of Achilles himself comes on the scene to reclaim the arms so unworthily bestowed.

Ulysses, roused at last to a decisive resolution, seeks safety in flight, which the dramatist moralizes is the only remedy for love; and Circe, returning to see his ship disappearing, and baffled in her attempt to conjure up a storm for its destruction by the intervention of Galatea on his behalf, abandons her incantations, invokes ruin on her island palace, and dies in despair at his desertion.

This drama belonged to the class of Festival Plays, intended for gala performances at Court, with great elaboration of spectacular effect, and, in these respects, resembling the old English masques. Nor was the comic element omitted, for the introduction of which the transformations and other minor enchantments of Circe's Isle afforded considerable scope. Clarin, for instance, one of the *graciosos*, or buffoon valets, who enliven most of Calderon's plays with a parody on their master's adventures, is metamorphosed into an ape and captured by a former fellow-servant. The creature's antics in his vain efforts to express his identity, his resumption of human form when the spell is broken by his looking in a glass, and his captor's chagrin at the unaccountable disappearance of his prize, create a sufficiently amusing series of situations.

But the secular plays of Calderon, though numbering more than a hundred, constitute only a part, and many critics think the least valuable part, of his dramatic compositions. The latter years of his long life were principally devoted to the production of one-act sacred dramas, called "*Autos Sacramentales*," because intended for performance during the octave of Corpus Christi, and turning more or less on the Mystery then celebrated. Of these he wrote about a hundred, of which somewhat less than three-fourths are extant, and none had ever been introduced to the English public until Mr. MacCarthy undertook the task of their translation. In his Introduction to the "*Sorceries of Sin*," he says that his version of this drama is the only attempt that has been made to present even one of Calderon's "*Autos*" in its integrity.

Indeed [he goes on] with the exception of the scenes introduced into Dean Trench's analysis of "*The Great Theatre of the World*," not a single line of these remarkable dramas has ever previously been presented in English verse. Writers in magazines and reviews have occasionally drawn attention to a few of the secular dramas of Calderon, but the "*Autos*," the most wonderful of all his productions, and the only ones (with but two exceptions) which the great poet himself thought worthy of his revision, have been passed over, I may say, in almost utter silence. It is not at all improbable that had the same attention, such as it is, been devoted to the *Autos* which has been given to the *Comedias*, a far greater

amount of curiosity and interest would have been felt towards Calderon than any presentation of his merely secular dramas has yet succeeded in awakening.

In the same place he quotes, with legitimate pride, a letter from Mr. Ticknor to himself, in the following terms:—

With the two volumes of your translations from Calderon's plays, which you published in 1853, I have been familiar since their first appearance, and very thankful that you ventured on the bold undertaking. But this version of the *Encantos de la Culpa*, with its asonantes, is much more interesting as a work of art, and more important. Allow me, then, to express the hope that you will go on and translate more of the *Autos*. Nothing can, I think, give a clearer idea of what is most characteristic in Spanish literature, or give foreigners a more just idea of its peculiar power.

This class of Calderon's compositions, "the flowery and starry *Autos*," as they are termed by Shelley, have a singular interest for the history of literature, as the highest development, the point of culminating perfection reached by the sacred drama, during so many centuries the sole outlet for the artistic cravings of the masses. In the early ages religion and art were indissolubly blended, as they invariably are by the primitive instincts of mankind. When they are divorced, as in modern society, there ensues an epoch of artistic decadence, such as that of which we see the evident symptoms around us.

These dramas, which existed from the twelfth and thirteenth centuries downwards, were performed in the smallest villages as well as in the capital; and the readers of "Don Quixote" will remember his meeting with the car transporting the actors for the Festival of the Sacrament from one hamlet to another. Such representations were forbidden, by royal decree of Charles III., in 1765, but religious farces of the same description are still performed in remote villages and in the Spanish colonies.

We have a minute description of the form and manner of the Corpus Christi celebrations from the pen of Aarsens de Somerdyck, a Dutch traveller, who visited Madrid in 1655, and whose narrative is quoted by Ticknor. From him we learn that even the solemn procession in the forenoon during the octave was made a scene of popular rejoicing, rather out of keeping, as it seems to modern taste, with its sacred character. Its van was led, on its way through the streets, by groups of strangely-bedizened figures, among which the *Tarasca*, a sea-monster, half serpent, half dragon, invariably was the most conspicuous. The dissonance of clashing instruments, hautboys, and drums, accompanied the march of the mummers, and gipsy girls danced amid them to the jingle and clatter of tambourines and castanets. The riotous rabble who, no doubt, accompanied this portion of

the procession were, however, separated from its ecclesiastical portion by long files of dignitaries, magistrates, ministers, nobles, and the Sovereign himself, bearing lighted tapers and playing their parts in the gaze of the public with decorum, if not with devotion.

It was in the afternoon, when the purely religious solemnizations were at an end, that the performance of the *Auto*—often repeated daily for a month—took place in the public street, in front of the royal palace or of the houses of the great officers of State. A magnificent canopy in front of the stage distinguished the seats prepared for royal spectators, while the general audience looked on from the street, from windows, balconies, and every point of vantage the surrounding buildings afforded. The performance began with a *loa*, or preliminary farce, as a sort of *lever de rideau*, followed by a comic interlude, and then by the *Auto* itself, produced with all possible splendour of chanted choruses, varied scenic decoration, and general elaboration of detail. Some more trivial entertainment, such as music or dancing, intended for the diversion of the populace, closed the whole series of performances.

Such were the surroundings amid which the sacred plays of Calderon were intended to be produced, before audiences composed of all classes of the population, from beggary to royalty itself. Bearing this in mind, one cannot fail to admire their adaptation to such a mode of representation, for while their gorgeousness and novelty as mere *spectacles* spoke to the eye of the illiterate masses, their subtle symbolism and veiled depth of allegorical meaning were calculated to interest the most cultivated among their auditors. "That they are a most remarkable exhibition of the spirit of the Catholic religion on its poetic side," says Mr. Ticknor, "can no more be doubted than the fact that they often produced a devout effect on the multitudes that thronged to witness their performance." And as an instance of their efficacy as a means of appealing to the religious emotions of the people, he mentions how Madame d'Aulnoy, a French traveller, in 1679, saw the whole audience at the performance of an *Auto* fall on their knees, smite their breasts, and exclaim, *Mea culpa!* moved by a common impulse of fervour, as the scenic St. Anthony repeated the *Confiteor*.

As there is necessarily a good deal of sameness in the general scope of these plays, every device of constructive ingenuity was called into play to provide novelty in their themes, and Scripture, popular legend, and ecclesiastical tradition were ransacked to furnish new materials for their illustration and diversification. Many of Calderon's turn on episodes of national history, as is the case with two on the subject of St. Ferdinand, while in some

he makes free use of the old ballads. Nor did he ever lose an opportunity of interesting his audience by interweaving in his drama contemporary events within their immediate and familiar knowledge, such as the completion of the Escorial, and the marriage of the Infanta Maria Theresa, each of which forms the subject of an *Auto*. Dean Trench, in his Essay on Calderon, speaks as follows of the ingenuity with which he made classical fable subserve his end by pointing a Christian moral:—

“The manner in which Calderon uses the Greek mythology is exceedingly interesting. He was gifted with an eye singularly open for the true religious element, which, however overlaid and debased, is yet to be detected in all inferior forms of religion. These religions were to him the vestibules through which the nations had been guided till they reached the temple of the absolute religion, where God is worshipped in Christ. The reaching out and feeling after an unknown truth, of which he detected something in the sun-worship of the Peruvians (see his ‘Daybreak in Copacabana’), he recognized far more distinctly in the more human, and therefore more divine, mythology and religion of ancient Greece. It may be that the genuine Castilian alienation from the Jew which was not wanting in him may have been at work when he extols, as he often loves to do, the superior readiness of the Gentile world, as contrasted with the Jewish Church, to receive the proffered salvation, its greater receptivity of the truth. But whether this may have had any share in the matter or not, it is a theme to which he is constantly in these *Autos* recurring, and which he loves, under the most varied aspects, to present. And generally he took a manifest delight in finding or making a deeper meaning for the legends and tales of the classical world, seeing in them the symbols and unconscious prophecies of Christian truth. He had no misgiving, therefore, but that these would yield themselves freely to be moulded by his hands. He felt that in employing them he would not be drawing the sacred into the region of the profane; but elevating that which had been profane into its own region and place. These legends of heathen antiquity supply the allegorical substratum for several of his *Autos*. Now it is *The True God Pan*, or Perseus rescuing Andromeda, or Theseus destroying the Labyrinth, or Ulysses defying the enchantments of Circe, or the exquisite mythus of Cupid and Psyche. Each in turn supplies him with some new practical aspect under which to contemplate the very highest truth of all.”*

* “Life is a Dream: The Great Theatre of the World. From the Spanish of Calderon. With an Essay on his Life and Genius.” By Richard Chevenix Trench. London: 1856. Pp. 96.

Calderon's *Autos* abound, like all compositions of their class, in symbolical characters; and Death, Sin, Islamism, Idolatry, Atheism, to say nothing of embodied vices, virtues, and other qualities of mind and body, figure familiarly among his *dramatis personæ*. Yet even into the dry bones of these personified abstractions, the vivifying breath of his imagination infuses warmth and individuality, while his inventive brilliancy lends novelty and freshness to the most threadbare themes. The choice of these was, indeed, almost a necessity, from the circumstances of a representation which rendered the dialogue inaudible to a large section of the audience, and made a familiar subject, capable of illustration in a series of pictures, the first requisite for general intelligibility.

"The Sorceries of Sin," the first of the *Autos* translated by Mr. MacCarthy, is included in the same volume with "Love, the Greatest Enchantment," analyzed above; and of which it is an ingenious paraphrase. The comparison of the two is therefore easy and interesting. Ulysses, in this allegorical rendering of his adventures, represents Man in the abstract, storm-tost amid the perils and temptations of life. The place of his sailor-companions is taken by the Five Senses, false and delusive guides, who, in scenes but little modified from those in the drama on the same subject, lead him to the palace of the metaphorical enchantress Sin, with all her wiles and allurements. Her nymphs typify the evil passions, each of which ensnares and debases the sense specially subject to its temptation; thus Taste, enticed by Gluttony, is transformed into a hog; Sight, perverted by Envy, assumes the shape of a lion; Hearing, made captive by Flattery, is turned into a chameleon.

Reason vainly urges man to disregard the teaching of sense, but he follows its dictates, presumptuously confiding in his own power of resistance, and once led into the presence of the enchantress, easily becomes her slave. It is only by the aid of the celestial messenger Penance, who comes rainbow-borne as the symbol of reconciliation with heaven, that he is enabled to triumph in the end, and, by the help of the divine amulet she has brought, to redeem his senses from their degraded condition.

"Belshazzar's Feast," the second *Auto* selected for translation by Mr. MacCarthy, is a far more interesting and splendid work than its predecessor, and displays Calderon's peculiar gifts in a much higher degree. There occur in it some of those flights of luxuriant fancy, which, in the shape of long descriptive passages, he frequently puts into the mouths of his characters, regardless of the disproportionate delay thereby interposed to the dramatic action. No doubt the audience, as well as the reader, found compensation for the suspension of the action, in the interest of

following these florid outbursts of lyrical passion. Belshazzar thus interpolates, amid his utterances of self-glorification, a long narrative of the Deluge and building of the Tower of Babel, from which we select a few passages for extract:—

Calmly was the world enjoying,
In its first primeval summer,
The sweet harmony of being,
The repose of perfect structure ;
Thinking in its inner thought
How from out a mass so troubled,
Which by poesy is called
Chaos, and by Scripture *Nothing*,
Was evolved the face serene
Of this azure face unsullied
Of pure sky, extracting thus,
In a hard and rigorous combat,
From its lights and from its shadows,
The soft blending that resulteth
From the earth and from the waters.

* * * *

First began a dew as soft
As those tears the golden sunrise
Kisseth from Aurora's lids ;
Then a gentle rain as dulcet
As those showers the green earth drinks
In the early days of summer ;
From the clouds then water-lances
Darting at the mountains struck them ;
In the clouds their sharp points shimmered,
On the mountains rang their butt-ends ;
Then the rivulets were loosened,
Roused to madness ran their currents,
Rose to rushing rivers, then
Swelled to seas of seas :—O Summit
Of all Wisdom ! thou alone
Knowest how thy hand can punish,
Drinking without thirst, the globe
Made lagoons and lakes unnumbered ;
Then a mighty sea-storm rushed
Through the rents and rocky ruptures
By whose mouths the great earth yawns,
When its breath resounds and rumbles
From internal caves.

It is evident that in this passage Calderon entirely forgot he was speaking in the person of Belshazzar, with whose general character the reverent apostrophe to the Deity towards the close of the quotation is utterly inconsistent, and the whole description would have been fitly uttered by the prophet Daniel. The

asonance in the Spanish consists here in the repetition of *u, a*, as in *gusta, fortuna*, and is as nearly as possible imitated in the English by the sequence of such words as *currents, rumbles*, giving the sound of *u, e*.

The interest of this drama in its English form is much enhanced by the valuable and ample notes of the translator, illustrative of its allegorical significance. Belshazzar's profanation of the sacred vases of the Temple is here symbolical of that of the Eucharistic Mystery, and its signal chastisement is made a warning against such sacrilege. The whole drama turns on this interpretation, subtly veiled under the disguise of allegory, until the close, when it is clearly expressed. The public were thus led on to the catastrophe, without, perhaps, suspecting its application, until the concluding scene made it manifest.

The principal characters, after Belshazzar himself, are his two wives, Idolatry and Vanity, by whose flattery and caresses he is led on from crime to crime; the prophet Daniel, a historical figure, but also allegorical as typifying the Divine Wisdom; Thought, playing the part of the Court-fool, and in that capacity representing not alone the mind of Belshazzar, but that of humanity at large, in its frivolity, lightness, and instability, only momentarily crossed by a shadow of serious reflection. Finally Death, whose shadowy figure the poet has invested with a tremendous personality, from his vivid power of passionate creation. Restrained by Daniel, the oracle of Providence, until his destined victim has filled up the measure of his iniquities, his growing impatience to strike, as the fatal term approaches, lifts him from the region of abstractions into that of energetic and powerful conceptions of character. Three warnings, culminating in the mysterious writing on the wall, are addressed to the doomed Belshazzar before his chastisement overtakes him. The first is given by Death himself, led into his presence by Thought, and, while unseen by others, casting his shadow, like a chill presentiment, over his visions of pride and pleasure. The second intimation comes to him in a dream, in which the statue of Nabucodonosor addresses him, and in doing so changes into the mysterious colossus of his own vision.

In hardened defiance of the menaces of fate, Belshazzar, under the instigation of Vanity and Idolatry, completes the sum of his iniquities by the final act of sacrilege, ordering the consecrated vessels to be brought for the adornment of his feast. Here Death, in the disguise of an attendant, is waiting behind his chair and in that capacity presents the monarch with the desecrated cup, fulfilling here, as he declares, his office of destroyer of the soul, before proceeding to slay the body. The apparition of the handwriting on the wall, and the final dis-

appearance of Belshazzar in the clutches of Death, form the closing catastrophe of this singular drama, first acted, as we learn, at Madrid, some time previous to the year 1665, at the expense of the parish church of S. Gines.

In addition to the profound significance with which the moral is conveyed, the dialogue is rich in poetical imagery, and full of felicitous turns of thought. Thus in the opening scene between the Prophet and the royal jester, when the latter remarks on the incongruity of Folly and Wisdom being seen in parley, Daniel replies that —

Although the distance be
Great, 'twixt wise and witless words,
Still 'tis from two different chords
Springs the finest harmony,

the moral being that the highest wisdom is not impatient or scornful even of folly, but tolerant of its weakness. It seems a strange contrast to look back from an age which would place human thought on the pinnacle of the universe, as its crowning perfection, to the view of the religious dramatist, who deemed the attribute most fitly personified in the character of the Court-fool. The subjoined monologue, addressed by Death to Daniel, is a fine specimen of Mr. MacCarthy's power of rendering the lyrical passages of his author:—

Daniel thou Prophet of the God of truth,
I am the end of all who life begin,
The drop of venom in the serpent's tooth,
The cruel child of envy and of sin.
Abel first showed the world's dark door uncouth,
But Cain threw wide the door and let me in,
Since then I've darkened o'er life's chequered path,
The dread avenger of Jehovah's wrath.
From sin and envy then I first drew breath,
That these two furies might possess my breast,
Through envy is it that I give white death
To all who have the light of life possessed.
Through sin it is my dark breast treasureth
Death for the soul, for souls die like the rest:
If to expire doth bring with dolorous dole
Death to the body, sin doth kill the soul.
If from God's judgment then thy name dost take,
And I with fatal flash must strike the blow,
Since 'neath my feet as victims I must make
All things that live or think, or breathe or grow;
Why art thou frightened at me? why dost quake
With what is mortal in thee, weak and low?
Take courage then, and let us two to-day
God's judgment thou, and I his power display.

Though 'tis no wonder thou art frightened—no
 Even wert thou God, to look and gaze on me,
 Since when will come the flower of Jericho,
 The blood-bright beauteous rose of Calvary,
 He in his human part, though God, will show
 A trembling fear, and when He yields to me,
 The stars will fall, spark after mighty spark,
 The moon grow pale, and even the sun grow dark.
 This hapless fabric shall appear to fall,
 This lower sphere shall feel the earthquake's shock,
 The earth shall faint as at the end of all,
 And flower on flower lie crushed and rock on rock,
 Long ere the evening spreads her purple pall,
 Long ere the western sky shall fold his flock
 Of fleecy clouds, the day shall die, and night
 Don its dark cloak in mourning for the light.

The literary world will await with interest the publication of "Daybreak in Copacabana," the last of Mr. MacCarthy's translations from Calderon. Important in itself, as one of the most brilliant works of the great dramatist, to whose florid imagination the subject, the Spanish conquest of Peru, gave full play, it will have a double value for the public as the closing result of the translator's labours in a field where no other has toiled with like success. If the writings of the "Spanish Shakespeare," for so he is ranked by German critics, are in any degree known to the mass of the British public, it is owing to Mr. MacCarthy's fidelity and felicity in interpreting him. His success in the fulfilment of the arduous task is sufficiently established by the universal verdict of the world of letters, as well as by the practical monopoly of it left to him since he made it his own. He thus retains the privilege of being the sole writer who has to any large extent presented the works of his great original in an English dress.

Nor is it a small merit to have thus divined, as it were, the mind of a genius of the first order, and tracked him to the sublimest empyrean scaled by the ardent flights of his imagination. Mr. Longfellow says, in a letter to the Irish poet, "Particularly in the most poetical passages you are excellent;" and such a sentence is a supreme tribute to a translator, the standard of whose powers must be his capability of rising to the highest level of his original. Mr. MacCarthy's fitness for his task is proved by the fact that he is at his best in rendering Calderon's loftiest passages, and is most faithful in giving back the image of the great luminary he reflects in the full brightness of his meridian splendour.

He has thus earned for himself a permanent place in English

letters, where his name must ever remain indissolubly associated with that of the great poet of Spain; and in the firmament of literary renown, long after many a more dazzling meteor of song shall have blazed out, and sunk again into oblivion, he will still shine with a lesser, but enduring light, as the inseparable satellite of one of its greatest stars.

E. M. CLERKE.



ART. II.—THE SOCIETY OF ST. VINCENT DE PAUL.

1. *Frederick Ozanam*. By K. O'MEARA. Edinburgh: Edmonston & Douglas.
2. *The Manual of the Society of St. Vincent de Paul*. Paris: 1877.
3. *The Report of the Society of St. Vincent de Paul in England*. London: 1881.
4. *Report of the Patronage Work*, 1881. London: 1882.
5. *The Bulletin of the Society of St. Vincent de Paul*. Paris: 1882.

THE present century has witnessed the resurrection of the Catholic Church from the ruins of the last and the fiercest of those wild tornadoes of revolution which have from time to time burst over the civilized world. The commingled tides of infidelity and anarchy (both being ἀνομος, the one in regard of the divine, the other of the human law) had swamped the Protestantism of the North, burst over the threshold of the Church and touched the very sanctuary itself. The Pope was a prisoner away from Rome. It was boasted, with apparent justification, that now at length Christianity and Religion were things of the past. Out of every such disaster the Catholic Church alone has emerged, like a phoenix from the flame, unharmed and purified, and with new energy and vigour and life. Churches and kingdoms fell before this storm, never again to rise, but she arose stronger and grander than of yore. And every fresh trouble has compelled the Church to look to her defence. She arms herself for the fray, she furbishes her old armoury, or prepares new weapons suited to the warfare of the day; nay, even wrests the arms from her enemies and turns them against themselves.

Intellect and philosophy and liberty have before been in revolt against the Church, and each has successfully been used to vindicate the Catholic position. But the cry of Philanthropy

was a novel one in the mouth of her enemies. It was raised now by the St. Simonians, who vaunted a Philanthropy which was to benefit the universal race of man, a charity not of individuals but of the world. "Philanthropy," said F. Ozanam, referring doubtless to these ideas, "is a vain woman who loves to deck herself out in good works and admire herself in the glass; whereas Charity is a mother whose eyes rest lovingly on the child at her breast, who has no thought of self, but forgets her own beauty in her love."* The schemes of the St. Simonians are of the past; we know them no more; but the enlightened and Christian charity, which Ozanam contrasts with them, gave birth to the Society of St. Vincent de Paul.

If the Society of St. Vincent de Paul met the requirements of half a century ago, still more does it answer the exigencies of our own day. Social distinctions divide civilized society more effectually than the castes of the Hindoo. Rich and poor are to-day, not so much different grades of a social economy as opposite camps of hostile armies. Signs there are of a revolution about to be, greater than any that has passed, and the coming revolution will doubtless be a fight *à outrance* of poverty against wealth. To avert the coming doom, to stay the devastating advance of Communism, there is but one way open:—

"One only means of salvation," writes Ozanam, "remains to us, that is, that Christians, in the name of love, interpose between the two camps, passing like beneficent deserters from one to the other, collecting abundant alms from the rich and resignation from the poor; carrying gifts to the poor, and words of gratitude to the rich; teaching them on both sides to look upon each other as brothers; and communicating mutual charity to all, until this charity, paralysing and stifling the egotism of both parties, and every day lessening their antipathies, shall bid the two camps arise and break down the barriers of prejudice, and cast aside their weapons of anger, and march forth to meet each other—not to fight, but to mingle together in one embrace, so that they may henceforth form but one fold under one pastor; *unum ovile, unus pastor*."†

Such, we take it, is the *rationale* of the Society of St. Vincent de Paul.

An official manifesto, published in the *Bulletin* of November, 1882, informs us that this Society celebrates this year its Jubilee, having been founded in 1833, and urges that its organization should be still further extended. No wish can be more reasonable, or will be more widely echoed. It will be interesting, then, to consider in what spirit and by what means the Society proposes to effect this union of man with man; if its claims are true, it demands our ardent and ready support.

* "Life," p. 109.

† *Ibid.* pp. 148-9.

Let us consider, then, briefly, in the first place, the dangers which the Society combats, and the means and principles it brings to meet them. We have pointed out that the separation between rich and poor is perilous. The higher classes in their haste after wealth, or power, or pleasure, stay not to care one moment for the misery around them. Blinds are carefully drawn down to shut out the sight of human wretchedness. And the poor are like chained slaves, without the wit to free themselves, yet numerous and strong enough if freed, to make short work of their taskmasters. In former ages the great religious houses by their large hospitality and liberal dealings, relieved the glaringness of poverty. To-day we have nothing but the poorhouse. We had occasion to interview the manager of perhaps the largest workhouse in the country, with reference to a poor starving matchseller whom we had picked up off the streets. This worthy man, an excellent master, we can well believe, smiled with a pitying smile, as we told our tale. "The law," replied he, "deals with all poverty. The poor are either paupers or criminals. If the boy is ignorant, it is best for him to come under the criminal arm, as he will get a better education in the reformatory than in the pauper schools." *The poor are either paupers or criminals*: there is then no need of charity; leave them alone, and the law, like a kind stepmother, is ready for them in all events. This system it is that enters, like the iron, into the soul of the poor. Do they ask for bread? There is the workhouse. Do they complain that they are doled out a stone instead? Hale them off to prison. To avoid these benefactions the poor will toil and strive and starve, nurturing, we may guess, loving sympathy and gratitude to that beneficent arrangement that "the law" has made for them! Or, if perchance our reader, sauntering from the club, is met by some poor wretch more abject than the rest, he will, out of his charity, fling him a shilling. Does he think he has thereby fulfilled the Divine obligations? Or, maybe, he sends a cheque to the hospital. Has he fulfilled them then? It were better to keep the money, if that be all. The shilling inspires no gratitude, the cheque no affection. The poor man, trained thereto by penal laws against poverty, takes all this as his right. "None but fools work," said an inveterate pauper to the magistrate the other day. All these great institutions, these "houses," these "charities," are things hateful, very gall and wormwood to the honest poor. They see the rich above them, unheeding them, uncared for of them; by what right? Then comes the Socialist, with specious words, crying, "Down with them!"

But give the poor care, sympathy, kindness, and they are your friends, your allies, bound to you by a perpetual bond.

This is what the Society of St. Vincent de Paul attempts, to pass the gulf betwixt wealth and poverty; to bridge it over. Not by charity-prisons; not even by soup kitchens, and relieving officers, not by casting off the poor to encumber other lands; but by Christian charity.

We almost require a definition for that word now, it is so time-worn—charity now-a-days has had so much wear and tear, it is threadbare, out-at-elbows, but not quite superannuated yet. Charity, then, in its ennobled, Christian sense, is the object of the Society; the charity of Christian fraternity, not the charity of a board or a committee. Were it otherwise, those great works of charity which have been accomplished by the Society could never have been achieved. If its Conferences were but ordinary committee meetings and its members merely casual district visitors, all the elaborate rules of the Manual would be so much spoilt paper.

A glance at that little knot of law students who in the year 1833 met around the table of M. Bailly at the office of the *Tribune Catholique*, will best illustrate this. When Ozanam, Lallier, Lamache, and the others “conferred” together as to how they might meet the taunts of their opponents in the lecture hall and the discussion forum—“Catholicism is dead,” “it works no more,” “show us your works;” they did but give expression to a desire felt by all faithful souls, to testify their faith by their works. And how could this be better done than by the care of the poor? Such was their conclusion. They would make their own religion truer and purer, while they confuted their adversaries, by the devotion of themselves to the poor. A little later when reluctantly they opened their ranks to new recruits, and gave a more formal organization to their undertaking, the same feelings moved them. They summed up the object of the Society in these words, which can never be too well known to its brothers, “Its object is firstly to maintain its members in the practice of a Christian life; secondly, to assist the poor.”† “The Society, above all things, aims at the sanctification of its members.”‡ Those first few members had but little knowledge of the work that they were to take in hand; they had few definite ideas of the matter, and they certainly looked forward to no great future for their little gathering. Yet their small meetings and occasional visits have developed into a vast brotherhood which, throughout the world, cares for the sick, visits the poor, clothes the naked, feeds the hungry, teaches the ignorant, houses orphans and urges the sinner to the priest. But to one and all,

* “Life,” p. 79.

† December, 1835, “Manual,” p. 20.

‡ *Ibid.*, p. 33.

to all brothers of this great Society, as to those of the original group round the office table in Paris, the same rules, the same line of conduct, the same aim and object of life apply—that dual motive, which is one, though twofold, the sanctification of the soul, and charity to the poor. As was the beginning of the Society, so is the beginning of each individual Conference, and of each individual member. It is from the combination of these motives that the Society has achieved its success, so that what was a little meeting of eight young students has grown in its 50th year to a Society spread throughout the world with its 1500 and more Conferences in France alone, with Conferences in Italy, England, Scotland, Ireland, Belgium (400), Holland (116), Germany, Austria, Switzerland, Spain,* Greece, Turkey, China, India, South Africa, Chili, Mexico, the United States (130), Australia and Canada. There are besides the Council General of Paris, Provincial Councils of England, Belgium, Holland, Ireland, Cologne (North Germany), Austria, and many other countries; and central (town) councils in numerous cities, including London, Birmingham, Manchester, Bristol, Antwerp, Brussels, Cologne, Berlin, Vienna, New York, Brooklyn and St. Louis. The work undertaken by the Society includes, besides visiting the poor, orphanages, poor schools, crèches, clubs, banks, holy families, hospitals, asylums, patronage works of all kinds, and the care of the poor generally from their baptism to their marriage, and finally at death, and beside the grave. So has this seed, planted in the ground fifty but years since, grown up and spread and multiplied a hundredfold. A weekly meeting in Paris is now represented by tens of hundreds of Conference meetings a week, by councils throughout the world, by brothers in every clime, of every tongue.† And all this great organization is but working out the problem solved at the office table of M. Bailly.

The Society then has in its hand the means to stay the communism of the age, the only means that can prevail. With the weapons of charity, it seeks to combat the Revolution. The kindly feelings, which it promotes, will unite class with class, rich and poor, and Socialism, like an exorcised demon, will wing its murky way to the abyss.

We have spoken thus far of the great underlying principles of the Society, and we pause at this point before we enter into more practical details, to consider an obvious objection. "All this talk about Socialism is very well," some candid friend will

* In 1868 there were 626 Conferences in Spain, but the Society being suppressed in that year, as in France in 1861, and not re-established until 1875, the number of Conferences is at present comparatively small.

† We have now before us the rules of the Society in *Chinese*.

remark, "but how do you account for the poor show your Society makes in our own country?"

We might at the outset allege the peculiar conditions under which the Catholic Church finds itself in England. The mass of the population is not Catholic, and so the work of the Society is circumscribed. But we forbear, for the obvious reply would doubtless be that, though we did but little, if we did that little well, it would suffice; but we do not. A truer reason, perhaps, is that unfortunate defect which we, as a nation, are so prone to. Coldness, formality, want of sympathy, a general feeling that "we never mix." All this prevents the Englishman from treating his superiors or inferiors in an open or genuine manner. Under discipline, it makes the relations between commander and men mere machine work, routine formality. To the poor we are either contemptuous or patronizing. Even between brother and brother of the Society there is a want of cordiality and sympathy; unless the brothers are of the same position and live in the same *quartier*, there is no friendship. All this injures our usefulness. We must look to the maxims of the Society in time to overcome these difficulties. Charity will eventually subdue caste. Another obstacle to the work arises from a misconception of the working of the Society. Amongst enlightened men there is a natural antipathy to the pauperizing effect of what is known as district visiting. We can sympathize in that dislike; but, as we shall show, when the Conferences are conducted in conformity with the spirit of the Society, the objection does not apply. If they are not, if the members are simply amateur district visitors, private relieving officers and private detectives, they had better stay at home. They are not doing any good, and they are degrading their Society. We admit, moreover, that the visit of an "average" brother does not always leave a satisfactory impression. When he enters the humble apartment, the good woman who occupies it pushes half a dozen children into various corners, and putting on her longest face and her hands beneath her apron stands to receive her visitor. He perhaps takes off his hat (if there be no draught), inquires after the children and produces the expected tickets. She receives them with a courtesy, and turns a longing eye on her washtub. There is no reason to detain her longer, so he leaves at once. It is commonly alleged, moreover, that priests do not encourage the efforts of the Society. In some cases we are hardly surprised at this; but where Conferences are established on the proper principles, we cannot believe that the parish priest, if he understood the position, could do otherwise than welcome them.* And it

* Since writing the above lines we have found a case in point, where a

would be well worth while for the priests to ascertain these principles, and to instil them into the minds of their parishioners; for they would thereby create a most powerful agent ever ready to their hands. In effect, good Conferences never allege the difficulty; it is only from waning Conferences that we hear the complaint, and we may be assured that the difficulty, if it arises, is either the fault of the Conference, or that it might be overcome by a little zeal, a little tact, and a little forbearance. It will be useful, therefore, to give, as we do with great diffidence, our views as to the working of the Society, and its various practical objects. We propose to describe the duties of individual members, the formation of Conferences, the visiting of the poor, the "patronage" of youth, special works, and, lastly, the "Councils" of the Society. We shall be pardoned for referring to a considerable extent to personal experience.

When first we looked about for work to do, we ascertained, as it were by chance and indirectly, the existence of the Society of St. Vincent de Paul. Having joined a Conference thereof, we next endeavoured from a small book of rules to extract some idea of what our duties might be. Being without external assistance to this end, we were somewhat at a loss to accomplish it, and, for a period, we made with regularity two or three visits a week, similar, we regret to say, to those described and condemned in an earlier portion of this paper. But finding in the possession of our Conference a box of weather—or rather finger—worn books, we once a week distributed these for the delectation of some dozen boys and girls of literary tastes. This overplus of zeal was the one redeeming feature of our work; and, but for a happy circumstance, we fear we should to this day continue to belong to a certain well-known and respectable Conference, without an idea of the principles of our Society, content in the general mediocrity of our neighbours. This circumstance was the formation of a new Conference under somewhat novel auspices. There was a very large and very poor parish in the heart of London where no Conference of the Society existed. A small house in the poorest and most ill-famed street was placed, by a Protestant lady, at the disposal of a brother of the Society, and here two young lawyers met to establish a Conference. A third had consented to act as treasurer, and a gentleman well known for his patronage works was requested to act as president of the little Society. This gentleman, however, did not respond to the appeal,

most excellent parish priest was under the impression that the Society of St. Vincent de Paul was a society which gave a pension to married persons with families and nothing more. We fortunately were able to disabuse his mind, and he is now actively co-operating in the establishment of a Conference in his parish.

and the young Conference had to do without the benefit of his direction. Its members presently doubled, and it was decided to open a boys' club in the house at once. The brothers were furnished with the names of a few families, and quickly set to work to beat up boys. With considerable anxiety the opening night was awaited. All the brothers were present—the gas was lighted—fires made up—coffee boiled—and the doors opened. One by one, and again two by two, boys began to drop in, and at the end of the evening there were twenty names on the books. In a week there were 50, and in a month 150. One of the brothers attended each night in the week, and it was also found at once necessary to engage a superintendent to be present on all occasions. Fortunately a most excellent working man was obtained who became a mainstay of the club. This last acquisition saddled the Conference with a weekly expense of ten shillings, in addition to the cost of gas, coal, and cleaning. Meanwhile the brothers found time for visiting. The majority of the boys came from two or three streets which were almost exclusively Catholic quarters.* Here a house-to-house visitation was made. These visits proved very enjoyable. The Society has always recommended visiting by twos, and this was adopted by the new Conference. They were soon very well known in the locality, and the visiting proceeded in this wise. Two brothers appearing at the entrance to a street were at once surrounded by a group of boys and girls, and presently of men and women also. These crowded around, and conducted them to the house they wanted, and they, leaving the crowd below, ascended the stairs, and, knocking at the door, begged admission. This was (sometimes after a short parley† on the doorstep) invariably granted. Taking off their hats they shook hands with their hosts, and seating themselves they proceeded to unfold the objects of the club and to enlist the co-operations of the parents. The parents were as a rule well disposed towards the club. Sometimes they explained at the outset that they were not good examples themselves to their children, and would wish them to have better instruction. Generally they were practising Catholics themselves, and regretted to see their children going astray. In both cases they promised cordial assistance. We well remember one such visit, when we ascended to the attic of a house, where, amidst a few articles of clothing, hanging up to dry, we with difficulty made our way up to a solitary man sitting on the single chair, which was the only

* In the street where the club is situated there are believed to be upwards of 500 Catholic souls.

† This was almost invariably at first, because (except the priest) no one but School Board officers, detectives, and the like were expected to visit those parts. When we became known, however, it dropped off.

article of furniture in the room. We explained the object of our visit, which was to enlist his daughter in a girls' club (which we will mention presently), he making no movement or reply the while. When we had done, he poured forth a fire of questions. Who were we? Were we Catholics—Roman Catholics? Who kept the club? and so on: adding that he was *very particular where his daughter went*. We were in the end successful. After a quarter or half an hour the visiting brothers would emerge from the house to find the same *cortège* awaiting them. Generally they were obliged there and then to stop, and standing on the doorstep, explain to the crowd the object of their visits and the whereabouts of the club.

One of our greatest pleasures and encouragements at the first was the welcome and co-operation of some excellent nuns, Poor Servants of the Mother of God Incarnate. They wrote offering assistance, and we had been so frequently asked by the parents and the girls themselves to do something for them too, that we seized the opportunity and got the nuns to establish a girls' club, which was very soon filled.

Soon after our start a deputation waited on us, to ask for the establishment of a men's club. We obtained suitable premises, but we concluded that we ought not to apply our general fund to the purpose of fitting them up, nor was any appeal to the public for the £50 or more required at all successful.* Indeed, we have found that it is useless to expect assistance from others, and our attempts to get together the smallest funds from outsiders have been the reverse of successful. After our first winter we found it necessary to repaint, paper and decorate our boys' club.† We were able to collect the necessary funds amongst ourselves with a little assistance from friends. Within a year our Conference numbered eighteen active brothers, active in fact as well as in name. We did not obtain a corresponding number of honorary brothers, so that we were still somewhat burdened by the expenses.

We do not here need to describe the other works undertaken, the night schools, the classes of superior boys for arithmetic, geometry, drawing and such things, the penny bank, library and other similar institutions. Nor have we as yet begun many things which we foresee must be some day taken in hand. As we advance, a whole vista of new work opens up before us.

* Since this article went to press, through the generosity of a brother of the Conference, the Working Men's Club has been completed at a cost of about £100, and is now in working order.

† Sunday afternoons at the club have been started recently with great promise. We hope to develop this into a Guild with regular monthly communions in course of time.

Enough has been said to justify our speaking encouragingly of the prospects of a Conference in however poor a neighbourhood, with however small a beginning. We will not linger over further details. We have earlier in our paper indicated the leading ideas which pervade this Society, and which would induce a man to become a member of it. The ideas, which we have there endeavoured to define, are essential to our Christian religion. Living as we do in the midst of a non-Catholic or anti-Catholic community, we are very apt to assimilate the anti-Catholic theories of life. This makes it all the more imperative that we should, in co-operation with a Society of Christian Charity, seek an antidote to the poison of Indifferentism. These same considerations led Ozanam and others to found the Society, which they placed under the patronage of a saint eminent for his charity in the midst of an indifferent and hostile world. These considerations it is, at the present day, that lead young men to associate themselves with this same Society. Any young man who has an hour or two of spare time in the week can fulfil the duties and obtain the advantages of active membership. Let such a one carefully consider the principles enunciated in the first portion of this paper, and then let him communicate with the President of the neighbouring Conference of St. Vincent de Paul. For every Christian man who would fulfil the Divine precepts, nay, every citizen who regards the well-being of society, is bound most emphatically to give, at all events, a small portion of his time to the poor. The Manual of the Society points out certain virtues particularly needful to the work, such as patience, humility, self-denial. The brother will find these virtues stimulated by earnest application to the works of his Conference. Self-sanctification and charity to the poor, twin ends of the Society, are the very means for the increase, the one of the other; the qualities required for the work are the outcome of application to the work itself. A brother of the Society of St. Vincent de Paul must be a Catholic, and a good one. For the rest, the rules are satisfied if he attend, as often as may be, the weekly Conference meeting, and join, so far as his time will allow, in any of the active works of the Society.

So far we have been speaking only of what are called *active* brothers of the Society. We must say a few words with regard to the two other classes of its members. The first of these are honorary members, who subscribe to the funds of the Conference, and assist it with their prayers, but who do no active work, and do not, of right, attend the meetings. Many privileges and Indulgences are gained by such, and a certain number of honorary members form a very useful assistance to any Conference. They should, however, be impressed with the duty of giving liberally.

If the active members give, say a shilling a week to the collection, this will amount to about £2 10s. a-year, and the honorary members, who share the benefits and not the labours of the Conference, should at least give as much. Yet we believe that, as a rule, very much less is paid by honorary than by active brothers. The other class includes the benefactors and subscribers of the Society, who not being honorary members, yet obtain certain privileges and Indulgences. Ladies can belong only to this class, but all other members of it, if they be regular subscribers to a Conference, can become honorary members by being proposed in the usual way. All members, honorary and active, are elected to the Society by being proposed by members of a Conference, in the first instance, to the President of the Conference, who announces the proposal to the Conference meeting, and then, if no objection be raised (which should be done to the President privately), he arranges with the person nominated a day on which he shall be admitted to the Society, and obtain the Plenary Indulgence then granted.

We have very frequently been asked what steps are necessary to establish a Conference of our Society. In reply, we would refer our interrogators to the account of the original foundation of the Society. No model could be better for the spirit in which to begin the work. But consequently on the extension of the Society, certain rules have been formulated since its original foundation, by reference to which we have to be guided in establishing Conferences at the present time. The first desideratum towards the promotion of Conferences is the good will of the bishops. The Pastoral Letter of the diocesan is a great assistance to the foundation of new centres. And after the bishops, the assistance of the parish priest is indispensable. Any Conference already founded which does not co-operate cordially with the priest of the mission, would be better away. In founding new Conferences it is therefore essential to obtain the good will of the priest. We have already suggested that it would be well for priests to endeavour to ascertain the uses and principles of the Society, and we would prefer that, as a rule, the first steps should be initiated by the parish priest. At any rate, if this course is not adopted, the first step is, before anything else is attempted, to enlist his support. That given, a room will no doubt be lent by him for the meetings, and, as a recognition of the official character of the Society, such a room is preferable to one in the house of a brother. The priest, too, will best recommend some few men (young, by preference) who are likely subjects for the Society. All these will not remain; but if two-thirds become regular members of the Conference, it is as much as can be expected. Novelty, curiosity, and skin-deep zeal, bring in a proportion

whom hard work and difficulty and disappointments quickly weed out. Another preliminary should be to communicate either with the Particular Council in the locality, or in the absence of a Particular Council, with the Provincial Council, for advice and assistance. When a meeting has been called, it is a great advantage to get some experienced member of the Society to say a few words to indicate the spirit in which the work should be begun. Such a one should be especially careful to eradicate from the minds of all present, all preconceived ideas of relieving-officerdom and district-visiting-ism. Especially great care should be had in the selection of a President, for on him will depend the future of the new Conference. By an excellent preventive of rashness, the nomination of the President must be confirmed by the President of the Particular Council (if any) of the town or district where the Conference is situated. It may, perhaps, surprise our readers that so much stress should be laid upon the choice of President; but all who have experience of the Society know that the mind of the President is the mould of the Conference. Many of our difficulties in England have been enhanced by having in so many Conferences Presidents whose respectability has swallowed up their zeal, and in whom the stagnation of the Conference has become stereotyped. All that we desire our Conference to be, devoted, energetic, active, we must look for in the President. With these qualities he must combine prudence, tact, patience, and amiability. Local influence, though useful in a brother, is not a *sine quâ non* in a President, unless it be combined with the other more important qualifications. Could we find men who to wealth and importance added devotion and zeal, toned with tact and prudence, the efficacy of our Conferences would be increased a thousandfold. When the selection of President has been made, he in turn appoints the officers of the Society. The most important of these are the vice-presidents, secretary, and treasurer, who, with the President, constitute the council of the Conference. Other officers may be appointed from time to time, as occasion may require. Amongst the more frequent and useful are the librarian, keeper of the wardrobe, and chaplain. The council of the Conference should frequently meet to discuss matters of importance which have to be considered by the Conference, and where there exists a Particular Council (such as the London Council, the Birmingham Council, &c.), the members of these councils consist of the councils of all the Conferences comprised in the district. One of the subjects discussed at a very interesting and useful meeting of Presidents and delegates of the Society, held in the summer of 1882 in London, was the question of the boundaries of these Particular Councils. It was then recommended, and the recommendation was put in the form

of a substantive resolution and carried unanimously, "that special Councils be recommended to define their boundaries, not confining themselves to the municipal area, but including surrounding suburbs and districts, if they can usefully do so." Existing Conferences external to the municipal district, however, can, of course, only be included, as in the case of Greenwich in the London Council, by mutual agreement.

Almost as much care should be used in selecting a secretary as is imperative in the choice of a President, as very efficient work can be done by a suitable man in this capacity. He keeps the books of the Society, which always include a roll of members, an exact account of the families visited, and a minute-book of the meetings of the Conference. Many other books are kept by the secretary in special cases, or, if the work be too great, by an assistant appointed for that purpose; such as penny bank books, secretary's cash book, members' attendance book, register of school attendance (in cases where the school fees are paid by the Conference), boys' club account book, patronage attendance book, loan book, and list of members of boys' club, and register of their families, &c. In the excellent advice given in the "Manual," (pp. 46-7) to secretaries, they are especially cautioned against carelessness and unpunctuality on the one hand, and red-tapeism on the other. The treasurer has the care of the funds of which he gives a weekly account. All accumulations, beyond the natural hibernating process, which collects funds in the summer for distribution in the winter, are especially condemned, and, if we mistake not, the most important Conference in England owed its ruin to disregard of this injunction. The other officers who are not essential to a Conference, are yet very important assistants. Every Conference should establish a library, and in every Conference the parish priest should be asked to undertake the office of chaplain. The keeper of the wardrobe receives gifts of clothes and blankets, and sees to their proper distribution. In Conferences subject to a particular council, the secretary and treasurer prepare monthly returns to the council, and a tithe is paid to the council of the collections and donations received by the Conference during the month. When the officers of the Conference have been appointed, and brothers to the number of six at least (including officers) enrolled, after a short probationary period, application in the prescribed form should be made, through the Provincial Council, to the Council General for aggregation. Until this has been done, and the aggregation has been granted by the Council General, the Conference does not belong formally, to the Society, and the Indulgences cannot be obtained by its members. All the necessary forms, rules, manuals, and other requirements can be obtained, by application

to the Provincial Council of England, whose office is at 31, Queen Square, London, W.C., or to the President General, George Blount, Esq., 28, Old Burlington Street, W., or to the Provincial secretaries. Meanwhile, work should not stand still, but the weekly meeting should be regularly instituted. This begins with prayer, spiritual reading, and the reading of the minutes of the last meeting; new members are introduced, and the brothers report on their cases or their work. Details of work are discussed, new schemes projected, advice sought or given, tickets for relief in kind distributed. The meeting is concluded with a collection, and the closing prayers.*

It is now time to speak of the work to which the Conference should devote itself. That this work should be for the poor is of course essential, but that it shall take the form of domiciliary visiting is not so, though this is the most common form, as it was the earliest. Conferences have from time to time been formed for some particular object other than visiting the poor, but, where they have been successful, visiting has, as a rule, been added to their works. As it is the most general and the most characteristic of the works of the Society, so must it be the most carefully managed. It will have already appeared that we regard it as a very special feature of the Society, and also that we consider that it has frequently been misguided in our own country, and we have pointed out some of the causes of our defective system.

The vital fault in the system of visiting is to regard temporal relief as the main object of the visit. It is this which renders abortive any attempt to get at the heart of the recipient. Go to the poor with a ticket in your hand, and you arouse his avarice; go as a superior, and you awaken his pride; but, go as a brother, enter with an apology, shake him by the hand, accept the proffered chair, arrest his sympathy and regard, and you will call forth his better self, and find a genuine friend. Yet there are some Conferences where no family is visited, except this temporal relief is granted. We have even heard of cases where the tickets are sent by a messenger or servant without the formality of any visit at all! Those who declaim against visiting the poor have, we suppose, this detrimental system before their mind; they are right in saying that the poor regard it as an intrusion. Although temporal relief is to be used as an instrument, or given in real cases of abject distress, it should be the exception rather than the rule. In the Conference alluded to before, we have found it better, in consequence of the general poverty of the neighbourhood,

* "Manual," pp. 124-8.

never to give relief personally, but to send it through the Sisters, as no jealousies are thereby aroused, and an equal footing is found in every household. We should visit with a view always to the end of our work, the sanctification of ourselves. These friendly visits to the faithful poor are a great aid in that object. We should not go as superiors; the poor we visit are often far better than ourselves, and we may learn many lessons of patience, of charity, of humility, from them. We remember visiting a poor widow woman who had five children to support, one of whom alone could earn money. Yet this good woman had, out of charity, taken into her single small room, an orphan boy. We were able to find him employment, and he is now in the excellent Home for Youths, of which we shall speak presently. To go to such a one with good advice would be insolence. We should go to learn. "A Brother of the Society" (says the "Manual," p. 9), "will not merely pay a flying visit, but will enter leisurely; seat himself on, perhaps, the only chair the room contains, to listen to the tale of misfortune, to encourage the disclosure of some soul-oppressing secret; and thus, by gentle patience and kind demeanour, to gradually implant in the withered heart feelings of gratitude for their friendship towards him." Of course it is well to have some ostensible purpose for the first visit. Such can be easily found. Where patronage works are established, and there should be such in every Conference, a ready motive for a visit is at hand. Otherwise an introduction from the priest, or a neighbour will suffice. A second visit should need no excuse, if the first be properly conducted. Then, again, holy families and confraternities may be recommended, books lent, instruction offered, advice in difficulties given; all these will be easy keys to open the door for visiting.

But we must now proceed to indicate a work which, though not the original work undertaken by the Society, has assumed considerable proportions, and is, perhaps, the most important and useful that can be done. It also has this peculiarity, that the Society of St. Vincent de Paul is alone on the field. In other works, we find other institutions in friendly rivalry, but this is our exclusive invention and property—we allude to the patronage of boys. This implies the fatherly adoption and care of the temporal and spiritual welfare of the boys under the care of the Society. So important is the work esteemed that, in England there is a special Patronage Committee (the Report of which for 1881 is now before us*), which

* One of those who devoted the greatest care to the preparation of the

superintends the patronage work throughout the kingdom ; and it is in this report that we find our chief hope for the Society in this country. Though other things may not be so promising, it would yet appear that patronage work is taking a new departure amongst us. At the first general meeting of the Society which we attended, we were immensely struck by a remark of the Rev. Fr. Lockhart that ninety per cent. of the boys educated in our schools were lost to the Faith when they entered the world. The reverend father proceeded to point out that patronage was the only means of preventing this evil, and we remember resolving that if ever we became a member of this Society, we would ascertain what this patronage work was, and devote our energies thereto. We have since discovered the meaning of that word ; it is one which cannot be too widely understood. Patronage work, then, embraces the care of boys from their early years when they are instructed for confirmation or first communion, when they are taught to read and write (which, even in these days, and in London, is often necessary), when they are induced to go to school,* but *more particularly* from the time when they leave school at the age of thirteen or fourteen, until manhood. This patronage may be extended in various ways. First by adoption and care of individual boys. By this method considerable good may be done. Special boys may be selected in the schools, boarded with respectable persons, apprenticed to good masters, trained in religious duties. This form of patronage, however, requires much personal attention and supervision, and therefore, though it is by no means to be despised (far otherwise), unfortunately in practice there are not enough charitable persons to be found to make the work of appreciable value. The second method is by patronage homes, in which selected boys live, working at trades to which they are apprenticed, and partially supporting the Home by their wages. Such a Home managed originally by a devoted brother of our Society, and now under the care of the Belgian Brothers of Charity, with the immediate supervision of the Patronage Committee, is established at 41, Queen Square. Here some thirty boys are lodged and well cared for, their spiritual condition being highly satisfactory. This home is, however, exceedingly expensive and a heavy drag on the resources of the Patronage Committee. This costliness prevents the possibility of many similar institutions being established at present, and we must, therefore, look to our third method

Patronage Rules was the present Viceroy of India, a most devoted brother of the Society.

* In Holland the Society entirely supports the Catholic parish boys' schools.

for general use. This is to be found in what are called school-room patronages, because they are generally established in school-rooms, though, if possible, other premises should be secured. Of these schoolroom patronages there are two kinds, both successful in their own way. In the one case a small number of selected boys are collected in the room after work-hours, and instruction and amusement provided. Rules more or less stringent, according to the requirements of the locality, with reference to religious duties, are enforced. One such we have visited, carried on by the exertions of one man single-handed, which has produced most satisfactory results. But here, again, only a few can of course be reached. The second kind of schoolroom patronage consists of a night club for boys with a few easy and general rules. A small charge for membership (such as a penny a week) should be made. Into this club as many boys as can be satisfactorily managed should be brought, and all sorts of good works instituted in connection with it on their behalf. An excellent arrangement is to start a guild, or, if there be a holy family, to have a section of it in connection with the club, and to induce the better boys to belong to it, so as to cultivate the regular frequentation of the Sacraments, &c. A penny bank and library should be established at the club, a registry for situations (in connection with the new sub-committee of the Provincial Council for this object) should be opened, classes of religious and secular instruction held, and boys, when necessary, prepared for first Communion. But in addition to the work to be done actually at the club, there are many other helps which may be rendered to the boys. A general register of all the club boys should be kept, and their families should be visited at home. Respectable lodgings should be recommended to homeless boys, situations under good masters should be found, and those who are moving to a new neighbourhood should be kept in sight by a communication with the local Conference and with the new sub-committee, which we have already alluded to, and which, ere these lines are printed, will, we hope, be in active working order.

Many other useful works will no doubt suggest themselves to those who have such patronages at work, and it would be well if such suggestions were made known by means of the Patronage Committee to others who desire to promote them. But the Society does not stop here; it would wish to see workmen's societies, institutes, and clubs formed for those who have grown up out of patronage influences. These, which no longer can be described as patronage works, are yet very excellent and legitimate undertakings of the Society. In these days of union of workmen, political clubs, and the like, Catholics might surely organize and solidify their members by means of these organiza-

tions of working men. They surely have but poor respect for the power of their Religion over the hearts and minds of men, who, for fear of political or social combinations, refuse to assist in the promotion of institutions calculated to inspire and intensify and consolidate Catholic feelings and Catholic thought. The great merit both of patronages and men's clubs is the centre which is afforded by them for the commencement of many kindred works. As in patronages so in working men's institutes numerous offshoots will spring up. In addition to the instruction, advice, and good offices that charity will suggest in connection with the men's clubs, many practical matters can there be organized, which without the club could not be attempted. We shall expect soon to find a provident club, burial club, sick club, or similar institutions developing, and a savings bank, library, and registry of situations will of course soon be added.

Even where there is no club, a guild, or holy family should be organized. These confraternities are now frequently established, even without the assistance of the Society, though they owe their origin to the St. Sulpice Conference of St. Vincent, and have ever been one of its peculiar and characteristic undertakings. It is now, no doubt, unnecessary to explain the constitution of these well-known guilds, but we cannot omit to pay a tribute to their usefulness. If a Conference is unable to bear the expense of a club, it should at least organize or co-operate with a confraternity of this kind.

Another centre of usefulness which can be organized by the Society, yet is without its pale, is the ladies' committee. In every parish where there are no working nuns, such a committee should be formed, independent of the Society, but co-operating with it; and all cases which cannot from their nature be undertaken by the Society should be handed over to the ladies' committee. Such, for example, is all work especially for girls. This work the Society is debarred from undertaking as a general rule; but it was recommended at the meeting of delegates in London (confirmed by the Council General and Provincial Council), that these corresponding ladies' committees should be established, and all work directly for girls should be assigned to them. Thus, at Bristol, the corresponding ladies' committee receives from the Society lists of pauper girls leaving the workhouse, and sees to their care and lodging. So again, in Birmingham, the Catholic members of the ladies' committee for superintending the boarding out of pauper children are in correspondence with the Society.

Other useful works which the ladies' committee will undertake are the mothers' meetings, with which a clothing *dépôt* and kindred institutions will be connected, and the girls' patronage clubs similar to those for boys in connection with the patronage

committee. Many Conferences in Paris and other places, and a few in England, have attempted the system of loans with considerable success. But in England especially some caution must be used in the matter. In these cases either tools and trade materials or bedding and furniture, are lent to the industrious poor and paid for by small instalments. Until the payment is completed the tools and furniture are considered simply as a loan, and marked with the name or stamp of the Society, which is thereby protected against loss by the articles being pledged or seized.*

The Society has never attempted in this country anything approaching to a community life for the brothers. We have yet to wait, perhaps for a long time, before any great institution grows up, where young men, at work in the world, may find in the community of their brothers in St. Vincent and in devotion to the poor, a safeguard and a retreat from the perils around them. Until such an institution is established, there is, however, to be found in general retreats for the brothers, a period (brief, in truth) when the spirit of St. Vincent may be strengthened by communion, and the zeal of the brothers increased. These retreats at least might, we think, be usefully organized.

Many other works there are open to the energy of the brothers which we cannot even mention here. They will be found treated of in detail in the Manual (pp. 509–535). They show the Society caring for the poor from birth, in early childhood and youth, by crèches, schools and patronages, at confirmation and marriage, through manhood to old age, by institutes, hospitals, and asylums, in unnumbered situations and by untold methods, till, at the last, it watches at his death, it stands beside his grave, and treasures his memory, as it prays for his peace; in all, seeking nothing beyond this, to be the friend of the poor and the friendless.

Before we conclude, we must say a few words upon the different Councils of the Society. We have already alluded to those which exist in England—viz., the Particular Councils of towns, such as the London Council, the Birmingham Council, &c.; the Provincial Council of England, and the Patronage Committee. We will briefly mention the constitution and scope of these Councils. The Particular Council (as already mentioned) consists of the officers of the Conferences included within its boundaries, which comprise the town and neighbouring suburbs, and receives a tithe of the collections and donations of each Conference. From the fund thereby created it makes grants to needy Conferences

* Goods may in the same manner be redeemed from pawn, but no interest must be charged on loans for this purpose, to avoid infringement of the Pawnbrokers' Acts.

or to special cases* brought before it by them. It exercises a general supervision over the works of the various Conferences, which send to it a monthly treasurer's and secretary's report. It has a President, secretary, and treasurer, and conducts its meetings in the same manner as the Conferences themselves. The Provincial Council of England consists of a President, vice-presidents, secretaries, and treasurer, the Presidents of the Particular Councils of England and a few other leading members of the Society. This Council superintends the work of the Society throughout England, and is the means of communication with the Council General at Paris. It publishes an Annual Report of the Society in England, and is charged with the arrangements of general meetings. The efficiency of the Provincial Council might, we believe, be greatly enhanced in two ways. In the first place correspondence should be established by it with all the councils in English-speaking colonies and countries.† Vast assistance might thereby be afforded to emigrants. We understand, however, that this matter has been urged on the Council General, and that the sub-committee of the Provincial Council, which deals with such matters, will probably be ere long in a position to establish this intercommunication. In the second place the supervision of country Conférencês, especially those without a Particular Council, is a part of the duty of the Provincial Council. This is efficiently carried out in Holland and elsewhere by means of delegates. We should like to see some such arrangement systematically carried out in England. Another very satisfactory effort of the Provincial Council is the meeting of Presidents and delegates. This was begun in a small way in 1881, but in 1882 a large and representative meeting was held in London, and it is to be hoped that in future years this meeting will be held with similar success. The resolutions passed at the meeting held in 1882 are now before us and have already been alluded to. They refer to several important matters of general management, and afford a practical commentary on the working of the Society. One of these resolutions, which has been submitted to and received the approval of His Holiness Leo XIII., we must mention here. It was resolved to recommend the establishment of a committee which should undertake the finding of situations for boys or men with good masters, to arrange for and assist their removal from one locality to another for this purpose, and to correspond with the various Conferences with reference to these matters. A sub-committee has accordingly been appointed to take these matters in hand, and this sub-committee,

* Such as grants for emigration, or for setting up a man in business, &c.

† This (since this article went to press) is being done.

as we have already suggested, will no doubt in time be able to afford such assistance as will make migration and emigration a safe and useful proceeding. For the danger of emigration at present is this, that poor people are sent to places where they know no one, and have no one to care for them, and where they sink down into perhaps greater poverty and worse surroundings than they left behind them. Emigration is only successfully carried out when the poor are sent to those who will see to their settlement in a satisfactory position. We see in this sub-committee the germs of usefulness in this important matter. All information as to the sub-committee can be obtained from Henry D. Harrod, Esq., 53, Lilleshall Road, Clapham, S.W. This brings us to the last of our managing committees, the Patronage Committee, which superintends all those various patronage works, throughout the country, of which we have already spoken in detail. It also manages the Home for Youths in Queen Square, which it supports from its funds. On this and on grants to various patronage works, it spends upwards of £1,300 a year, for which it is entirely dependent on voluntary contributions. The report of the Patronage Committee deals with much that is the peculiar property of the Society, and is highly interesting and instructive. No Conference should be without at least some small work in connection with the patronage. There are far too few at present.

We now draw to a conclusion. We have in this article endeavoured to lay before our readers in the first place the pressing wants which the Society of St. Vincent de Paul is intended to supply, and the spirit of Christian charity in which it sets to work to meet them, and we have then, after briefly glancing at some defects at home, remediable indeed, and rapidly, we believe and hope, being remedied, given some account in greater detail, of the works and ways of the Society. In setting before our readers the general objects of this noble Society and brotherhood, we have approached the topics dealt with from the position of a brother of the Society. We have, therefore, taken things as we find them—uninhabitable homes, Poor Law systems, school boards, “the criminals and the paupers” of society, and pointed out how, here a little, there a little, we may assuage misery, help poverty, heal wounds. Of greater subjects, of the economical and social questions involved by the existing state of things, it has not been here the place to speak. Such questions only indirectly affect our Society; but as individuals, we, from that knowledge of the poor which we acquire, that appreciation of their troubles and their sufferings which comes of intercourse with them, are better able to form a judgment on these matters, and to point out causes and remedies.

To the reform of abuses, to the overthrow of the effete survivals of feudalism without the charity or the chivalry of a former age, we may or may not be called upon to contribute; but meanwhile it seems the worthy object of a life to devote whatever time and means and talents we have to lightening the hardships, relieving the distress, and Christianizing the hearts of the poor.

ART. III.—THE NOVELS OF ANTHONY TROLLOPE.

The Chronicles of Barsetshire. By ANTHONY TROLLOPE. In eight volumes, large crown 8vo, with frontispieces. Vols. I. and II., *The Warden and Barchester Towers*; Vol. III., *Dr. Thorne*; Vol. IV., *Framley Parsonage*; Vols. V. and VI., *The Small House at Allington*; Vols. VII. and VIII., *The Last Chronicle of Barset*. London: Chapman & Hall.

DURING the last few years the hand of death seems to have been specially busy in the world of letters, and we have lost more than one teacher whom not alone we can ill spare, but whose places we fear none are rising up to fill. But little more than two years ago Carlyle was taken from us, in the fulness of years it is true, and perhaps after he had taught us all he had to teach, and all we could with any profit learn from him, yet a teacher whose rare utterances—rare, at least, in these later days—were deeply valued by many. The grass had barely covered his grave before we were called on to lament the death of the greatest woman English literature has known, George Eliot, and that, too, in the prime of middle age, when a new and a healthier life than hers had so far been was but just opening before her, the purer sunlight of which we might not unreasonably hope would have been reflected in her work. And we have now to record the death of one, who, although intellectually inferior, and so far unworthy of comparison with the authors already named, has yet, perhaps, given us more innocent amusement and entertainment than any other writer of this generation, Mr. Anthony Trollope. No writer now living has been more prolific, and since the year 1855 few seasons have passed without the novel-loving world having the pleasure of reading at least one story from his pen. And although these stories are decidedly unequal in merit, yet none could be called absolutely uninteresting; whilst the appalling, and to a novel writer fatal, word dull, and Trollope could never fairly be uttered in connection with one another.

Of Mr. Trollope's life few particulars seem to be forthcoming. Every newspaper of any standing had a notice, and many published an article on the man as well as on his works within a week of his death. But so far as the minutiae of his life are concerned, each account was merely a repetition, more or less varied in details, of the other. Every critic has told us that Anthony Trollope was born in 1815, was son of the once famous Mrs. Trollope, the authoress of "*Widow Barnaby*," and many other stories—books, we imagine, which are hardly read to-day, and the writer of which would not now be remembered, were it not that for a generation past the family name has been prominently before the world in the person of her second son Anthony, and, to a lesser degree, in that of her eldest son Adolphus.

Anthony was educated both at Winchester and at Harrow (why at two public schools we have not been told), and was only prevented from completing his studies at a University by the death of his father, and the consequent loss of income sustained by the family. He was then sent to Brussels to learn French, and as early as 1834 he obtained a clerkship in the Post Office. In this department of the Civil Service he remained until eight years ago, when he resigned, hardly we may surmise in order to devote himself more closely to literature, for we have no reason to suppose that he has written more freely during these later years than he did before; but, we may hope, in order to enjoy a well-earned leisure, and to taste the sweets of being completely his own master for some years before the end should come. We believe that he resigned his position before his Civil Service pension was due. Had he accepted a Government pension it would have incapacitated him from sitting in the House of Commons. As a fact, Trollope never was in Parliament. But when we recall the strong attraction for parliamentary life expressed in some of his political novels, and his keen admiration for men devoted to public life, we may trace some connection between the date of his retiring from the Post Office and the well-known rules of the Civil Service and Parliament.

Although Trollope passed upwards of forty years in the service of the State, he was by no means tied to a London office during that time. For eighteen years he was stationed in Ireland, and he there gathered inspiration and material for his earlier novels, "*The Macdermots of Ballycloran*," the "*Kellys and the O'Kellys*," and also for a clever though painful story in one volume, which we have accidentally come across, and which seems to be unnoticed by his late biographers, "*An Eye for an Eye*." His Irish stories, however, attained no great popularity; and it was not until the year 1855, when "*The Warden*" appeared, that the novel-reading public discovered that a new and brilliant light had

arisen in their firmament. Whosoever could write "The Warden," with its subtle and masterly delineation of character, and its delicate and nice humour, could do more and could do better. Nor were they disappointed; for, as we before said, from 1855 and onwards, few seasons passed without the world having a fresh story from Mr. Trollope, which it was a real pleasure to read.

Mr. Trollope married and has left children, though when he married, or the ages of his children, no one has told us. He lived for some years at Waltham Cross, and more recently in Sussex and London. In whatever country neighbourhood he might be living, he was always ready to ride to cover, and enjoyed fox hunting as thoroughly as any of the heroes of his own stories, and, perhaps, as much even as some of his heroines, ladies whom he has more than once described as finding their only true felicity in the short ten minutes in which they have been leading in the hunting field. All are agreed that Trollope was a warm and generous, if occasionally a dictatorial friend; and that his rough manner disguised kind and genial feelings, whilst his conduct would often show true consideration for others. This will surprise none who are acquainted with his books. No one who was himself without refinement and delicacy of feeling could have drawn so skilfully the Quixotic self-sacrifice of that gentlest of men, Septimus Harding. No one, not himself gifted with sensitiveness, could have pictured after so life-like a fashion Mr. Crawley's painful and obstinate pride, and his soreness at the kindly attempts of his friends to aid him in his constantly recurring troubles, and in his ever present distress. But this side of Mr. Trollope was not the prominent one; and we believe that many who had been for long delighting in the delicate touches of humour, and the true pictures of the subtler side of our feelings with which his books abound, experienced some disappointment on first making his acquaintance. We remember this being the case ourselves. We had long and anxiously looked forward to a meeting, and at length found ourselves dining in his company. It was at the time of the Danish and Prussian war, and Trollope was a hot partisan of the Germans, the unpopular side. Unluckily there happened to be at the table a gentleman fresh from the Danish camp, who, if more moderate in the expression of his feelings—which were entirely antagonistic to Trollope's—was equally keen in experiencing them. The result was not fortunate. Mr. Trollope's loud voice and domineering manner, although they did not carry conviction, somewhat marred the pleasure of the argument. We can believe the anecdote lately told of him by a friend. Indeed, if it be not literally true, it is *ben trovato*, and so characteristic as to deserve mention. Trollope and a party of congenial friends were dining together on a summer's evening

at Henley. At the further end of the room from that in which Trollope was engaged in conversation some one ventured to give an opinion: "I differ from you entirely," he exclaimed in his loud, sonorous voice: "I differ from you entirely! *What was it you said?*"

Trollope's temperament was one which undoubtedly shone better as a host than as a guest. His nature forced him to take the lead in everything, and his exuberant spirit rarely cared to follow. He was naturally, therefore, seen to greater advantage in his own house, where his love of generous hospitality could have full play and where his prominence in conversation was simply fitting. Where he is said to have been pre-eminently delightful was in a *tête-à-tête*, particularly if his companion was younger than himself and was not indisposed to listen. He would then talk freely, and the less he was interrupted the better worth hearing he would be. The result was not unlike listening to an interesting chapter of one of his books. That Trollope was a kind husband and an affectionate father, all agree in stating. We learn, too, from a short notice in the "Guardian" newspaper, written apparently by a friend living near his last home in Sussex, that he was truly benevolent to his poor and sick neighbours, whom he would visit personally, and cheer by his kind and genial manner; that he was active in all matters connected with the education of the people; that he never missed the services of his parish church on Sunday, and that he joined in the Anglican Communion office. These few particulars of Mr. Trollope's life are all that have been, so far, given to the public, beyond the mapping out of his day, which was as regular as a clock. The work by which he was best known was done very early in the morning. He rose at five o'clock, and wrote his novels until called to a late breakfast. When summoned he obeyed at once, however critical might be the point in his story he had reached, or however doubtful the position in which he was obliged to leave his characters. He apparently felt confident that he could take up the thread exactly as he had left it. The result justifies this confidence; for we can recall no untoward breaks or want of smoothness in any of his scenes, and nothing that suggests an interruption. Every episode is worked out to its legitimate ending, and finishes naturally with the chapter. He treated novel-writing as a craft. To use his own words, he sat down to write "as a cobbler sits down to make shoes." That he could do better one day than another, or that his skill would fail him if he forced his inspirations at an unwilling moment, seemed to him impossible. The rest of Mr. Trollope's day was divided between official work, riding, and when in London a visit to his club, the Athenæum.

To us, however, the main interest in Trollope centres in those early hours of the morning. It is by the work then done that we know him, and because of it that we feel so lively an interest in all that concerns him. It will surprise none that his stories were written in the quiet time before the din of the day was awake. There is a freshness about them, an entire absence of unhealthy and morbid feeling, which is suggestive of the crisp morning air, whilst they sparkle with natural fun and kindly wit, as brightly as ever the dew sparkles in the Spring sunshine of an April morning. His stories are never without some love episode; but in many of them the love story is a mere episode, and not the main plot of the book. But even his love stories are pure and healthy, and without any touch of that indescribable taint which makes many modern novels objectionable reading. Without hesitation these stories can be placed in the hands of young girls, with no fear of their gathering harm from them. Besides the fact of the love story being often of secondary interest, Trollope has ventured on another innovation which is rare in novels. He tells more than one story, the main interest of which centres in the doings and sufferings of those well advanced in life. For instance, there can be little doubt that the fate of poor Lady Mason in "*Orley Farm*," touches us more nearly than the loves of Magdelene and her clever young lawyer; and still less that the result of Mr. Crawley's trial in "*The Last Chronicles of Barse*t" interests us more deeply than his daughter's conquest of an eligible husband; and both Lady Mason and Mr. Crawley are past middle age.

If the true object of fiction, as we believe it to be, is to amuse and entertain us in a leisure hour, without exciting us to an uneasy pitch, or harrowing our sympathies over the sorrows of imaginary beings, then, no greater master of fiction than Trollope has lived in our day, or, if we except Miss Austen, in any other. Like her he rarely unmask the deeper feelings of his heroes and heroines; or perhaps it were truer to say, he rarely chooses for his characters those in whom deep feelings lie hidden. We see no further into most of his characters than we do into those of our intimate friends; and with many of those whose fortunes we follow through story after story, we seem merely to have a casual acquaintance. Yet how interested we are in them all, and how we sorrow to see them finally disappear from the scene.

Trollope's novels may be classified into three distinct sets, not published in any order, but still, now when we can have no more from his hand, naturally dividing themselves thus: first, the "*Barchester*," or clerical series; next, the "*Phineas Phinn*," and "*Lady Glencora*," or political series; and, lastly, the miscellaneous novels. As we have said before, the Irish stories were first pub-

lished; then came "The Warden," and "Barchester Towers," which were followed by one or two miscellaneous stories, "The Three Clerks," "The Bertrams," &c., of such inferior merit, that it was feared Trollope had already written himself out. These were published in the years 1858-59. With the first number of the "Cornhill Magazine," however, which appeared in January, 1860, such fear was dissipated, for he then commenced "Framley Parsonage," a work which shows undiminished power of description and character drawing, and less of the mere caricature, which to some extent marred "Barchester Towers." We are here taken back into the world of Barset; and for the next two or three stories we live amongst the same people and in the same scenes as in "The Warden." Of course, however, the author's canvas becomes more extended and more thickly peopled as time goes on; for the children grow up before the parents die, and take the place of heroes and heroines hitherto occupied by their elders. It is generally thought that Trollope's reputation will live mainly on account of the chronicles of Barset; and of these we will speak first and most fully, moved, to some extent, to do so by the handsome edition of the series lately put forth, in a readable form and at a reasonable cost, by Messrs. Chapman and Hall.

If there be any truth in the dying and oft-quoted words of the late Archbishop of Canterbury, "We are on the eve of great changes in Church and State," then Trollope's novels, which deal mainly with the clerical side of English life, have a greater and more lasting value than have ordinary books which dive no deeper than do Trollope's into human nature. Whatever may be in store in the future for the Established religion of England, whether it is to grow in spiritual force when it ceases to be a State machine, or whether it is to be dissolved into a hundred sects, representing the hundred systems and opinions now forcibly held together by State bonds, and its members to fly asunder like the sticks of an unbound faggot—matters little. Whatever may be in store for the Church of England in the future, that the Establishment has played a part in the past life of England, specially in country districts, none can deny. When, therefore, we say that Trollope's "Chronicles of Barset" are good photographs of clergymen and of their influence, lives and opinions during the two middle quarters of this century, it may be implied that they will be of inestimable value in the future to all who wish to study the social side of English life during those years. "We are on the eve of great changes." All, therefore, that paints the past, especially a past too which is unrecorded by newspapers and ignored in Parliamentary reports, is valuable. It is from fiction that we are now mainly able to picture the

lives of our fathers ; and even the changes of our own day have come about so gradually, that till we are reminded—as we are in these stories—of what was customary some forty years ago, we are unconscious of them. No serious historian, even if we except Mr. Green, will ever tell us how Mr. Harding dined at five o'clock, or how Mr. Robartes was able (happy man and happy days), as a married clergyman with children, to keep a manservant indoors, more than one valuable horse and a pony-carriage for his wife, on a living of £800 a year ; and many another trivial, yet not uninteresting, detail. Beginning with “The Warden,” and the story of the reform of an abuse in an almshouse so gross that Mr. Harding, a scrupulous and sensitive man, even though he profits by it, cannot bear up against the attack, and resigns his post of warden rather than submit to hostile newspaper criticism, Trollope carries us on through story after story, until gradually the representatives of the Anglican clergy of thirty years ago assume an altogether old-fashioned and old-world air, and even their successors are passing out of date before the author takes final leave of them.

We believe that it was more than an accident which caused Mr. Trollope, some years ago, to finish off his series of stories which, though certainly not dealing with the religious life of England in the nineteenth century, deal with its clerical side. Although he loves to dwell under the walls of a cathedral and in country parsonages, and to depict the life there lived (always, by the way, with a keen appreciation of its comic side), not only can we recall no word likely to shock a reverent ear, but we can realize a true and life-like image of clerical life, without religion so much as having been touched on at all. This is a fact worthy of note. It sounds paradoxical ; and certainly in no other communion in the world would such a playing of Hamlet, whilst omitting the part of the Prince of Denmark, be possible. Was it, perhaps, because to-day it would hardly be fair in portraying Protestant clergymen entirely to leave out the spiritual side of their lives, that Trollope ceased to describe the English clergy ? Whatever may be his follies, and however grave his errors, the typical parson of to-day is hardly an Archdeacon Grantley, or even a prosperous Mr. Robartes. Many of the Anglican clergy now draw their enthusiasm from Nonconformity, and borrow their doctrine from the Church : from neither point of view do they lend themselves so easily to a novelist. Thirty years ago it was different. One of the finest characters Trollope has drawn, and one whose inner feelings we see most clearly, is Mr. Crawley. He is a man of almost heroic qualities, mixed with an alloy of the weakest pride : with a mind not altogether sane, and yet with a brilliant intellect, and with unimpaired power of usefulness amongst a

miserable population. Mr. Crawley is powerfully drawn. Indeed, when we remember the hero in "*He Knew he was Right*," it appears as if Trollope had a special genius for showing us the working of an only half-sane mind. He is in the deepest trouble, and is half-crazed with sorrow; for he—a man who, if alone in the world, would have found it easier to starve than accept five shillings as a gift even from a brother—is accused of stealing a cheque. Yet it is never hinted that he seeks comfort where surely he has been teaching his destitute bricklayers to seek it, nor that he finds relief in the thought: "*He will forth bring thy justice as the light, and thy judgment as the noon-day.*" When his state is lowest, and when his grief is sorest, he makes his daughter read aloud to him a passage from a Greek poem, in which are described the agonies of a blind giant. No giant could have been more powerful—only that he was blind, and could not see to avenge himself on those who injured him. So—

Ask for this great deliverer now, and find him
Eyeless in Gaza, at the mill with slaves.

He sees in these tragic lines a likeness to himself, and compares the dim eyes of the giant with his own clouded brain, which, were it clear but for a moment, would allow him to free himself from the hateful charge hanging over him.

"At the mill with slaves!" he exclaims, "can any picture be more dreadful than that! Go on, my dear. Of course you remember Milton's '*Samson Agonistes*?' . . . These are old thoughts with me—Polyphemus and Belisarius and Samson and Milton, have always been pets of mine. The mind of the strong, blind creature must be so sensible of the injury that has been done to him! The impotency combined with his strength, or rather the impotency with the memory of former strength and former aspirations, is so essentially tragic!"

Then, when for an instant the cloud lifts, and he enjoys a momentary triumph—no thought flies upwards, no word of thanksgiving passes his lips: but he exultingly calls for his daughter, that he may enjoy an hour's happiness with her over "*The Seven against Thebes.*" On other occasions we see him sitting moodily and morosely by the fire. A good man, we are told, yet fighting against God's will, as if He were a legitimate enemy; repelling all sympathy as insult; himself causing his wife and children double suffering; leaving them to bear the burden, and adding to its weight. And yet how he loves them!

A very different and even less spiritual a character is Archdeacon Grantley, a man nevertheless whom none of us can know without liking. Who can say that he is an unfair picture of an Anglican Church dignitary of thirty years ago? And yet, is

not the idea of the archdeacon and a preacher of the gospel and minister of sacraments incongruous? We can easily see him riding about the country on his handsome cob, looking sharply after the preserving of foxes ; but it is less easy to picture him, leaving for awhile the volume of Rabelais which he is studying by stealth, to console a death bed, or to don a surplice and read even the Protestant service. Trollope himself never doubts the worldliness of his archdeacon. He is fully aware that with his clerical hat and gaiters begin and end the clerical side to his character ; and that the Christian religion which he preaches weekly to his people is the merest veneer on the actual man. His unqualified delight at the fact that his daughter is a marchioness, and his equally genuine distress at the perversity of a son, who is threatening to ally himself disadvantageously, are worthy of a *blasé* and worldly-minded old *habitué* of Pall Mall. Listen to him explaining his sorrow at his son's obstinacy to his confidant Lady Lufton :—

But, Lady Lufton, you do not understand yet how this hits me. Everything in life that I have done I have done for my children. I am wealthy, but I have not used my wealth for myself, because I have desired that they should be able to hold their heads high in the world. All my ambition has been for them, and all the pleasure which I have anticipated for myself in my old age is that which I have hoped to receive from their credit. As for Henry, he might have had anything he wanted from me in the way of money. He expressed a wish, a few months since, to go into Parliament, and I promised to help him as far as ever I could go. I have kept up the game altogether for him. He, the younger son of a working parish parson, has had everything that could be given to the eldest son of a country gentleman—more than is given to the eldest son of many a peer. I have hoped that he would marry again, but I have never cared that he should marry for money. I have been willing to do everything for him myself. But, Lady Lufton, a father does feel he should have some return for all this. No one can imagine that Henry ever supposed that a bride from that wretched place Hogglegstock could be welcome among us.

Yet who can help liking the weak affectionate old man, who, when he finds that his son's love is determined to sacrifice herself rather than injure her lover in the world's esteem, is vanquished at once by the girl's generosity? He is a man, we are told, who would always exceed all he came in contact with in lavish kindness and gifts. When Grace Crawley refuses even to see Henry Grantley whilst her father is considered disgraced, he cannot bear that she should outdo him in generosity, and he declares that once the cloud is passed over he will welcome her as a dear daughter. The characters of both Mr. Crawley and the Arch-

deacon are most fully developed in the "Last Chronicles of Barsest;" but we make their acquaintance long years ago, in the early tales of Barchester, and we must now say a few words of the whole series.

Trollope must have felt no small confidence in his power to sustain the reader's interest in his characters, and also an assurance that the previous stories had been read, to have adopted the plan of carrying a history in fiction, through book after book. Not but that each story is complete in itself; yet to fully enjoy the succeeding ones, those novels which came before ought to have been read. We must have known Miss Dunstable to understand Mrs. Thorn. We must have wept with Lily Dale over her early love sorrows, to appreciate her inability to accept another lover. We must have suffered Mrs. Proudie, as a very thorn in our side, to feel the full relief which her death brings to all, and to forgive the poor old Bishop his half-uttered prayer to be saved from feeling "glad she is dead." We remember hearing an intelligent critic remark, on closing the last volume of "The Last Chronicles of Barsest," that he felt as if he had suddenly lost a large circle of friends. What, never again to be snubbed and pooh-poohed, to have our toes trodden on by Archdeacon Grantley, or to hear his inimitable "Good Heavens?" Never again to hear Mr. Harding's violoncello, or to feel irritated by Mrs. Proudie? Never again to walk through the country lanes with bright Lily Dale, or with the steadfast and all but strong-minded Lucy Robartes? Never again to catch a glimpse at Lady Dumbello's stately beauty, nor to follow sweet Mrs. Arabin through middle life, and to discover how that sturdy boy of John Bold's grew up and throve under the influence of Dean Arabin's misty and speculative mind? No; they had all said their last word, and done their last deed, and we felt quite sad, as at the loss of friends.

Trollope had the power of interesting us in his characters in no common degree. We felt either a real and personal liking for them, or the reverse. In no case are they mere lay figures, to whose fortunes we are indifferent. The Barsestshire series is very like real life. We are set down in a country town, and at once make the acquaintance and become interested in our neighbours. Time goes on; and now and again a group which has been made prominent in one story disappears in the next—as do the Stanhopes of "Barchester Towers," who return to Como and trouble us no more. Our favourites and our real friends, however, stay on, only we see more now of one and then of another of them. For example: Eleanor Warden is the heroine of "The Warden," and again, as the well-endowed widow, Mrs. Bold, of "Barchester Towers." She then becomes Mrs. Arabin; and for the future

plays a subordinate part in the history of Barsetshire. On the other hand, her niece, Griselda Grantley, is fast growing up, and is ready to play the part of heroine, when "Framley Parsonage" opens. This honour she has to share with a new comer, Lucy Robartes, a young lady whose quick wit and lively talent in the end triumph over Griselda's insipid beauty, and vanquish both Lord Lufton and his mother. Then follows "The Small House at Allington," again with fresh heroes and heroines, but still with frequent reference to our past friends, who either live near or are connected with them. The fate of our chief favourite, Lily Dale, is still unsettled when "The Small House at Allington" is finished, and we have to wait until the end of the "Last Chronicles of Barset," to learn that she never recovers from the cruel blow which she receives in the first of these last two tales. In the second, "The Last Chronicles of Barset," Trollope takes up the broken or unfinished threads of the whole series, and although there is an independent plot, the main interest of the book lies in the farewell view that it gives us of so many old and well-known friends.

If we look back at our own lives for the last five and twenty years, is not this very much what we have actually experienced? Acquaintances going and coming, though our friends remain: chance meetings leading to real friendships, and again, chance circumstances changing friends into comparative strangers? We think Mr. Trollope not alone has created his character and plots, but that he must have lived a real, though imaginary, life with them all; that he felt a genuine love for his pleasing characters, and a genuine hatred for his unpleasant ones. We ourselves recollect shortly after the completion of "The Small House at Allington," that finding ourselves in Trollope's company, we expressed to him the warm interest which the character and story of Lily Dale, perhaps the most graceful of his women, had aroused in our mind. We can well remember the evident gratification with which he answered, "You can have no idea how pleased I am to hear you say that: I am so fond of her myself." Perhaps he was specially glad to hear that Lily Dale was appreciated; for if the reader of "The Small House at Allington" found himself unable to sympathize with her, the whole book was a failure. Its plot, no doubt, is a bold one, and perhaps one which few authors would have ventured to create; for it consists mainly in events connected with the jilting of the heroine. Now the jilting of a girl is supposed to put her in anything but an heroic position. Trollope's skill, however, in telling a story is so great, and his power of forcing us to sympathize where he intends we should sympathize is so undoubted, that it is certain none can read "The Small House at Allington," and feel that

illuded as Lily is, she is in any way lowered or humiliated by the treatment she receives. The interest of the book lies in Lily's deep love for a worthless fellow, who, though genuinely fond of her, discards her in the most dastardly manner in order to marry a girl of higher social rank than his own. The description of Crosbie and his feelings is a masterpiece in fiction. We see the innermost workings of his nature, his weak worldliness and repeated vacillation, and even, in his better moments, his own contempt for himself, painted to the life. In the beginning of the book Lily charms and fascinates him, and he succumbs to her sweetness and beauty. In doing so, he brings all the higher side of his nature into play, and he is truly in love with the fresh unsophisticated girl in her quiet country home. It is like a spring pastoral to the somewhat worn-out fashionable London man, who, however, has not yet outlived the power of himself loving genuinely, and of being gratified by real love. "Not wisely, but too well," he must often have said to himself; feeling, however, from the first the want of wisdom more decidedly than a true lover ought to do. Had Crosbie been either a better or a worse man, poor Lily had not suffered. Had he been a better man, she would have been his happy wife. Had he been a worse, the idea of marrying a portionless girl who could in no way help his worldly position, would never have occurred to him. But he allows himself to fall in love; and for a few short weeks life is like an idyll. Then comes fear for the future, and doubt as to the wisdom of what he has done—or, rather, as he soon begins to express it, allowed himself to be drawn into; whilst, at the same time, he knows that it is a higher life that he is dreading. He sees distinctly the better line, and yet has to own that he is not the man to choose it; that his selfish club-life has so far spoilt him; that although he is not blind to the good, he cannot elect to follow it, at the price of some slight material disadvantage. Then, when he discovers that his hope of Lily's having a small fortune is unfounded, he is almost angry with her, and very angry with his fate. Although for a moment his wrath is dispelled by the power of her love—a love which through all his worldliness he appreciates—it returns with renewed force when parted from her and when breathing the unhealthy, tainted atmosphere of Courcy Castle. There, within a week of his parting with Lily, he allows himself, with his eyes wide open, to be entrapped into an engagement with Earl de Courcy's daughter—a plain, old, flimsy, uninteresting woman, whom he barely respects and certainly does not love. Whilst he is hesitating between Lily and the Lady Alexandrina, looking "on this picture and on that," Trollope gives us a true touch of Nature. Before the die is cast, whilst it is still in Crosbie's

power to be honest and true—to lose his honour as a gentleman seems a slight thing, and to be false a venial sin, at which both men and angels will only smile. Once, however, the deed is done, and he has deserted Lily and bound himself to Lady Alexandrina, the full enormity of his guilt is evident to himself and even is exaggerated by him. Men's light words and jests at "lovers' vows" no longer comfort him, and he skulks away like a detected criminal, and hides himself as would a rat.

Through all these changes we never feel that, though forsaken and yet still cherishing her love, Lily is ever lowered in our esteem. The power with which the deep purity of her love is drawn is so great that we should be disappointed were she to indulge her indignation, or even her wounded pride at the treatment to which she is subjected. Lily Dale's is a perfect picture of a woman's perfect love. When once she has owned it to her lover, all reserve vanishes. What she confesses to him, all the world is free to know. The thought that the love which is her glory and delight should be less to Crosbie than to herself, never crosses her mind: it would imply a doubt of him were it to do so. Even after she has been deserted, she will not change, or allow that her lover was unworthy of her—at the same time she maintains this attitude with perfect dignity. She has no pride, as regards her love; but she is not humiliated. She shows no inclination to question her lover's decision; but she has no wish to see him again. In the first weeks of her sorrow she persists that, should Crosbie ever again be free and wish it, her duty would be to return to him as much as if she had actually been his wife, and he had left her. Yet when, with poetic justice, Trollope does bring her old love once more to her feet, her true woman's instinct prevents her falling a prey to a man whom she could no longer respect. This happens, however, after long years. Her first verdict is spoken to her mother: "Tell him," she says, "tell him I do forgive him, and I do not hate him;" and her anger is only aroused against those who, loving her, venture to reproach Crosbie as he deserves. If Lily's be a type of perfect love, we feel that Trollope was right not to allow of her being consoled by the honest and constant love of John Eames. Much as we regret that it should be in the power of such a man as Crosbie to wreck at its fair opening and for ever a bright young life, yet we feel that for Lily to have transferred her affection and married happily, as if nothing had gone before, would have thoroughly spoilt the picture. We must accept the sorrows equally with the joys of strong feeling. She had been "lifted up and cast down," and life could not be to her as it was before. If it be true that "our sorrows are the inverted image of our nobleness," then, we would sooner that Lily should

carry her sorrow for a lifetime than descend to the everyday happiness of accepting the love of a man to whom she could never give such affection as it was in her power to bestow. If we thoughtlessly or maliciously switch off the head of a young tree, it must live, its life through, maimed and misshapen. All our subsequent care can but make it sprout round the roots, or spread in width what it lacks in height; its form is marred for ever. And so, though we should be sorry in real life to consider a second love an unworthy or impossible thing, yet, in an ideal picture, we think Trollope was right not to allow Lily to love twice, and, by doing so, to give emphasis to the Frenchman's cynical words: "*L'objet change, mais la passion est toujours le même.*" Had Trollope allowed his type of woman's love to be won a *second* time, he would have emphasized them.

Mr. Trollope is seldom content to give us but one story in his novels: there is generally a second and a slighter plot running through his books. Whether this may be owing to the amount of copy demanded by his publishers, or to his own taste, we cannot say. We think, however, that his novels would be both pleasanter reading and more perfect as works of art, were it not for the manner in which, when we are deeply interested in the main thread of the plot, we are suddenly carried off, in a jerky manner, to scenes and persons who are connected with the principal characters of the story by the very slightest link. These secondary characters, moreover, are as a rule, though no doubt lifelike, exceedingly vulgar and low-minded; and we resent being abruptly taken off from (let us say) our favourite Lily Dale, in a sweet refined country home, to an Amelia Roper, in a third-rate London boarding-house—or still more, from the tragic story and sentiments of Mr. Crawley, to the follies and vulgarity of a Bayswater stockbroker's *ménage*. For instance, let us look at the concluding and touching scene in Chapter XX., in "*The Last Chronicles of Barset*," and then at Chapter XXI. Major Grantley is pleading with Mr. Crawley for the love he bears his daughter; but Mr. Crawley, although his heart is bleeding that it should be so, is constrained to refuse to advise Grace, lowered as she is in the world's eye by his disgrace, to accept her disinterested lover, albeit she herself is pure and stainless as fresh fallen snow.

"But there is unfortunately a stain which is vicarious," began Mr. Crawley, sustaining up to that point his voice with Roman fortitude—with a fortitude which would have been Roman had it not at that moment broken down under the pressure of human feeling. He could keep it up no longer, but continued his speech with broken sobs, and with a voice altogether changed in its tone—rapid now,

whereas it had hitherto been slow—natural, whereas it had hitherto been affected—human, whereas it had hitherto been Roman. “Major Grantley,” he said, “I am sore beset; but what can I say to you? My darling is as pure as the light of day—only that she is soiled with my impurity. She is fit to grace the house of the best gentleman in England, had I not made her unfit.”

And then, when his visitor takes leave, unconvinced by the father’s pleading against his child’s happiness, and vowing to be steadfast and true in spite of all opposition, Mr. Crawley turns his face to the wall wailing bitterly:—“My poor child! my darling! She has found grace in this man’s sight, but even of that has her father robbed her! The Lord has visited upon the children the sins of the father, and will do so to the third and fourth generation.” And then, after our feelings have been roused to the pitch reached by the pathos of a Greek tragedy, we are asked suddenly to interest ourselves in a vulgar episode worthy of a police court. Is it not too abrupt a change with which Chapter XXI. opens? “Conway Dalrymple hurried out of the room in Mrs. Broughton’s house in which he had been painting Jael and Sisera, thinking that it would be better to meet an angry and perhaps tipsy husband on the stairs, than it would be either to wait for him till he should make his way into his wife’s room, or to hide away from him,” &c. &c. &c. And the chapter that follows, although it has also a tragic side, almost reads like a newspaper column of a police report. We fail to discover any adequate reason for being thus disgusted at a moment when all our susceptibilities have been aroused by the sorrows at Hagglegstock. The connection between the two stories which run side by side is slight—merely that Johnnie Eames, Lily’s constant lover both in “The Small House at Allington,” and “The Last Chronicles of Barset,” allows himself, *pour passer le temps*, to be entrapped into making sham love to the heroines both of Bayswater and of the lodging-house. The fact that he does so, although unknown to Lily, may perhaps have been the true reason why she found it impossible to love him, for we can hardly think the professing lover of Amelia Roper or Madalina Demolines, even though he were but in jest, fit to mate with pure Lily Dale. At any rate, even if this be the case, the slight result attained is disproportioned to the space occupied by such subsidiary stories in Trollope’s novels; and assuredly most of his readers would prefer that the main current of interest should not be interrupted by a second plot.

There is one feature in some of Mr. Trollope’s later books to which we must draw attention; and if he be the faithful painter of modern society which he is generally considered, it is one of which the present generation of the upper classes has no little

reason to be ashamed. That bold and designing women have existed from the beginning, and that husband-catching is no new game, is of course certain. But, twenty years ago the women in Trollope's novels who were intent on inveigling the unwary, were either the vulgar and ill-bred daughters of *soi-disant* doctors and lodging-house keepers, or if they belong to the higher classes—as does Lady Alexandrina de Courcy—they at least do their ill-deeds with a certain amount of lady-like reticence and discreet reserve. Although they may shock our moral sense, they do not discard all womanly taste and delicacy. But of later days this is changed. In the "American Senator" we have the grand-daughter of a Duke, who not only schemes to catch a young peer, manoeuvres to find herself *tête-à-tête* with him, and tells lies and invents endless stories to gain her end, but she throws herself both at his head figuratively, and into his arms literally, after a fashion which we are sorry to think so good a judge as Mr. Trollope should have considered true to Nature. Although, perhaps, their conduct is slightly less outrageous, we may say much the same of Lady Eustace, in "The Eustace Diamonds," and of Lady Mabel in "The Duke's Children." If these ladies are lifelike portraits of the "girl of the period," we can only regret the days when Lucy Robartes and Grace Crawley, lowly-born as they were, gave their lofty suitors no little trouble in the winning of them.

Had Trollope's stories appeared anonymously, we suppose that no one would have doubted that they were written by a man. Yet, when we read his descriptions of the inner working of many a girl's mind, and listen to his women talking in secret confab, and under circumstances in which no man could overhear them, we might have hesitated. Certainly no man has ever drawn women so true to life; nor has any woman described men as accurately as Trollope does women. He is often compared with Miss Austen; yet, although Miss Austen's men are genuine and true characters, she never centres the interest of a story in the feelings of a man as Trollope concentrates it in those of a girl. She never leaves her men by themselves, and then gives you a vivid picture of their talk. Indeed, fearing no doubt to venture on ground where she felt no sure footing, we never do find her men alone; and although her skill in weaving her plot is so great that this is never unnaturally apparent, had she possessed the power of reading men's thoughts and of imagining men's conversation—as Trollope undoubtedly possesses in regard to women—her books might have been enriched with scenes which would have completed them as pictures of human nature. But Trollope seems as much at home with girls sitting over the fire in their bedrooms at night as with men in the hunting field, or with clerks in a public office. "How do you know what we women

say to one another when we get alone?" asked a lady. Trollope's answer is not recorded; but had he answered truly, perhaps he would have said he did not *know*, he only *imagined*; and, being gifted with a true imagination, we have so satisfactory a result. He was not born, nor was he brought up, in a cathedral close; yet we could almost fancy he had been "swaddled in surplices, and cradled to the cawing of rooks." He was never at the Bar, yet his descriptions of lawyers and trials might have been written in the leisure hours of an ex-Lord Chancellor. He was never in Parliament, yet he appreciated the delights of parliamentary life, and the impossibility of dispensing with once tasted political excitement as if he had sat for a pocket borough and played the game of the "ins and the outs" since his majority. But even these instances of the great and varied power of his imagination are not so remarkable as that which enabled him to show us his women in private life; for he could visit the haunts of the clerical, legal and political world, and imbue himself with their spirit after a manner which was impossible in the other case. There are, however, sides of English life which Trollope altogether ignores. We are never introduced into either military or naval society, although we are concerned mainly with the class from which both services draw their officers. Major Grantley, to be sure, is a soldier, but he has left the army before we see anything of him, and the existence of the navy is not so much as mentioned. Whether this be accidental, or whether Trollope felt that he could not succeed in descriptions which carried him into these regions, we do not know. It may be that he was little or not at all thrown into such society. We fancy, that had he been so thrown we should have found traces of it in his work, for apparently he utilized most of his actual experiences. He travelled, and not only did he give us vivid descriptions of the lands he visited, but in more than one of his stories we have a picture of life on board an ocean steamer, which shows us how well he had marked the social pleasures and dangers of that unique phase of existence. The plot of "*John Caldecott*" turns mainly on such dangers, whilst there is a short story called "*The Journey to Panama*," which consists entirely of an episode of life on board a steamer.

We have spoken at greatest length of Mr. Trollope's Barsetshire series of novels, believing that, clever as are his political stories and immortal as is his *Lady Glencora*, it is yet as the chronicler of Barset that he will be best known in future years. But, even putting aside both his political and clerical novels, Trollope wrote a sufficient number of tales, each of which was complete in itself to have made the reputation of more than one

writer. His miscellaneous novels are so numerous that not one half of them have been mentioned in the numerous current notices of his works. Yet, who can forget the painful story of "Orley Farm," and its nice delineation of characters and their influence one on another? Indeed, "Orley Farm" has the honour of furnishing Cardinal Newman with an illustration for one of his conclusions in the "Grammar of Assent," and that not the least subtle amongst them. Or again, "The Claverings," and the loves of Lady Ongar and Harry Clavering, and the tergiversation of the latter between the beautiful countess and the homely little girl to whom his troth is plighted. Or again, "The Rector of Bullhampton," where the story is reversed, and it is a beautiful girl who hesitates between two lovers. "The Eustace Diamonds," too, claims one word, a story, the main interest of which centres in no love tale, but in the fate of a valuable diamond necklace, which is in the possession of an intriguing little widow, who refuses to restore them to her late husband's lawyer as family jewels, merely to see them eventually fall a prey to a gang of housebreakers. Then, there is the extraordinary story of "Lady Anne," which at the time of its publication was said to have been written as the result of a bet Trollope had made with a friend, to the effect that he would write a novel in which an Earl's daughter should marry a tailor, whilst he would force his readers to sympathize with her in so doing. Space fails us to mention any more; and we believe no one knows exactly the number of novels Trollope has written. A lady once asked him the question point blank. "I know, but I shall not tell you," was the answer.

Whilst Trollope's books are light and pleasant reading to the careless and unintelligent devourer of novels, who is sure to be entertained and amused by them, they are of serious value to the student of human nature. The story runs amusingly along, and can easily be mastered by the general reader. But beyond this wide circle he appealed to real critics by revelations of life, and touches of fine humour and keen knowledge of men and women, which may have been overlooked by the many. He was fortunate in pleasing at the same time both the popular and the critical taste, and those who have unfairly designated him "the Tupper of fiction," must either have ignored or have been simply unable to appreciate the more subtle side of his genius. We are glad to be able to add that his labours were well rewarded; and if, as is calculated by one reviewer, his profits from literature amounted to nearly £100,000, he must have been amongst the best remunerated authors of the age. But, in any case, being once asked to contribute a novel, as a friend, to a new literary venture, he replied: "You might as well ask me to give you a thousand pounds."

To readers of the DUBLIN REVIEW somewhat more must be said. Although Catholics can hardly feel so keen an interest as Protestants in the sayings and doings of the Anglican clerical world, yet as portraying one side of our common national life, few Englishmen will be sorry to read the glimpses behind the scenes which Trollope allows them to catch. Moreover, however mirth-begetting may be his parsons, when Trollope does (it is rarely and only in his Irish stories) touch on matters relating to the Church, he has written, so far as we know, no word at which the most sensitive Catholic would take exception. For Low Church people and Dissenters, both men and women, he has a hearty dislike and contempt; ritualism he nowhere touches upon; but a priest now and then crosses his stage, and he can be compared favourably with any of Trollope's characters. His real clerical favourites are easy-going, well-to-do, old-fashioned, high and dry parsons, not an unworthy type of layman, but not one which is likely to seduce Catholics, even in the domain of fiction, from their adhesion to the successors of the Apostles. Of these, when Trollope does speak, it is with respect; and his books are amongst those which Catholics can enjoy without fear.

There remains the question whether, granted these works are likely to do Catholics no harm, will they do them any good? And here our answer must be at best but a hesitating one, and our praise must be qualified. Perhaps it is as much Trollope's misfortune as his fault that so it should be; for how can we expect that a man born and brought up in a Protestant atmosphere should be able to paint or perhaps even to understand the ideal of the supernatural life, which, however far we may fall short of it, is yet the standard set before us from our childhood? When, therefore, we say that Catholics can read Trollope's books without having their religious sensibilities offended, we by no means imply that they may expect to derive any great profit from their perusal. In fact, when we come to consider them in the light of intellectual food for Catholics, we have to own that their merits are mainly negative. They are not scoffing, nor irreligious; they are not immoral in the proper sense of the word; they are not unhealthy nor morbid. At the same time, they never present us with a lofty standard the reaching after which will be at the same time our labour and our glory; we are never shown examples of heroic devotion and self-sacrifice such as, whilst we feel that it is beyond our power to emulate them, will still arouse our admiration and excite our will to follow even at a distance in such footsteps. No, the one goal held out alike to girl and man, as much in Trollope's novels as in any tale of fairy prince and princess familiar to us from the nursery, is simply to marry and live happily for ever after. That there even exists

a higher phase of life Trollope ignores; indeed, we fear, might have denied. So deeply embedded in the English nature is the ignorance and dislike of any standard of existence but that of marrying and giving in marriage—so distasteful to the ordinary Protestant is the supernatural life, which is, as we have said, held out as the ideal of all, and the happy possession of the few, to our Catholic girls and youths from their childhood, that never for a moment does Trollope hint at the possibility that God may have sent earthly trials merely to bring a favoured soul nearer to himself. To give up all, and in doing so to gain all, is, no doubt, not the privilege of every one; but yet, had many of his heroines been the creation of a Catholic we might have expected to have seen in their early troubles only the prelude to this fate. We should then have welcomed the happy sorrow which was to render all earthly joys distasteful to them, the valued suffering which would land them in the peace of perfect self-abnegation. We should see a mortified and dead will no longer at war with cruel circumstances, and the storm-tossed soul would at length find shelter in the safe haven of the religious life, “where the wicked cease from troubling and the weary are at rest.” Of all this there is no word in Trollope’s tales. Perhaps we ought not to look for it; for we fear the only idea of the religious life entertained by the majority of our countrymen is that of, at the best, but a *pis-aller*—the feeling which finds expression in Tennyson’s sarcastic line—

She was not good enough for man, and so is given to God.

Not only is the entire giving up of the world never thought of by Trollope, and no wounded heart is ever represented as finding refuge from man’s falsehood in God’s truth; but he never even suggests that those of his characters who fail in doing what is evidently in his eyes the main business of life, marrying the man they love, should for the future find their happiness, where even many Protestants we are glad to say find it—viz., in doing kind deeds and alleviating suffering. No: Lily Dale lives on an innocent, but hardly a very elevated life; Lady Ongar cheers a peevish sister; Lady Glencora becomes a keen politician; and the ill-starred lover in “The Rector of Bullhampton” finds consolation in travelling! Had Trollope never even heard of such a life as that of Alexandrine in *Le récit d’une Sœur*—a real life too, lived in his own day, and almost at his very door? Would the touching scene which none who have read that charming history of a Catholic family can forget, where Alexandrine, now near the end of her pilgrimage, declares that if the happy dream of her early and short married life, just tasted long enough for its delights to be fully realized, could be offered her again, and she be allowed

to drink to the full of its pure happiness, she would refuse it, so much greater has she found the joys of her life of faith and charity, and close union with God—would that scene have found no echo in his nature? It is to be feared it would not; and that he would have relegated Alexandrine's feelings to the scornful regions of French sentimentality and Catholic exaltation. All we can do is to regret that so good a man should not be still better; and that so interesting a writer should not at the same time be a more ennobling one.



ART. IV.—CATHOLIC POLITICAL ASSOCIATIONS.

A NEW idea has manifested itself above our horizon in this country within the past year, that of Catholic political organization for party purposes. This has found expression in an attempt to form Liberal and Conservative associations, which shall be exclusively composed of Catholics. It is, we consider, far too early in the day as yet to predict ultimate success or failure for these endeavours. The particular effort may fail, the particular man who originated it break down, but the spirit who prompted the essay remains, the names of its supporters will not be wiped out, and as public interest is aroused upon the question, their numbers will of a certainty increase.

It will be the writer's aim to consider, shortly, in the following pages, the civic outlook of Catholicism in England, to take a general survey of the ground traversed by these schemes, and to place pros and cons fairly before the reader, deprecating all extremes of partisanship as being out of the pale of a rational man's attention. If in doing this he is constrained to speak with some plainness, it will be with the honest hope of attracting attention to certain shortcomings among ourselves, the remedy for which lies in our own hands. With this object he will try to present the inquirer with the main points to be reckoned. Such as are given, do not pretend in any sense to be new; they have been repeated in speech and letter elsewhere over and over again, with the hope of drawing the notice of those willing to give time and trouble to their consideration, and they must be taken for what they are worth. Success, it may be open to confess at the outset, appears to be far off, but we must trust that the real importance of the subject will force itself upon both clergy and laity at last.

The idea, it has been said, is a new one, but every now and

again a notion somewhat akin—that of a “Catholic party”—is mooted, which on the face of it proves the inexperience of its propounder. People see what has been done by the Central Party in Germany and ask, Why we too cannot point to our Herr Windthorst with his following of upwards of a hundred members of Parliament. The answer is plain and perfectly satisfactory. Because we have not had in England (thank God!) a persecution to evoke such a force. If those who are ready with this suggestion will glance at the origin of the Central Party, they must see at once that no such causes exist in this country, or happily have existed for years past, as those which have called it into being. Its success was proportioned to the gravity of the peril, and is an example as well as a proof of what *might* be done, should ever the tide flow similarly against ourselves. Allowing, however, that you are able to found a Central Party, the instantaneous result will be this. It will find itself confronted by another of overwhelming influence in the nation. Raise a “Salvation” Army and the “Skeleton” springs by magic into life. So *ipso facto* is launched an anti-Catholic party, such as at present has no existence, or only one of an unstable semi-fluid nature, the scattered atoms of which have no cohesion or cause for it. The effect will be like pouring water on plaster of Paris, to solidify it on the spot. It will be remembered that the Admiral who failed to salute Nelson had twenty good reasons for not so doing, of which the first was that he had no powder. We might possibly find twenty good reasons against the formation of a Central Party, and the first would be that it is *impossible*, and another glance at our history and present position ought to show this clearly.

We are in this country a thoroughly cosmopolitan body, the sole link between the units of which is our religion; on every other point we differ in every other conceivable way, and our individual isolation is that of currants in a workhouse pudding. The old Catholics cling like limpets to their hereditary policy of retirement and non-intervention.* The new, from the mere fact of their so being, are the most active, as they are probably the most numerous, section of our community, and these men bring with them a cloud of family traditions of every hue and shade. The Irish, whether we look at landlords or people, take their stand on local grounds, and are just now too deeply mersed in their own affairs to pay attention to ours.

Lastly, a new race is upspringing—the descendants of the

* Few of the old Tory, and none of the old Whig, families lent their names to the present movement.

early converts—men born and educated as Catholics under a free sky.

For these the terrors of the penal laws and the throes of controversy are equally non-existent, and they snap their fingers at difficulties and restrictions of which they have no personal experience; their sympathies will be for neither. To the men of this new generation we must look chiefly for the establishment of civic Catholicism upon a solid groundwork; for them is no deterrent of tradition; they and their forefathers have entered life under different auspices. The languid disinterest generally shown by the older families on these matters tells its own tale of trial and misfortune; their struggle has lain elsewhere, and it has been harder than ours; their work has been done in the past, and done well.

It is sufficiently obvious, looking at these discordant elements, that there is no root of amalgamation here, nor is there likely to be, unless the most serious religious disaster threaten. The one real grievance with those who cry out for a Central Party is, that we have *no* grievance, for on this alone could it be founded. The will-o'-the-wisp phantom of a Central Party may, then, be safely dismissed; our road runs another way.

We may make history, but we cannot unmake it, and must accept our facts to start with, and, as the first, our universal political disunion. Out of this, however, appears to spring a solution of the difficulty. That sincere Catholics belong to so many shades of political profession goes far to prove that there is nothing innately anti-Catholic in any of them; and a possibility appears of forming Catholic Associations to work with various political parties, for party purposes, which shall yet find a wide space of common ground, whereon to work for their own as Catholics. The danger of denying active men a healthy vent for healthy ambitions, has been signally illustrated in Ireland, where for lack of it a whole people has fallen a prey into the hands of the secret societies. Had there been such a thing as a healthy National Party—equally active (and there is no reason why it should not be) with these societies—the horrors of the last few years would have had no existence, and the religious and social gain would have been proportionably great.

Now the standard of political intelligence among the masses that form the bulk of parties is undeniably low; low beneath contempt. The primitive idea is hatred of an opponent, this and self-interest have thus become the motive power of all parties, and a very great misfortune it is. With a higher grade of intelligence we find more knowledge certainly, but scarcely more logic always. Ignorance is a degradation not altogether hopeless, for it may be removed; but knowledge misused is in a

sense hopeless. What are we to say of educated men, who know what is what—men who have really the same aims, ends, and interests in common—flying at each other's throats, quibbling over every expression, over every finger move, with accusations of wilful wickedness, systematic dishonesty, and so forth, in the name of "party!" It is this facile claptrap, this empty hammer and tongs, that often renders active partisanship so morally objectionable. If we look behind the scenes we shall notice a feature which is worth remarking. It is this:—The real wire-pullers, the mouth-pieces of public thought, those who write the leaders in leading papers, which are the great factors of public opinion, these men change and are changed like the puppets of a show. They are men of acute intelligence, rather than conviction; but they are the means of forming ineradicable convictions in the minds of thousands and of millions—convictions which the writer laughs at in his sleeve, and would change tomorrow if it suited his book. This is not looked upon as dishonesty, it is mere business and bread and butter.

The fact is, and it will be endorsed by every thoughtful person of average intelligence, that there is much to be said on both sides, on all perhaps; that an undue preponderance of any is undesirable, that a mean of moderation is the best we may aspire to, and that each and all exercise wholesome checks upon the rest. Governments will make mistakes, or may even take steps calling for actual reprobation, but comparatively seldom; and how often does one steal the clothes of another, turning them inside out, it may be, to pretend they are something fresh? There is usually a high average of capacity, and, what is better, of civic honesty to be found in our party leaders; by paths slightly divergent, they tend to like goals. On the lower levels of political life things are different for the worse, there is always the same difficulty in the control of a following. Liberalism that means liberty without license; Toryism that will condescend to argument, have not yet leavened the nation. Elections are fought and won, not yet by light and logic, but by passion and invective, which appeal more nearly to the baser instincts of the people.

What we desire to point out is, that the deeper a man goes into these matters, even though his political convictions strengthen, the more charitable he is likely to become to his adversaries, the more generous in his interpretation of political opposition, and that if Catholic political associations are to be founded, this generosity must be inculcated as a guiding principle. There is a radical weakness in the logic of abuse, and if there is common ground where outsiders find it possible to walk fearlessly ahead, how much more must there be for all Catholics, whose mutual interests are really bound up together?

If, however, on the other hand it is found that the first result of such associations is to engender a spirit of ill-feeling and antagonism amongst us, many there are who will cast aside the idea at once, however cherished, rather than be privy to the propagation of such a scandal. The tone of the correspondence in the Catholic press on this subject—the fatuity of much of the reasoning—proves our true level to be a very low one; and the violence and personality with which it has been treated appears to be wholly ill-judged.

All this, however, if somewhat “young” and hopeless, is natural and perhaps necessary. The first step in such a movement is to arouse interest, and thereupon discussion; and it is not to be wondered at that a small disjointed body, such as are the English Catholics, should display the salient features of other small disjointed bodies. If all you know of a man is that his grandfather was hanged, or was not (and this marks an average range of our knowledge of each other), you do not listen to his enunciations of grave subjects with any particular respect or interest; and Catholics are not known publicly to themselves or to the world at large, because they have not come forward publicly. It is fifty years and more since Emancipation, and we have as yet no single lay name of eminence to show. A graver misfortune could hardly beset any body of men placed as we are; and this alone would be sufficient to prove that a radical mischief lurks somewhere. That we are swamped in clericalism would be the first and obvious conclusion of the outside critic. This is not the case, clerical influence is altogether at a discount in many quarters which would be much the better for it, and the fact remains that to the clergy, with the bishops at their head, we laymen owe every stick and stone of our position in the country. We commend this to the student of history. At this minute the Church, humanely speaking, is probably more deeply indebted to Cardinal Manning than to all the laymen of the century together, O’Connell excepted. It is easy to see why and in what groove the talents of His Eminence have run. This is an accidental and fortuitous matter however, and the drift of such a state of things is evident. It means that we exist on sufferance only, and this must be so until we rest our pretensions upon ourselves in general, and upon our claims as citizens. Whatever his position, whatever his talent, the priest is handicapped in setting things before the outer world.

“Tell us what you want, explain the grounds of your demands; take off your coats and come among us to share in the work of the world, and anything you ask in reason you shall have.” This has been the cry of the country for some time past; and which of us dare complain of a want of fairness here? To answer it is the layman’s task.

But to return to our more immediate subject. When an attempt was recently made to organize a small nucleus of English Catholic Liberals for working purposes, a number of letters appeared with the object of showing that no true Catholic could be a Liberal, and we are constrained to say that a great deal of nonsense was written, both publicly and privately, upon the subject. A *National* Catholic Conservative Association had announced itself a short time previously with a little harmless braying—of trumpets. It was not unnatural that we who ran in the opposite direction should make a counter-move, and most sensible men will agree that we were perfectly at liberty to do so. The attempt was made quietly and without much talk. We did not claim the “essential essence” of the Church, we did not call our opponents “insidious,” and our language and grammar, generally speaking, strove to be inoffensive.

But no! the thing was not to be thought of. We were “nameless.” We were “specious.” Heaven knows what we were not. We were to reconcile our consciences *if we could*. We were striving to catch the unwary with fine phrases, and otherwise misbehaving ourselves; in a word, we were raging lions, and last, but greatest of all, our name of “Liberal” was unendurable. Equally sensible would it have been to say, The term “Old Catholic” is abhorrent in England because an insignificant German sect has chosen to assume it! It must not be supposed that this was the work of a Conservative Opposition, it apparently proceeded from irresponsible individuals of no very definite political stamp, whose first lines usually made it evident that they had in no way studied the subject with which they attempted to deal.

Very aptly came the Papal Encyclical of the 8th of December last, addressed to the Bishops of Spain, but applying no less forcibly nearer home. We will cull one sentence from it, though much more might be quoted to the point. “The . . . error must likewise be shunned of those who identify religion with some one political party; and confound these together to such a degree, as to look upon all of another party as undeserving any longer the name of Catholic.”

However, the adverse comment to which the scheme was subjected achieved one good thing; it showed the lie of the land, it proved the difficulty and deep prejudice that existed, and these we have no wish to make light of, or to shirk. The word “Liberal,” so happy and well-chosen at home, has a disastrous portent elsewhere. At the present moment in Ireland it is made to signify “anti-national”—abroad, it has long stood for “anti-Catholic.”

Now as to this latter, it would be idle to pretend that there is

no connection between home and foreign Liberalism ; but we do not hesitate to assert that on this particular point they are essentially different. We would ask those who may be inclined to dispute this to search the records of the party since its formation ; they will find in them no trace of any such spirit.

In writing the one up we have no wish to write the other down ; but it is instructive to observe the attitude of the Liberals with that of the Conservatives upon the following questions, all of which closely concern ourselves.* The accompanying Table proves that we shall have to look for our foes elsewhere than in the circles of English Liberalism :—

1. CATHOLIC EMANCIPATION, 1829.
2. SEPARATE GRANTS FOR CATHOLIC SCHOOLS, 1847.
3. THE INSPECTION AND REGULATION OF CONVENTS, 1853.
4. THE APPOINTMENT OF CATHOLIC CHAPLAINS FOR CONVICT PRISONS, 1862.
5. THE APPOINTMENT OF CATHOLIC CHAPLAINS FOR THE ARMY, 1854.
6. THE APPOINTMENT OF CATHOLIC CHAPLAINS FOR THE NAVY, 1855.
7. THE PRISON MINISTERS ACT, 1863.
8. THE ABOLITION OF OFFENSIVE ROMAN CATHOLIC OATH, 1854 and 1865.
9. DISESTABLISHMENT OF THE IRISH CHURCH, 1870.
10. BURIALS ACT, 1880.

These are the questions most intimately relating to ourselves which late years have produced ; in every instance the Liberals will be found upon our own side. History is here more eloquent than any comment can possibly be.

On the other side a very favourite argument is constantly urged—*i.e.*, “The essential essence of the Catholic Church is Conservative.”

Admitted, it is—eminently so within her own limits—of her own laws and ordinances, in which there is scant room or call for change. But what, pray, has this to do with the chance lay party of to-day, outside, wearing that name?

There is little of the past, where they are concerned, that English Catholics can care to preserve. How far can they go back for a pleasant foothold, and are they to stop short of the rack and the thumbscrew?

As a rule, this conservatism (in which we admit the innate excellence of a jealousy for the preservation of what is good)

* Those who wish for details which we have no space for here, will find them in a useful little pamphlet, published at the time of the last general election, entitled “The Catholic Vote at Parliamentary Elections.”

appears to be founded upon fear and the dread of excess. The lesson to be learnt is, that security lies in moderation, either of reform or of preservation, and that we must, whatever our party, hold our own hand and play our own cards. Whatever his political creed, there are roads where no Catholic will follow his party to the end. They are not many, but such exist; the Liberal programme of education is one of them, and this also is a point where a need arises for purely Catholic organizations.

Our English Liberalism differs further in many respects from that of the Continent, for it manifests the essential characteristics of the nation. It is neither flighty nor destructive, it is not irreligious; the worst to be urged against it is, that it occasionally wears a certain aspect of indifferentism. It cherishes tradition where tradition appears worthy to be cherished, and there is in it no lack of that chivalrous devotion to persons, of which Toryism is apt to boast as its own. It is democratic, because it foresees that Democracy is the great TO BE. Its instincts turn to the higher education of the people, for it recognizes that in their prodigious numbers must lie the root and sap of all human power in the imminent future,* and that it is fitting and highly necessary that they should be trained into something approaching a knowledge of how to wield it. It is progressive with a natural growth, and looks to evolution not to revolution to accomplish its aims. In the rudiments of political economy alone lies a mathematical check on fantastic theories as to *meum* and *tuum*, but in the Church lies something beyond. She it is who affords the lowest of her children that moral enlightenment, that higher education, without which a vote or the smallest share of governmental power is useless, and worse than useless; and surely she whose heart is in the poor and their well-being, finds something akin in this party which she will look for in vain in the other. True, the term "Liberal," as we have said, is unfortunate; and, in erecting an association, it may be advisable to append to it such a term as "popular," or "democratic," to prevent misunderstanding; but this is a secondary matter.

As to the Irishman, he may have no particular fondness for the party just now, but he is a long way yet off a Conservatism which is always orange-tinted to him. To-day the Liberal party means Gladstone and coercion—but to-morrow? With happier times we may count on the Irish vote, the more so that English Catholic Liberals feel a sympathy with Ireland, to which, unfortunately, it is not easy to give tangible expression.

This, however, is not intended as a partisan paper; thoughtful men will weigh and choose a side for themselves. What we wish

* This is no negation of the principle that *authority* is from God.

to insist upon is, the high importance of working together, as Catholics, on those sides whatever they may be.

Both parties are prepared to welcome Catholic Associations with open arms as fellow-workers, allowing and providing for necessary discrepancies; and to organize such societies is a simple task. Our own would affiliate themselves to existing institutions of the sort, and quietly set to work on their own ground. First of all there is the ever-present business of registration, which, besides being of intrinsic importance, would serve to bring us together in work and discussion, and help to rouse that public spirit, the lack of which is so fatal a drawback in our present position.

Whatever is done in the way of political aid to any party may reasonably be considered mutual. "We will do this for you as so-and-so; and you must do this for us as Catholics," if by hap there is something that has to be done. This is a position which our numerical and social strength justify us in assuming. In a certain number of the boroughs the Catholic vote will turn the scale, and this may reasonably be worked upon.

It must never be forgotten that the national life is lived, and finds its expression in politics; at present our own is virtually quite outside it. A more mischievous and dangerous position to occupy in the State cannot be conceived. There is no doubt that the unhappy turn of things on the Continent is greatly due to the "impossible" attitude assumed by the indiscreet zeal of certain Catholics. The want of the barest tact is probably responsible for much of the persecution the Church endures. Now if the sacrifice of this transcendentalism which forbids the free intercourse of a race, involved the sacrifice of one iota of principle, we should be the last to advocate it; but it does not. On the other hand, this particular phase too often veils under the specious mask of a love of holy truth, the last bitterness of religious rancour, and this ever carries its own curse visibly with it.

An enormous good is to be achieved by any man who aids in popularizing Catholicity and making plain its true aims and objects to the outer masses, who in England as elsewhere are yet in the greatest darkness regarding them. Had any one of us learned in youth the absurd and hideous stories that are told as facts of our religion, which most of these people have learned, we should be justified in regarding it and its professors with suspicion and repugnance; as it is, there is great eagerness shown for information. If, however, at the outset, inquirers are met with repulse, if they find little explanation attainable, if they see that we others hold aloof, that we take little or no share in matters of public usefulness, in the advance of the common

weal, who will blame them for forming adverse opinions? As a fact, the generosity shown to us is often very undeserved by ourselves.

A Catholic, we are prepared to admit, has "the makings" of the best citizen; but a not altogether careless analysis has convinced us, that in this, as in other countries, he is frequently one of the worst. To speak tersely, he is "out of it." It is an oft-told story. Without energy himself, without fellows of eminence in any walk of life, without community of interest, he first loses touch of his countrymen, and finally drifts apart altogether to become a foreign, perhaps a hostile, atom in his own State. Everything is laid open to him, he has but to go in and take his place, but he hangs back. What can be more significant than that the English Catholics are represented by a single stray member in the House of Commons? Is this due to Protestant prejudice? We think not. But far more important to us just now, than to find members of Parliament, is it to find men for the lesser public life, men for what may be described as its foundations; for school-boards, guardianships, vestries, municipal offices, and what not; for the routine work of everyday. This we can only do through separate political associations such as we advocate here, which are the sole training schools we can hope to found.

"But why split up Catholics into parties?" is repeatedly asked. The answer is, *We are already split up, irretrievably, invincibly, into parties*: political associations will not widen the breach, but by educating such of their members as may require it, up to a rational standpoint, will teach tolerance.

Nothing in heaven or on earth will ever unite us permanently; even persecution would fail to do so when it ceased to be active; but if we can secure the right stamp of men to guide and organize the already conflicting elements, a prodigious social step will be covered. In the lesser public life of which we speak, it matters little or nothing what a man's politics are, but the having Catholics represented matters very much. The first thing to do is to hunt up every man who is able and willing for work of the sort, and to put him in the way of it. Here the two or more associations may work together in harmony, quite irrespective of politics. The business of opposition is *not* only to oppose, and any such crude belief must be dismissed at the beginning. Once the alphabet of public usefulness is learned, there will be an advance to greater things in the emulation it has begot.

It is plain how important it is to us, as the pendulum of power swings to and fro, to have political experts who shall be good and responsible Catholics in every party, and in every section of a party. We need a voice that when it is expedient shall make

itself heard, whoever the powers that be : for up till now, while every fantastic shadow that flits across the political horizon, finds its exponent in the House of Commons, the Catholics of England are virtually without a mouthpiece at all !

Besides the causes of this, already spoken of, which may be remedied, remain others which deserve to be enumerated as difficulties to be faced. Set down as chief of these our comparative poverty, our lack of that middle class which is the backbone of political strength, that those whom we may call our natural leaders are mostly members of the Upper House, far removed from the sphere of general action, and the workaday dust of the arena ; and that the bulk of the rest of the body are poor, of Irish extraction, and of a nationality little diluted, or are "recruits" fresh to the curb. Under these strained conditions we go out to meet the new order of things. Now the one essential to the success of a forward movement is the one thing to which every true Catholic first looks, and that is Authority. We must have the sanction, more, the blessing, of the Church upon the undertaking. It must be the endeavour of the promoters to deserve this, and when we are able to come forward with a practicable working scheme (which indeed we can at once), and a sufficient guarantee of names (which at present we cannot), it is hardly probable that this will be refused. It is significant that, within the last few weeks, two at least of the bishops have addressed their flocks on the necessity of a political standpoint for Catholics.

This paper must not close without a reference to the single association which assumes to undertake the promotion of Catholic interests—"The Catholic Union." This has been framed on the lines of a Central Party and entirely repudiates lay politics. The result is that it finds itself unable to stir a step in any direction where practical business is concerned, for fear of running counter to certain sections of its members. So inherent is this defect caused by trying to reconcile impossibilities—*i.e.*, to bring all shades of opinion under one roof—that it is unable to move in such small but to us vital matters as School Board elections. It therefore refuses to undertake everyday lay work, let alone greater things—in a word it is obliged to refuse exactly what we Catholics have to undertake.

The dormant strength of the Church in this country is very considerable, but it lies idle or runs to waste in many alien channels, and the Union is perhaps partly responsible for this (unwittingly of course), for its very constitution causes it rather to block enterprise than to promote it. No one cares to incur the imputation of fussiness, and a state of gentlemanly inaction

and well-bred repose is easily maintained, and gives least chance of offence. It is, however, well known that this state of things is not acceptable to a considerable number of its members; and what is publicly acquiesced in, is privately condemned, which is a sufficiently unsatisfactory outcome, if hardly so fatal a one as the frittering away of our strength. If it comes to be understood that there is no serious work to be done, men of property, intellectual or actual, are driven tacitly to recognize this and find their scope elsewhere. Energy must expend itself,—usefully or otherwise.

One other point: The real workers—for there are men who will find a sphere of action, however situate. These are forced to shake the dust of Catholicity off their feet in starting, and accomplish what they may on their own ground and on their own behoof. By this we do not mean that they are the worse Catholics, far otherwise; but they will stand in complete isolation from the majority of their co-religionists. Individual work of this fragmentary and intermittent description is unhappily of little use to the general body, however successful in itself.

No doubt any attempt to found political associations will lead us through difficulties, and among the first will be the discovery of our weakness in numbers, and our inexperience in action. These things must be faced with the sternest directness of purpose. The first will mend itself as time runs on, the second will never be remedied by stagnating in our present state. "You cannot," said Professor Tyndall, recently, "gather political intelligence from intellectual ignorance," and it will do us no harm to recognize that the latter is one of our complaints. The painful and sustained efforts by which the Catholic Colleges have been raised deserve all praise; but much remains to be done, and besides the mere heightening of the intellectual standard, it appears highly desirable that the first impulses to public usefulness should be planted in the curriculum of our schools, briefly, that they should be *Englishified*: the meaning of "blood" and "race" has too long been misunderstood. Woburn may be quoted as a bold, if eccentric, stroke in this direction. This is no setting of a fancy price on the things of this world, but a recognition of the fact that we are men dealing with men, that we must use human instruments and the ordinary machinery.

It is a mistake to confound the natural with the supernatural, to expect that the work, ready to our own hands, will be done for us by higher powers. The laws of Nature are the laws of God, and the law of human progress points with no uncertain finger to the place that lettered religion must occupy in the race.

"Bring this religion before the people, *at its best*, prove to

them its place as the first agent of morality and civilization, and hence of the health and happiness of nations; prove by deeds the reality and the honesty of your citizenship. Let us hear voices raised from among your number, that the people of England shall know and shall respect, it may be, love. Gather from all parties the good which is in them, rejecting the evil, and beware of trifling with the realities of life."

Thus might it be said to us. We may build cathedrals and deck sanctuaries, but unless the foundations of Catholicity are laid with those of the nation, we build but for the bigger crash. All history prophesies it for us, and nothing short of a miracle will prevent it.

Isolated and spasmodic effort leaves no trace behind; progress is in the continuous work of everyday life. The provinces, it should be said, have in many cases set an excellent example of activity, but until the great intellectual centres have been stirred, nothing has been done. The free intercourse of all in the general interest is the only thing that will bridge over the deplorable gap which yawns between high and low and induce that sympathy, the want of which alone nips all concerted action in the bud. It cannot, of course, be pretended that all good things will flow at once from the cornucopia of political organization. The fruit may not be for us, but it will ripen in the future. Gradually those who have no settled principles or convictions on these vital points will be led to take them up for serious study; and the slow leavening of all schools of thought by the mere assertion of Christian right and of Catholic light, must carry with it a profound blessing in this day, when every dogma, no matter how immoral or preposterous, is thrust before the face of the unhappy public. Such organization means death to the secret societies, mankind's last enemy: for it supplies a place and a programme to every man after his legitimate desire.

Much more might be said, for we have as yet only treated the subject from the inside. From the out, it might at first appear that there is a lack of political honesty in the idea on which the whole is built—"a Catholic first." This is not so. It must be made plain, once and for all, that so long as Catholic principle is not trenched upon, we are as free as air to follow what leaders we will; and Catholic principle is not a thing to shrink from investigation.

We have to thrash out the question among ourselves with patience and good humour, without which latter, success is hopeless. The very first move must be to extract the idle sting of political antagonism. Few can be better aware than the writer of how little has yet been achieved. The spade has

not broken the earth, the first sod is not yet turned where the future edifice is to stand; but he confesses that, given zeal and sincerity in the cause, no want of initial success, no paucity of numbers, nor smallness of means, seems to him sufficient cause for discouragement.

EDMUND RANDOLPH (Jun.).

ART. V.—HOW THE UNION ROBS IRELAND.

CHARLES JAMES FOX pronounced the Union to be, in its political aspect, an act of unequivocal despotism. In its financial aspect it is a gigantic swindle. Pitt wanted to get hold of the Irish revenue for British purposes :

He wants a Union [said the Right Hon. John Foster, Speaker of the Irish House of Commons]* in order to tax you and take your money where he fears your own representatives would deem it improper, and to force regulations on your trade which your own Parliament would consider injurious or partial. I never expected to have heard it so unequivocally acknowledged, and I trust that it will be thoroughly understood that it is not your Constitution he wants to take away for any supposed imperfection, but because it keeps the purse of the nation in the honest hands of an Irish Parliament.

To extinguish, therefore, the Irish Parliament, and to bring the whole revenue of Ireland under English control, Pitt employed means which it is not a mere figure of speech to term diabolical. The financial results to Ireland of a measure emanating from the jealous foes of her prosperity are precisely what her wisest patriots foretold. The complaint of imperial injustice in respect to the taxation of Ireland has been frequently made, and may be thus stated :—

I. She is entitled to a lower rate of taxation than Great Britain, on account of the great disparity between the British and Irish national debts at the time of the Union; not a shilling of the principals of which pre-Union debts has ever been paid. The British debt was then more than sixteen times larger than the Irish debt; and solemn promises were given to Ireland that she never should be brought under the pre-Union burthens of Great Britain. But, in violation of these promises, Ireland has been brought under those burthens by the equalization of her taxes

* Debates, April 11, 1799.

with those of Great Britain; and she never has been given an equivalent for the load thus imposed on her.

II. Such taxes as by the Act of Union were to have been borne in common by both countries ought (in the words of Lord Castlereagh) to have been apportioned with a strict regard to the measure of Ireland's relative ability. But the Act of Union over-estimated the relative ability of Ireland; the result of which excessive estimate was necessarily to involve Ireland in enormous and disproportioned debt.

III. Ireland complains that this debt was fictitious, in so far as it originated in an overcharge on her comparative resources; yet that this fictitious debt has been treated by British statesmen and by the imperial legislature as if it were morally and equitably binding upon Ireland. It has been made the pretext for extorting from Ireland amounts of revenue enormously in excess of her real relative ability.

IV. This dishonest over-estimate of Irish relative ability was designedly made by the authors of the Union. The problem of the Union Government was how to get Ireland under English taxes without giving her any compensation for the new burthen. They achieved their object by the following device:—The Act provided that the taxation of the two countries should become indiscriminate as soon as the Irish debt should be forced up to a certain specified proportion to that of England; and Castlereagh took care that the Irish debt should be thus forced up, by the clever expedient of over-rating our relative taxable capacity. This of course necessitated borrowing to supplement deficient revenue; and thus in a few years the Irish debt was swollen to the proportion, which, by the Act of Union, was to authorize the English Parliament to impose equal taxes on both countries. Instead of wealth the framers of the Union gave us debt; and their fraudulent design in so doing is demonstrated by their making the prospective increase of that debt a condition of increased taxation.

V. Ireland complains that by the financial legislation of the Imperial Parliament she is deprived of the enjoyment of her own surplus revenues; the exclusive use of which surplus the fifth clause of the seventh article of the Union professes to secure to her. And she suffers heavy loss from the expenditure in Great Britain, or elsewhere abroad, of an inordinate amount of Irish revenue.

The above are the chief heads of our Financial grievance. To substantiate the statements I have made, it is necessary to refer to the Act of Union, and to the respective fiscal liabilities of Great Britain and Ireland at the time of its enactment.

The seventh article of the Act of Union contains the following financial terms:—

I. Ireland was to be protected from any liability on account of the British National Debt contracted prior to the Union.

II. The separate debt of each country being first provided for by a separate charge on each, Ireland was then to contribute two-seventeenths towards the joint or common expenditure of the United Kingdom for twenty years; at the end of which period the contribution of Ireland was to be made proportionate to her ability, as ascertained at periods not more distant than twenty years, or less than seven years from each other. Certain tests of relative ability are specified by the Act, one of which is a comparison of the exports and imports of the respective countries; another is a comparison of the amount of income in each country, estimated from the produce of a general tax, if such should be at any time imposed on the same descriptions of income in both countries.

III. Ireland was not only promised that she never should have any concern with the then existing British debt, but she was also assured that her taxation should not be raised to the standard of Great Britain until the following conditions should occur :—

1. That the two debts should come to bear to each other the proportion of 15 parts for Great Britain to 2 parts for Ireland; (at the time of the Union the proportion was 1 Irish to $16\frac{1}{2}$ British); and,

2. That the circumstances of the two countries should admit of uniform taxation.

There was also a clause in the seventh article which provided that, if any surplus Irish revenue should remain after defraying the proportional contributions and the separate national charges of Ireland, the surplus was to be applied to Irish purposes exclusively, and taxes were to be taken off to its amount.

To create a popular belief that the Irish purse would be honestly dealt with by the imperial parliament, and never made contributory to the old British debt, Lord Castlereagh said, on the 5th of February, 1800 :—

In respect to past expenses, Ireland was to have no concern whatever with the debt of Great Britain, but the two countries were to unite as to future expenses, on a strict measure of relative ability. He should have considered it a most valuable circumstance in this arrangement, if the countries could have been so completely incorporated as not to have distinct revenues. . . . Such, however, was the disproportion of the debts of the two kingdoms that a common system was then impossible, *nor could any system of equivalent, as in the case of Scotland, be applied for equalizing their contributions.* It was therefore necessary that the debts of the two kingdoms should be kept distinct, and that of course their taxation should be separate

and proportionate (Speech of Lord Castlereagh, as printed in pamphlet form by J. Rae, 57, Exchequer Street, Dublin, 1800).

It is plain that all the promises and provisions purporting to protect Ireland in the use of her own revenues, and to preserve her from British pre-Union liabilities, were intended to deceive; inasmuch as other provisions, of which the effect was to render them nugatory, were also incorporated in the Act of Union. These provisions were two: the first, that the Irish contribution to common expenses should be in the proportion of 2 parts to 15, or 1 to $7\frac{1}{2}$; the second, that when this proportion should have swelled up the Irish debt (which, as I have already said, was at the time of the Union less than one-sixteenth of the British) to bear to the British debt the ratio of 1 to $7\frac{1}{2}$, the Imperial Parliament should then be authorized to abolish fixed quotas of contribution, to consolidate the two exchequers, and to tax both countries indiscriminately.

Against both these iniquitous provisions the anti-Unionists strongly protested. On the 17th of February, 1800, the Right Hon. John Foster showed that Lord Castlereagh's proportion of 1 Irish to $7\frac{1}{2}$ British was based on the value of selected items; while others of essential importance were omitted, which, if included, would have greatly lowered his lordship's estimate of Irish comparative ability. On the 19th of March, 1800, and again on the 26th of May in that year, Mr. Grattan, in a similar line of argument, exposed the fallacious nature of that estimate. Having done so, he predicted the financial results of the Union in the following words:

Rely on it that Ireland, like every enslaved country, will ultimately be compelled to pay for her own subjugation. Robbery and taxes ever follow conquest; the country that loses her liberty, loses her revenues.

Mr. Grattan did not fail to point out the operation of the fraudulent provision in the Act of Union, which, instead of giving Ireland a substantial equivalent for increased taxation, enacted that her taxes should be raised to the British level as soon as the dishonest (because designedly exaggerated) estimate of her relative resources should have forced up her debt to the desired standard:—

If [said he] the terms of the financial part of the Union were as beneficial as they are injurious, it would be of little moment; for there is an article that whenever the Minister shall raise the debt of Ireland to an amount which shall be as 2 to 15 in relation to the permanent debt of England (in three years they tell you they will do it), then you are to be taxed as much as England.

On the question of relative taxable capacity, the anti-Union

Irish Lords placed on record two remarkable protests. One of these estimated our proportion as 1 to 13 British; and subsequent experience abundantly demonstrated that the ratio of 1 to $7\frac{1}{2}$ was—as its authors undoubtedly intended it to be—greatly in excess of the comparative resources of Ireland.

Lord Castlereagh, in his speech of the 5th of March, 1800, lamented that the circumstances of the two countries did not permit the adoption of the precedent furnished by the Scotch Union—namely, the immediate financial incorporation of the kingdoms by the payment to Ireland of an equivalent for subjecting her to British taxation. His lordship was the Irish agent of the English Government through the whole of this felonious transaction. In introducing a scheme by which Ireland should be ultimately subjected to British burthens without being given an equivalent, he acted with deliberate purpose, and with full knowledge of the result.

The profligate proposal that whenever the Irish debt should, by the Union machinery, be swollen up to a given standard, then Irish taxes were to be raised to the British level, was ably combated by Mr. Speaker Foster. Lord Castlereagh tried to soften the injustice by saying that the given proportion might be reached, partly by the increase of the Irish debt, but partly also by the decrease of the British. To this Mr. Foster answered, on the 15th of March, 1800:—

The monstrous absurdity that you would force down our throats is, that Ireland's increase of poverty, as shown by increase of debt, and England's increase of wealth, as shown by diminution of debt, are to bring them to an equality of condition, so as to be able to bear an equality of taxation. This is contrary to all reason.

Such a state of matters would have been thoroughly unjust. But what happened was worse. The given ratio was reached solely by the augmentation of the Irish debt, without any diminution of the British.

The following table shows the amount of the two debts and debt-charges as they stood on the 5th of January, 1801, and their respective increase on the 5th of January, 1817:—

Year.	British Debt.	Annual Charge.	Irish Debt.	Annual Charge.
5 Jan. 1801	£450,504,984	£17,718,851	£28,545,134	£1,244,463
5 Jan. 1817	734,522,104	28,238,416	112,704,773	4,104,514

This table is taken from a Parliamentary return, No. 35, year

1819.* It suggests the following observations:—firstly, the Imperial Parliament had less than doubled the British debt in sixteen years; but during that period they had quadrupled the Irish debt; secondly, the Union Government had insisted on fixing the Irish comparative ratio of ability at 1 part Irish to $7\frac{1}{2}$ British; but the post-Union borrowings by the Imperial Government on Irish account were in the much higher ratio of 1 part Irish to $3\frac{1}{2}$ British; thirdly, these borrowings demonstrated the unfairness of the Union ratio, as they were made to supplement the deficiencies of Irish revenue arising from Irish incapacity to pay the Union proportion of 1 part to $7\frac{1}{2}$; and lastly, they effected the fiscal purpose of the Union by forcing up the Irish debt to that proportion; thereby furnishing to the Imperial Parliament a pretext under the seventh article of the Union for abolishing separate quotas of contribution, and taxing the two countries indiscriminately.

I doubt if history records a more remarkable instance of audacious and gigantic fraud than this whole transaction. The kingdom of Ireland is deliberately overcharged; and when the overcharge results in national insolvency, it is availed of as a pretext for exorbitant taxation.

The following attestations of prominent statesmen in the United Parliament show the fiscal wrong inflicted upon Ireland by the Union:—

On the 20th of June, 1804 (in the fourth year of the Union), Mr. Foster observed that, whereas in 1794 the Irish debt did not exceed two millions and a half, it had in 1803 risen to forty-three millions; and that during the current year it was increased to nearly fifty-three millions.

In the discussions on the Irish budget, in 1804 (for up to 1817 the Irish and British Exchequers continued separate), Mr. James Fitzgerald said that “it was obvious that Ireland could not discharge her share of the unequal contract entered into for her; and of course that England should ultimately pay all.”

And, seeing that “the unequal contract” was forced upon Ireland by British bayonets and British bribes (with Irish

* By another Parliamentary paper, No. 236, year 1824, signed by J. C. Herries, Secretary of the Treasury, the British and Irish debts as they stood in 1801 are stated as follows:—

British Funded . . .	£420,305,944
Irish Funded . . .	26,841,219

By adding the unfunded debts to these amounts, Great Britain is brought up in round numbers to £446,000,000, and Ireland to £28,000,000. The difference between the two returns is unimportant, as its effect on the proportions is infinitesimal. Mr. Herries makes the Irish debt-charge less than it appears in the return of 1819.

money), it was no more than just that England should ultimately pay all. But this equitable obligation is not recognized by modern English statesmen.

On the 19th of March, 1811, Mr. Parnell adverted to what he termed the main cause of the increase of the Irish debt, and the failure in the produce of the Irish taxes. He said: "The ratio of the contribution of Ireland to the general expenditure fixed by the noble lord (Castlereagh) was that cause. In this his lordship was mistaken; and that," continued Mr. Parnell, "was the source of all those evils and embarrassments that oppressed the country. Ireland has been paying a greater proportion than she ought to have done."

On the 20th of May, 1811, Sir John Newport said, in a debate on the Irish budget: "The revenues of Ireland have made no progress adequate to her debt. *No instance had occurred within the last three years in which the separate charge of Ireland amounted to within one million of the joint charge.* This was one effect of the rate of contribution fixed at the Union, which, so long as it was acted on, would render the payment of the debt impossible."

On the 11th of June, 1813, Mr. Wellesley Pole said that, "when the Union proportions were settled, the Imperial expenditure was only twenty-five millions, whereas it is now seventy-two millions." He added, that it never could have been expected that Ireland would be able to pay two-seventeenths of so large a sum as seventy-two millions. It appears probable that the words here ascribed to Mr. W. Pole were incorrectly reported. Ireland was not required by the Union statute to raise two-seventeenths of the *whole* Imperial revenue; but only of that portion of the revenue which remained after each country should have first provided for its own separate debt-charge.

On the 20th of May, 1816, Mr. Vesey Fitzgerald said:

You contracted with Ireland for an expenditure she could not meet; your own share of which you could not meet but by sacrifices unexampled; by exertions, the tension of which England only could have borne. Ireland had been led to hope that her expenditure would have been less than before she was united with you.* In the fifteen years preceding the Union it amounted to forty-one millions, but in the fifteen years of Union it swelled to 148 millions. *The increase of her revenue would have more than discharged, without the aid of loans, an expenditure greater than that of the fifteen years preceding 1801.*

* This was one of Lord Castlereagh's falsehoods. He pretended that Ireland, by the Union, would save a million per annum. His lordship's mis-statements were exposed by Mr. Speaker Foster in a masterly speech delivered on the 17th of February, 1800.

This is a clear admission that a domestic parliament would have preserved us from the insolvency in which we were involved by the Union rate of contribution.

Mr. Leslie Foster (afterwards Baron Foster of the Irish bench) said, with regard to the taxation of Ireland: "In fact, taxation in that country had been carried almost to its *ne plus ultra*."

On the 21st of April, 1818, Mr. (afterwards Lord Chancellor) Plunket, speaking to a motion of Mr. Shaw's on the window tax, said: "Ireland certainly had not paid the two-seventeenths stipulated for at the time of the Union; and for the plainest of all possible reasons, because she could not; because a burthen utterly disproportioned to her strength had been imposed on her."

In 1822, the late Right Hon. Henry Goulburn, speaking to a motion of Sir John Newport, said: "The Union contribution of two-seventeenths for Ireland is now admitted on all hands to have been more than she was able to bear."

And it was precisely because the burthen exceeded her taxable capacity, that the authors of the Union insisted on imposing it on Ireland. They knew it would enormously augment her debt; and they provided that, when this nefarious augmentation should reach a certain point, it should serve as a pretext for bringing her under British taxes. I have already said this. I now repeat it, for the fact is important, as showing the impudent and inveterate dishonesty that characterized the framers of the fiscal arrangement.

I pass from the testimonies of individual statesmen to the Report of the Parliamentary Committee, which, in 1815, recommended the consolidation of the Irish and British exchequers. Having stated that the Committee had considered "whether or not the respective circumstances of the two countries would henceforth admit of their contributing indiscriminately by equal taxes" to the imperial revenue, the Report proceeds:—

It is well known that Parliament has not hitherto deemed it expedient to extend to Ireland the most productive of the taxes imposed in Great Britain for raising by direct taxation the supplies within the year. In other respects your Committee have found the taxes of Ireland not fully equalized with those of Great Britain, particularly in the excise, where some important branches are protected from increase, until 1820, by the Act of Union; and in the stamps.

But on the other great heads of revenue—customs and assessed taxes—they have found a very near approximation between the rates of both countries. Your Committee cannot but remark, *that for several years Ireland has advanced in permanent taxation more rapidly than Great Britain herself, notwithstanding the immense exertions of the latter country, and including the extraordinary and war taxes.* The per-

manent revenue of Great Britain increased from 1801 (when the amounts of both countries were first made to correspond), in the proportion of $16\frac{1}{2}$ to 10. The whole revenue of Britain (including war taxes) as $21\frac{1}{4}$ to 10; and the revenue of Ireland as 23 to 10.

Under these circumstances it is manifest that no practical benefit can possibly be obtained for any part of the United Kingdom by endeavouring to maintain a fixed proportion of expenditure, *when that proportion has rapidly carried the debt of Ireland from a state of great relative inferiority into a growing excess*, which cannot be met by any system of taxation that would not violate the most solemn engagements.

Moreover, it appears to your Committee that, from the whole tenor of the Act of Union, and the very circumstance of temporary guards to prevent the too sudden imposition of burthens on the weaker country before time had been allowed for the acquisition of at least equivalent benefits, that a Union, strict and perfect in matters of finance . . . to the extent of consolidating the treasuries and the exchequers, must have been contemplated by the two treasuries.

On the whole, then, with a view to the clear advantage of all parts of the Empire—to relieving Ireland from a burthen *which experience has proved too great*—and at the same time with the hope of rendering her resources more productive . . . your Committee have resolved—

Then follows their Resolution, affirming that the time had arrived for consolidating the two exchequers (Report of 1815, Sessional number, 214).

The Parliamentary Report just quoted accords with the testimony of the several statesmen previously cited, in admitting that the disproportioned augmentation of the Irish debt arose from the unfair ratio of contribution fixed by the Union; and it expressly states that Ireland has been subjected to “a burthen which experience had proved too great.” Now, when the unjust overcharge was thus acknowledged, what, I ask, was the obvious remedy pointed out by common sense and honesty? Clearly to lower the ratio of Irish contribution to a scale proportioned to Irish relative ability; and, as the excess of Irish debt avowedly resulted from an overcharge, to transfer that excess from the Irish to the British account. To admit that Ireland had been charged too much, is to admit that Great Britain had been charged too little in the apportionment of common expenses. It is to admit that, as far as what was called Irish debt arose from an overcharge, so far that debt was not Irish debt in any equitable sense, but that it was really and equitably British debt. But instead of fixing a ratio of Irish contribution really commensurate with Irish comparative resources—instead of recommending that Great Britain should assume the excess which, though

nominally Irish debt, was truly and equitably British debt—the Committee of 1815 recommended the consolidation of the two exchequers; which measure, by consolidating the revenues, also consolidated *the debts* of the two kingdoms; thus mortgaging Ireland, present and future, for the whole of the British liabilities, pre-Union as well as post-Union. Lord Castlereagh in 1800 had lamented that England could not give Ireland an equivalent for becoming financially incorporated with her. But in 1816 the incorporation was adroitly accomplished without the least hint of an equivalent. Instead of an equivalent, Ireland had been given debt, fictitious debt. She had been given, in the words of Mr. Vesey Fitzgerald, a contract for an expenditure she could not meet; in the words of Mr. Plunket, a burthen utterly disproportioned to her strength; in the words of the Committee of 1815, a burthen which experience had proved too great. Such was the species of compensation given to Ireland for involving her in English liabilities.

That the excess of the Irish burthen originating in the overcharge was equitably British and not Irish debt, is, if possible, rendered more plain by the fact that the Union Statute, which contained that overcharge, was forced by England upon Ireland against the will of the Irish nation; forced upon Ireland by a remorseless system of carnage and Parliamentary corruption. Technicalities apart, the Union was exclusively the act of England. It was not, in any moral sense, the act of Ireland. Ireland cried out against it. If an unprincipled adventurer broke into a merchant's house at the head of a gang of armed burglars, held his pistol at the merchant's head, and bribed his clerks to sign a deed in their employer's name involving him in new and monstrous pecuniary liabilities, such a transaction would bear a close resemblance to the mode in which the Union and its fiscal enormities were imposed upon Ireland.

The Act to consolidate the two exchequers was passed in 1816. It is the 56th George III., chap. 98. It had the mischief of seeming to be beneficial. It professed to relieve Ireland from an overload; but by abolishing the Union quotas of contribution, without substituting fairly estimated quotas in their stead, it left Ireland to be overtaxed to whatever extent the Imperial Parliament might at any time think fit to wring revenue out of her. When, after the conclusion of the war in 1815, the taxation of the empire was sensibly diminished, the pressure upon Ireland became less onerous, although strict regard was not had either to her comparative ability, or to her equitable claim to lighter taxation than Great Britain, on the score of her lighter indebtedness. It was reserved for Mr. Gladstone to render extortion intolerable by his exceptionally reckless disregard of these considerations.

The time which he selected for his monstrous exactions, and the pretexts by which he defended them, are worthy our special attention, as illustrating the enormous evil of foreign legislation. Firstly, as to the time of the new burthen. In 1853 Ireland was suffering the miseries of several years' failure of the potato-crop; she had, since 1846, then lost about two millions of her inhabitants between death by famine and emigration; her poverty was excessive—and, incredible as it may appear—her very poverty was twisted by Mr. Gladstone into an argument for taxing her. Secondly, the reasons alleged by Mr. Gladstone for imposing the income-tax on Ireland display an intrepidity of assertion which appropriately came from the lips of a man who was sure of a majority, and at whose feet Ireland lay fettered and helpless, unable to resist the hand that itched to get deeper into her pocket. General (then Colonel) Dunne moved, on the 23rd of May, 1853, for the postponement of the Income-tax Bill until a committee should have examined and reported on the fiscal claims and the financial capacities of Ireland. Mr. Gladstone opposed Colonel Dunne's motion; took his stand upon the fraudulent provisions of the Union; assumed that the so-called Irish debt thence resulting was an equitable Irish liability, and boasted that England having relieved Ireland of the load, was now entitled to increase the taxation of Ireland. Referring to the Committee of 1815, the right hon. gentleman said:—

“A Committee had sat upon this subject at an early date, and when they reported that the *debts* and finances of the two countries should be consolidated, with what view did they make that report? Did they make that report in the sense of imposing a burthen upon Ireland for the relief of England, or of imposing a burthen upon England for the relief of Ireland? They imposed a heavy burthen upon England for the relief of Ireland, and that statement rested upon figures which lay upon the table of that House. . . . Why, in 1815, just before this subject was examined, and before the *debt of Ireland* was consolidated with the debt of this country, the annual charge of debt upon Ireland—irrespective of one farthing of charge for military or civil government—the mere charge of Irish debt was £5,900,000. This, he repeated, was the simple charge of the debt.”

I beg attention to this statement. The annual charge of the Irish debt in 1815 is here set down by Mr. Gladstone at nearly six millions. Either this statement is true, or it is false. If it be false, what an instance of the flagitious means adopted to mislead the public mind! If, on the other hand, it be true, then what a crushing condemnation it affords of the imperial mismanagement of Irish finance, and of the Union ratio of Irish contribution which enabled the Imperial Parliament to engulf Ireland in an abyss of unfathomable debt! Mr. Gladstone goes

on: "Such was the state of things which was put an end to by the Act of Union."

The Union here indicated is that of the exchequers. Mr. Gladstone overstates the annual Irish debt-charge; which in truth was heavy enough without being thus exaggerated. On the 5th of January, 1817, it was £4,104,514; not £5,900,000. (Return 35 of 1819.) "Such," he says, "was the state of things which was put an end to by the Union" (of the exchequers.) The way in which that measure put an end to the state of things then existing, was by mortgaging Ireland for the whole imperial debt of both countries, then amounting to £847,226,837. Of this total the British share was £734,522,104; the Irish share, as forced up by the Union ratio, was £112,704,733; and much of this, as cannot be too often repeated, was in truth not Irish debt at all, but British; so far as it originated in an overcharge on Ireland.

"The expenditure on account of Ireland in 1817 (continues Mr. Gladstone) including civil and military charges, was £10,241,000; while the total payments into the Irish exchequer as against that expenditure was £4,384,000; so that the amount provided from the British exchequer to make good the deficiency was £5,856,000, in that single year."

I do not stop here to point out the omission from Irish payments of uncredited taxes, including the taxes paid in England out of Irish absentee rental. But whatever the real amount of the deficiency may have been, that amount originated in the Union overcharge. And Mr. Gladstone's alleged Irish expenditure of £10,241,000 includes the gross miscalculation of £1,795,486; that being the difference between £5,900,000, the alleged, and £4,104,514, the real debt-charge on the so-called "Irish" debt at that period. The right hon. gentleman goes on to quote, as if it were a sound authority, a return of Irish liabilities granted on the motion of Mr. McGregor, M.P. for Glasgow, and which was calculated on the amount of what was called "Irish debt" as it stood on the 1st of February, 1817. Calculated, that is to say, on a basis not only false, but condemned long before by the statesmen I have already quoted; and cast aside by a parliamentary committee when it had done its work of rendering Ireland bankrupt, and was no longer required for the purpose of financial chicanery:—

"The figures he (Mr. Gladstone) had quoted, showed that Ireland had not at any period paid the charges inherited by her from the separate arrangements with regard to her debt, together with the charges for civil government which were applicable to her. . . . As far as he could hear, the hon. and gallant gentleman (Colonel Dunne) had not adverted to the terms of the Act of Union, nor to

the fact that it contemplated and provided for the principle of consolidated finances and equal taxation; and that that principle was to become applicable when the debt of Ireland had reached a certain proportion—that of 2 to 15*—to the debt of England. The debt of Ireland did reach that proportion to the debt of England; it reached a much higher proportion than the debt of England at the end of the war; and that was precisely the case which was provided for by the seventh article of the Act of Union.”—HANSARD, vol. cxxvii.

Just so. A monstrous overcharge on Ireland is treated throughout as if it were not a dishonest imposition at all, but something which Ireland was culpable for not having paid. The purport of the right hon. gentlemen's argument is, that as England had assumed the overcharge, Ireland ought to pay the new taxes which he introduced. He argues as if the removal of an admitted wrong entitled England to inflict on Ireland an equivalent wrong in place of the one taken off. Suppose the case of a money transaction between two merchants, A and B. On making up their accounts, B discovers that A has overcharged him £1,000. A admits the error, and transfers the £1,000 to his own debit. But he then says to B, “Well, my dear fellow, as I have generously taken the onus of that £1,000 on myself, you must really allow me to fleece you some other way.” We should not commend the honesty of such a proposition; yet it is exactly the same in principle as Mr. Gladstone's plea for inflicting the income-tax on Ireland. It is to be observed that the Act of 1816, which made Ireland liable for English debt, is facetiously described by Mr. Gladstone as having relieved Ireland at the expense of England.

There were certain advances of money to Ireland during the years of famine, the unrepaid balance of which in 1853 amounted to about £4,000,000, involving an annual payment of £245,000. These advances were called the Consolidated Annuities, and the House of Lords had recommended their total remission. Mr. Gladstone represented this remission as a fair set-off against the income-tax. Four millions were remitted; but the Irish income-tax up to 1870 amounted to over £11,000,000, which would have repaid the Consolidated Annuities nearly three times over. It may here be noted that since 1870 the English Government have, for obvious purposes, suppressed the separate statements of payments by Ireland, and lumped the three kingdoms indiscriminately in their finance accounts.

It will be remembered that the Act of Union pretended to protect Ireland from equality of taxation with England “until

* Hansard makes Mr. Gladstone say “2 to 5;” but this is so plainly an error, either of the press or of the reporter, that I have no hesitation in correcting it.

the respective circumstances of the two countries should admit of uniform taxation." If these words meant anything, they must have meant that equality of burthen should not be imposed until Ireland became wealthy enough to endure it. In 1853 she was miserably poor, and her poverty was aggravated by a prolonged famine. As the condition of wealth implied by the Act of Union had not occurred, Mr. Gladstone thought he could extract an argument for increased taxation from Irish poverty, and, accordingly, he argued that as Ireland was poor, a man with £150 a year in Ireland was proportionately richer than a man with £150 a year in England, and consequently that his income was at least as fit a subject for taxation. The special merit of this logic is, that the poorer the country the stronger the argument for taxing her.

General (then Colonel) Dunne, Member of Parliament for the Queen's County, obtained with much difficulty, in 1864, a Committee to examine the whole question of Irish taxation. Among the English members of the Committee were Mr. Lowe, Sir Stafford Northcote, Mr. Hankey, and Mr. Banks Stanhope. Their proceedings are recorded in a parliamentary blue book. Throughout the examination the English members carefully ignored the disparity of the British and Irish pre-Union debts. They assumed all along, as Mr. Gladstone had previously done, that the condemned overcharge of two-seventeenths was equitably binding on our country. They ignored the just claim of Ireland for lighter taxation on the score of her lighter pre-Union debt. They ignored the fraudulent device by which the Irish post-Union debt was increased by a false calculation of Irish relative ability. Mr. Lowe paraded the exemption of Ireland from certain special English taxes—viz., inhabited house tax, a tax on railways, and some other imposts, the total of which in 1864 was £3,785,000; but he took care to forget that those taxes did not amount to a fourth part of what England should exclusively pay on account of her own pre-Union debt-charge. He asked whether the poorer parts of England, instancing Wiltshire, could not set up the same case for remission of taxes as Ireland—just as if Wiltshire ever had a separate debt; or had been promised (as Ireland was) exemption from any part of the British debt; or had been promised (as Ireland was) the exclusive use of her own surplus revenue; or had been promised (as Ireland was) that her taxes should be regulated on a strict measure of her relative ability! All these essential disparities Mr. Lowe ignored; and the line taken by him and the other English questioners demonstrates the absolute necessity of preserving Irish national distinctness in matters of finance, as our only protection from the ruinous consequences of British rapacity. There was an important report on the evidence drawn up by

Sir Stafford Northcote. General Dunne refused to sign it, deeming that it did not fairly state the merits of the Irish case. The General's draft report was lost by the defection of two Irish members, Sir George Colthurst and Mr. Pope Hennessy. Sir Stafford defends the amalgamation of the two exchequers in 1817 on the following grounds:—

“Had that amalgamation not taken place (he says) and had the system of raising the revenue (by loans) which prevailed from 1801 to 1816 been continued, the Irish separate debt would have continued to increase until the country might have been crushed by it” (p. 8 of Report).

Sir Stafford here speaks as if the system of raising Irish revenue by loans must needs have been perpetual unless stopped by the amalgamation of the exchequers. But, firstly, he forgets that it needed not have lasted beyond 1820, the Act of Union having provided that in that year there should be a revision of the British and Irish proportions. Secondly, he speaks as if the imperial parliament in 1816 had no mode of removing the unjust proportions except by amalgamating the exchequers. But it *had* another and an infinitely better mode, if it had chosen to adopt it—namely, to revise the proportions, lowering the Irish ratio to the scale which equity demanded. It anticipated the period of revision prescribed by the Union in order to bring Ireland under British debt. It had surely the same power to anticipate that period for the purpose of establishing an equitable quota of Irish contribution.

Sir Stafford makes the following important admissions:—

“Since 1845 (he says) the share which Great Britain has had in the remission of imperial taxation has been proportionally much larger than that which Ireland has had; and the additions made to the imperial taxation of Ireland have been proportionately heavier than those made to the taxation of Great Britain; while, at the same time, it can hardly be doubted that Great Britain has derived a larger measure of advantage than Ireland from the repeal of the Corn Laws, as a compensation for which the boon was originally given by Sir Robert Peel.

“It is not surprising that the large increase which your Committee have noticed in the general taxation since 1845 should have given rise to complaint. Nor is it surprising that louder complaints should have been made by Ireland than by other parts of the United Kingdom. The pressure of taxation will be felt most by the weakest part of the community; and as the average wealth of the Irish taxpayers is less than the average wealth of the English taxpayers, the ability of Ireland to bear heavy taxation is evidently less than the ability of England. Mr. Senior, whose evidence upon the position of Ireland will be found very suggestive, remarks that the taxation of England is both the heaviest and the lightest in Europe—

the heaviest as regards the amount raised, the lightest as regards the ability of the contributor; and he adds, that England is the most lightly taxed, and Ireland the most heavily taxed country in Europe, although both are nominally liable to equal taxation." (Report, pp. 10, 11).

In all this Sir Stafford Northcote does not seem to see the least injustice, or the least ground for reducing the taxation of Ireland. The reason is that his mind, like the minds of the other English members of the Committee, is permeated with the notion that Ireland has no separate individuality, but is politically in the same position as any English county. Mr. Senior had said in his evidence, that Ireland being in partnership with England, was taxed as the rich country while she was the poor one; an excellent illustration, by the way, of the value to us of the "partnership" (Question 5519). But Sir Stafford says:—

"If Ireland were to be relieved of two or three millions of taxation on the ground of her poverty, and those two or three millions had to be made up by an addition to the taxation of England, the burthens of the poor districts of Great Britain would actually be increased for the purpose of diminishing the burthens not only of the poorest, but also of the richest districts of Ireland."

If Ireland were to be relieved of taxation on the ground of her poverty, such relief would be merely the fulfilment of Lord Castlereagh's engagement that she should be taxed on a strict measure of her relative ability. Sir Stafford in so many words admits that "her ability to bear heavy taxation is less than the ability of England;" but he ignores the promise that she should on that account be less heavily taxed; while Mr. Gladstone, as we have seen, actually discovers in her poverty an argument for taxing her. Then, as to Sir Stafford's notion that there would be hardship in transferring to Great Britain taxes to be removed from Irish shoulders; there is not the least hardship in compelling either men or nations to pay their just debts. The whole scope and spirit of the seventh article of the Union, and of subsequent imperial legislation, was to subject Ireland to British burthens which she had no part in contracting; and this, notwithstanding certain illusory pretexts of protection made by Lord Castlereagh, and embodied in the Union Statute.

Let us now consider the increase of Irish taxation introduced by Mr. Gladstone, with respect to its amount and to the comparative taxable capacity of Ireland.

The taxes paid by Ireland into the imperial treasury for the twenty years from 1833 to 1852 inclusive amounted to £86,667,175, being an average of £4,305,626 per annum. In 1853 Mr. Gladstone imposed his new taxes. In the twenty years from 1853 to 1872 inclusive the Irish taxes amounted to

£131,851,265, being an average of about £6,524,745 per annum. Deducting the total of the previous twenty years from that of the twenty years ending in 1872, it will be seen that Mr. Gladstone wrung £45,184,090 more from Ireland during the second of those periods than she had paid for the twenty years previously.

I have already observed that since 1870 the treasury has not given a separate statement of the Irish contributions in its annual finance accounts; for this would exhibit the disproportion between Irish taxation and Irish comparative ability, as tested by the assessments of both kingdoms for income-tax. The net Irish credited revenue, including balances and drawbacks, was £7,121,017 in 1869; it was £7,202,929 in 1870. These amounts are exclusive of balances, and only represent our credited payments. Our uncredited revenue cannot be accurately ascertained; partly consisting, as it does, of duties paid in England on goods bought there for Irish consumption, and charged to the Irish purchaser as part of the price; and partly consisting of the taxes paid in England by absentee landlords from their Irish rental. These uncredited taxes have been computed by able calculators as amounting to £1,000,000 yearly. If this be approximately correct, the taxes now paid by Ireland amount to between eight and nine millions per annum.

Next, as to the comparative ability of Ireland to bear the tremendous load thus imposed upon her. Both Mr. Pitt and Lord Castlereagh said that an income and property-tax, had it then existed in both countries, would afford the best test of their relative ability to bear taxation. In Thom's Almanack for 1873, compiled from official sources, I find that in 1869 the amount of property and income assessed to income-tax, was:—

For England	£370,070,360
Scotland	38,740,898
Ireland	25,992,699

Total . . £434,803,957

It appears by this test, that in 1869 Ireland's share of the general wealth of the Empire did not much exceed a seventeenth, while in that year the English Government extorted from her nearly one-ninth of the imperial revenue. The revenue of the three kingdoms for the year ending 31st of March, 1870, was, including balances, £78,646,412 12s. 1½*d.*; that of Ireland, including balances, was £7,620,622 9s. 6½*d.* (Finance Accounts for 1870, page 10).* Hence it appears that, omitting our un-

* In the same page the net receipts for the year 1870, after deducting repayments, &c., are thus given:—

credited taxation, the English Government made us pay nearly one-tenth of the general taxes out of little more than one-seventeenth of the general wealth. Reckoning our uncredited taxation, we paid nearly a ninth, according to the test of assessment. The suppression of the separate Irish payments in the Finance accounts since 1870 prevents my exhibiting the excessive disproportion between Irish resources and the Irish revenue extorted since that year. But we know that the same reckless disregard of our comparative taxable capacity still actuates the Treasury.

There are tests, however, which would seem to indicate that our comparative wealth is by no means so high as one-seventeenth of the wealth of Great Britain. In 1864 Mr. Chisholm, Chief Clerk of the Exchequer, gave the following data to General Dunne's committee:—He stated that on an average of three years, ending in 1863, the exports and imports of Great Britain were to those of Ireland as 52 to 1; the tonnage of foreign trade as 28 to 1; the total tonnage to and from all parts as $4\frac{1}{2}$ to 1; the total coasting trade to and from all parts of the same country as 68 to 1; registered tonnage, 19 to 1; assessments (at that period) to income-tax, 13 to 1; deposits in banks on the 20th of November, 1863, 19 to 1; total deposits in banks for ten years, $14\frac{1}{2}$ to 1; post-office money orders during ten years, 14 to 1; railway receipts for a year, $19\frac{1}{2}$ to 1; interest on Government stocks, 19 to 1; probate and legacy duty, 16 to 1. As the cross-channel trade has, since 1825, been placed on the footing of a coasting trade, it is not now accessible to our inquiries; but it is probable that if its amount could be ascertained, it would indicate at least as great a disparity of national wealth as the subjects of comparison submitted by Mr. Chisholm to General Dunne's Committee. One of those subjects, tonnage, is indeed often a delusive test; but inasmuch as English tonnage undoubtedly represents a vast export of English manufacture, whilst Irish manufactures are so few as to form a small item in Irish tonnage, the disparity which this test indicates between the wealth of Great Britain and that of Ireland, is very much greater than would appear from the mere arithmetical difference set forth in Mr. Chisholm's statement. The mean of his twelve tests is 25 British to 1 Irish; representing, so far as they go, Irish wealth as only the twenty-fifth part of British wealth. One of the tests of relative ability provided by the Union Statute is the comparative amount of the export and import trade of the two countries.

	£	s.	d.
United Kingdom . . .	75,674,196	8	$0\frac{3}{4}$
Ireland	7,287,126	15	$6\frac{1}{4}$

Slightly more than the amount as given in Thom.

Here we have the Chief Clerk of the Exchequer, sixty-four years after the Union, informing General Dunne's Committee that, on the average of three years ending in 1863, the exports and imports of Great Britain were to those of Ireland as 52 to 1.

With respect to the expenditure in Ireland of her own revenues, a Special Committee of the Municipal Council of Dublin examined that part of the international question in 1863 with acuteness and diligence, and they reported that the *credited* revenue of Ireland for 1861 (as shown by Parliamentary Paper, No. 116, year 1862) amounted to £6,546,281; from this sum they deducted the expenditure in Ireland, £3,860,585; excess remitted to England, £2,685,696.

"Another table (the Corporation Report continues) in the return last referred to, shows the mode in which the Irish income for the year 1861 was applied, and we find the two following items:

	£	s.	d.
Payments for army transferred to England	2,385,868	11	2
Remitted through the Customs and Inland Revenue in Ire- land to the Exchequer in England	384,847	3	2
	<hr/>		
	£2,770,715	14	4

"Thus it appears that of the moneys paid into the Irish Exchequer in that single year, the large proportion of £2,770,715 was remitted to England, and expended out of Ireland. But to ascertain the entire foreign expenditure of Irish revenue, we must add to the above the sum of £1,000,000, being the estimated amount of Irish revenue paid in Great Britain, besides the £200,000 for the post-office and Crown rents, making a total of £3,970,715 of Irish taxes spent out of Ireland in the year 1861. A similar calculation for 1860 shows a foreign expenditure of £4,095,453."

The manner in which the English members of General Dunne's Committee dealt with this question of expenditure was eminently characteristic. They coolly assumed that "the Empire" required a certain amount of expenditure in England, which could not be reduced; and that Ireland consequently was disentitled to any increase of local expenditure, which, they argued, would involve an increase of imperial taxation. Where fiscal burthens are concerned, Ireland was always, in their estimation, an integral part of "the Empire," but "the Empire" invariably meant England when the question was one of outlay.

The fiscal policy of the Government is necessarily calculated to depopulate Ireland. The whole international system introduced by the Union withdraws in many ways the income of Ireland.

The incessant drains incident to our provincialized condition I have enumerated in a recent paper. I here repeat the catalogue. In addition to the tax-drain there are the absentee rents; the cash spent in purchasing English manufactures, our native manufacturers having been undersold by the operation of English capital; the heavy cost of passing Irish Local Bills at Westminster; the commercial profits of insurance offices and banks whose head-quarters are in London; the expenses of Irish law-students, who are under the degrading necessity of receiving part of their legal education in an English Inn of Court. The aggregate of all these drains is enormous. No proposition is plainer than that when another and a stronger country incessantly draws off the means which Providence has given for the support of our people, the people must seek in foreign lands the means of livelihood of which they are dishonestly deprived at home. Mr. Lowe looks with manifest complacency at the progress of depopulation. When acting on General Dunne's committee, he asked the late J. F. Maguire (Question 4801): "It is hardly a thing to be regretted, is it, that those poor people should go where they can have prosperity?" To which Mr. Maguire answered: "No; but I think it is to be regretted that the state of the whole country is so bad that hundreds of thousands of people are rushing from her shores." Ireland is first robbed of the means of giving prosperity to her inhabitants; and then, when they are thus driven out, Mr. Lowe thinks "it is hardly a thing to be regretted." Home Rule would rescue the Irish race from statesmen who practise the policy of expulsion.

The international arrangement which justice points out is this:—Each country should be taxed for its own pre-Union debt-charge; Ireland should also bear the burthen of so much of her post-Union debt as bears a true proportion to her real relative ability; and her contribution to imperial expenses should be also proportioned to her relative ability.

This arrangement should form the fiscal basis of the measure of Home Government. Ireland might fairly claim restitution of whatever amount of taxation in excess of her relative capacity the imperial Government has exacted from her; but she would not insist on such a claim, as the resumption by Home Government of her rightful control of her own resources would enable her to dispense with it.

The following extract from McCulloch's "Principles of Taxation" applies with much force to our case:—

"Wherever the burthen of taxation is not fully compensated by increased production or increased saving it encroaches on the means of future production, and the country begins to retrograde. Taxa-

tion, when carried to this extent, is one of the severest scourges to which a people can be subjected. By diminishing the capital, or the funds destined to support productive industry, it lessens the national income—the only fund out of which taxes can be permanently paid—and lays the foundation of public poverty and disgrace in the destruction of private fortunes.”

So spoke McCulloch of excessive taxation, even when the amount was expended where it was raised. His words apply with indefinitely greater force when the amount is to a great extent exported from the country that contributes it.

It now only remains for me to notice some objections to our claim for fiscal justice. It is said to us, “You are very well off; your taxation is less per head of your population than that of Great Britain.” Just as if population, not wealth, was the true basis of taxation! Just as if a country might not be poor as well as populous, especially when for years it has been systematically pillaged by a powerful neighbour! In the words of my able and patriotic friend, Mr. Mitchell Henry: “The question is, not how much *per head* is paid in taxes, but how much of our gross annual income goes into the Imperial Exchequer.” I quote the following answer to this question from Mr. Mitchell Henry’s pamphlet on the “Financial Condition of Ireland”:—

“By a calculation of the late Mr. Dudley Baxter, an eminent writer on finance, in his work on Taxation, the gross annual income of Great Britain is put down at 800 millions for 1870, and it is now (1875) greater. Now, if we put Ireland’s at 50 . . . I believe we shall rather over-estimate her income. The case then stands thus: Ireland pays in direct and indirect taxes 8 out of 50 millions; Great Britain pays 67 out of 800 millions—that is to say, Ireland pays 3s. 2d. out of every £1 yearly, while Great Britain pays only 1s. 8d. out of every £1 of her income.”

An Edinburgh Reviewer* borrows from Mr. Spring Rice the following argument advanced by that gentleman in 1834, and which the Reviewer deems quite conclusive:—

“That argument is, that from the time of the Union, in 1801, to this hour, Ireland has never been taxed at the same rate as Great Britain, and that this separate taxation of Great Britain has been more than sufficient to redeem whatever portion of the national debt can with any degree of reason be regarded as Great Britain’s separate share of it.”

Here the separate taxation which for a time was borne by Great Britain is paraded as a favour to Ireland, and as if it extinguished Ireland’s claims on the score of her lesser indebtedness at the date of the Union, and of her lesser taxable ability.

* October, 1875.

People who argue in this way seem to forget that if England for awhile bore large separate taxation, England had large separate liabilities. They seem to forget that England, by her own act, undertook to bear the exclusive burthen of her vast pre-Union debt and debt-charge. They seem to forget that England, by her own act, undertook to pay fifteen parts out of seventeen of the common expenses remaining after each country should have separately provided for its own debt-charge. Whatever is the real amount of England's separate taxation, that amount has been fully absorbed by England's separate liabilities. It cannot, therefore, be honestly pleaded as a gift in any shape to Ireland, or as a reason for bringing Ireland under an equality of taxation with Great Britain; or as an extinguisher of the claims of Ireland for fiscal justice on the ground of her lesser indebtedness, and her smaller relative ability. The lower scale of Irish taxation, which existed up to 1853, was no eleemosynary boon. Ireland had, and has at this moment, a right to a lower scale of taxation than Great Britain, on the plain grounds already stated. That right can never be extinguished by British payments to meet British liabilities, or by any other means than by a substantial equivalent in money given to Ireland.

The Edinburgh Reviewer tells us, that from 1801 to 1843 Great Britain paid exclusive taxes to the extent of £787,000,000. There is something absolutely ludicrous in the wide disparities we find in the statements of Great Britain's post-Union separate taxation. In 1833, Mr. Spring Rice informed the House of Commons that England had, up to that date, paid in separate taxation a total of £333,641,851. In 1834, however, he bounced from that comparatively modest total to the enormous one of £1,096,463,472. "Such," says the late Mr. Staunton, "was the progress Mr. Rice made in computation in a single year. He produced in one year a total of £763,000,000 above the other." The Edinburgh Reviewer recedes to the more moderate amount of £787,000,000 for forty-three years; giving for that period, an estimate of over three hundred millions *less* than Mr. Spring Rice had appropriated to the *shorter* term of thirty-four years.

Let it be remembered that England had bound herself to pay exclusively the debt-charge of her own pre-Union debt, which in 1801 was £17,718,851 per annum; also the debt-charge of her separate borrowings up to 1817, at which date the British debt-charge reached £28,545,134 per annum. She had, as already noticed, also undertaken to bear fifteen parts out of seventeen of the remaining common expenses.

Now, if England, by separate taxation, just met these British liabilities, she merely fulfilled her own self-imposed engagement;

and by doing so acquired no right to make such taxation a set-off against the claims of Ireland. Next, if England, having extracted the last attainable shilling from Ireland,* had by separate taxation paid *more* than her Union engagements, the fact of her having done so would only have shown that the Union proportions were a fraudulent overcharge on Ireland. And a moral right to raise Irish taxation to the British level could not possibly arise from a fraudulent overcharge.

W. J. O'N. DAUNT.

ART. VI.—FIFTY VERSIONS OF "*DIES IRÆ*."

II.—MODERN TRANSLATIONS.

IT is related by Bacci (Rome, 1671) in his life of the Venerable Giovanni Giovanale Ancina, of the Congregation of the Oratory of St. Philip Neri, who died in the odour of sanctity Bishop of Saluzzo, that he owed his more immediate and final conversion to God to the instrumentality of *Dies Iræ*. The incident is referred to also by St. Alfonso Liguori in his meditations on "Preparation for Death" (Con. xxiv. pt. 1), and it is repeated in a modern life of the holy prelate, by Ferrante (Naples, 1856). The anecdote is as follows:—About the year of grace 1572, and after the death of his mother—an event which seems to have become a landmark in the spiritual life of her son—Ancina was residing in Turin. As a young layman he had studied in the Royal University of that city, and had with distinction taken the degrees of Doctor of Philosophy and Doctor of Medicine. He had subsequently practised with much success and credit the profession of a physician in the capital, and had been appointed to the chair of medicine in the university at the early age of seven-and-twenty years. In the midst of his brief but brilliant career, he was on one occasion called upon to assist at a solemn requiem Mass, and during the recitation of the words of the sequence, he was inspired with a sudden and vivid conception of the day of judgment. His soul was illumined with horror and dread of the fearful day, with a keen sense of the reality and guilt of sin, and with a due appreciation of the vanity of human things. As the "sonorous double-rhymed triplets" one by one smote upon his ear, its solemn subduing effect, which has been well likened "to blow following blow of the hammer on the anvil," was first startling and then became overpowering. His spirit was mastered from

* "Taxation in that country had been carried almost to its *ne plus ultra*" (Mr. (afterwards Baron) Leslie Foster).

without, and he obtained a victory inwardly. He was impressed with a distaste for the profane studies in which he had secured so much worldly honour, he was led to make a supreme effort of self-surrender, and he resolved to consecrate his future life, in the more perfect way, to God. As St. Alfonso says, in his consideration on the Particular Judgment, "the venerable father, on hearing the *Dies Iræ* sung, thought of the terror which the soul will feel on being presented before the judgment-seat, and resolved to leave the world; which resolution" (adds the saint) "he carried into effect." And it is only when the English reader passes from the paraphrases and imitations of *Dies Iræ* to the study of its direct translations—it may even be said of the translations honestly done in the triplet form, trochaic metre and double-syllabled and rhymed endings—that he can at all or fully comprehend the effect which the sequence produced on the pious physician and man of the world, who eventually developed into the saintly Oratorian Bishop of Saluzzo.

Of the fifty versions of *Dies Iræ* of which this collection consists, eighteen have been either already considered, or require no further consideration.* In this, the concluding article, therefore, we have to deal with the remaining two-and-thirty versions, or, rather, with the versions of that number of translators, for one author has rendered the sequence twice. All of these are translations more or less complete in substance, and more or less faithful to the form, or to the metre, or to the rhyme of the original hymn. More or less—for the versions which combine all these elements of exact reproduction, and to which, so far, may be accorded the highest degree of excellence, are comparatively few; and on many sides considerable latitude has been self-allowed by individual translators. The liberties which have been taken with the grand

* By an unlucky oversight the version of *Dies Iræ* by Father Trappes was omitted from the last article. In order to correct this omission the two following and consecutive triplets, chosen almost at random, will give the reader some idea of this translation, which, it may be added, is set to a Gregorian melody, harmonized by Chevalier Lemmens and published by Mr. Butler:—

13. Mary's sorrow found remission;
Mercy heard the thief's petition;
Thus to me, too, hope extending.

14. Worthless all my prayer and weeping;
Still beneath thy fostering keeping,
Guard me from eternal burning.

Two errors, also to be regretted, have been discovered in the tabular list of versions. Mr. Lloyd's version is written in trochaic lines of seven, not as stated of eight syllables; and the date of publication of Mr. Seager's version was not 1880, but 1878.

old funeral prose may be annotated in the first place, and then the topic may be dismissed from thought. For, as the present examination of *Dies Iræ* in the vulgar tongue is professedly non-critical, and as it aspires to illustrate beauties rather than to exhibit defects, contentious criticism may be confined to the fewest possible words. This course will probably commend itself to the reader's judgment: for, what good end would be gained by criticizing versions published half a century ago by authors, whether forgotten or remembered, who have long practically realized the first scene of the drama of which they sung, and have passed for ever beyond the influence of human blame?

Perhaps the main point of hostile criticism which in any case demands a protest at our hands, and which may first be stated, though it comes last in order of time, is one which most unfavourably impresses a Catholic reader of many Protestant translations. It is this—the manner, unjustifiable in morals and false in criticism, in which the concluding couplet of *Dies Iræ* is either tampered with, or mistranslated. This course is often adopted by authors who do not boldly and more honestly omit from their rendering the couplet altogether. Under the circumstances, simple omission would be commendable by comparison with the more usual method of making Thomas of Celano speak in English like a Protestant, rather than, as he really speaks, in universal accents, the faith of a Catholic. At least twelve or thirteen of these thirty-two translations (including fragments) either omit the *Dona eis requiem*, or, to use the received term amongst Anglican editors of Catholic devotions and biography, not to speak of theology, "adapt" it—which phrase, being interpreted, means to make a deliberate mistranslation. There are, however, noble exceptions in this category, some of which will be quoted below. But, even then, a fresh difficulty in ethics arises, which may be named, but which it is no business of the writer to attempt to solve. How can one, being a Protestant, who is loyal to his own communion, become an accomplice to the singing, in a hymn before God, of words the meaning and tenor of which have been systematically and avowedly expunged in prose from the public worship of his persuasion—such words involving Catholic prayer for the dead and the implied doctrine of purgatory? It is also noteworthy that some translators, from whom (even at the cost of moral consistency) we should expect at least a Catholic-worded remembrance of the faithful departed, have disappointed us: whilst others, from whom we should expect less, have given us more. No law seems to be discernible; and it is only not singular that one Protestant translator, who shortly after the completion of his work was converted to the faith, and one who is an hereditary Catholic, should, in this matter, have both fallen

short of doctrinal exactitude and devotional fulness. Some translators apparently agree with Jeremy Taylor (as quoted by Trench) who, in a letter to Evelyn, and in suggesting to the latter a translation of the hymn, is reported to have said that it "would make an excellent divine song, *if it were a little changed*." But, if an adaptation of the hymn for public use in the Church of England be considered venial, there can be but one opinion of the policy of printing the original text of the prose curtailed of its concluding stanza, and *that* without acknowledgment of the liberty taken. And this course has been incontinently adopted by at least two authors, one of whom unfortunately is a Catholic.

Leaving this feature, which makes or mars the whole character of a translation of *Dies Iræ*, viewed as a Catholic hymn, some details of minor importance of a semi-critical character in regard to different renderings may be briefly reviewed.

There seems to be no utility in treating of the dogmatic question which underlies the language of the eighth triplet in connection with the words *Qui salvandos salvas gratis*. This line has considerably exercised certain Protestant translators; but it is no concern of ours. We may be well content with the sanction for the orthodoxy of Thomas of Celano's theology which is afforded by the adoption of his hymn by the Catholic Church. In this relation, it may be observed, that a singularly distorted view of the purport and genius of *Dies Iræ* has been maintained by one of the more distinguished of its translators—in his "History of Christian Art," by Lord Lindsay. In his preface, this author held that the sequence was

expressive of the feelings of dread and almost of despair, with which Christians of the Middle Ages—taught to look on Christ as Jehovah, rather than the merciful Mediator through whose atoning blood and all-sufficient merits the sinner is reconciled to his maker—looked forward to the consummation of all things.

This unhistorical and sectarian position is incidentally answered in an estimate of the hymn which is at once more in sympathy with the tenor of its spirit, and of a higher intellectual order than the one by Lord Lindsay. In a striking review of the controversy which raged a few years ago in the pages of the "Pall Mall Gazette" and "Spectator," on the originality claimed for Sir Walter Scott in his paraphrase (as, in spite of all opinions to the contrary, it may fairly be held to be) of a portion of the sequence, Mr. Hutton, in the "Spectator" quotes the triplet which contains the above line, and upon it makes these reflections:—

This terse and majestic and intense verse is the very key of the whole hymn. It is an individual appeal on the part of an individual soul which has been following up slowly the whole train of thought

connected with the scene in which it will have to play a part. And thus realizing that Christ's will to save is his only hope, the writer goes on to draw out a personal appeal to Christ why he should not lose even this single grain of his possible harvest. Was it not Christ's love for each individual sinner that brought him down from heaven to earth; that moved him to wander over the earth where he had nowhere to lay his head; that inspired him, when he sat weary by the well of Samaria; that led him to bear his cross and endure his passion? Should such acts as these fail of their effect, even in the case of the worst of sinners who desires to be saved? The writer hopes nothing from his own prayers, but much from the love shown in the pardon of such sinners as Mary Magdalene and the thief upon the cross. The whole tenor of the hymn is one of personal appeal, of loving devotion, of humble contrition. When it is grandest, it is sweetest and contains least of physical imagery. It winds its long path of Augustinian piety from the beginning to the close without a single peal of thunder like that of Sir Walter Scott's second verse.

Without being bound to all the opinions here expressed, the estimate may be considered not only a sufficient, and probably an inadvertent, reply to Lord Lindsay, but it is noteworthy as a discriminating judgment on the grandest of Catholic hymns by one who is not a Catholic.

Little need be said on another, and a grammatical point, beyond an intimation that some writers, who have done honour to themselves by translating *Dies Iræ*, are not altogether consistent in the use of the present and future tenses, and do not always allow themselves to be guided in this matter by the author whom they translate. A few translators have adopted the reading in the form in which it appears in the Paris Missal; though they have not, without exception, publicly avowed their preference for this edition of the hymn. There are, it is believed, only two important variations in the text of the original: one in the opening triplet—by which the Parisian version omits all mention of the Jewish and Greek prophets; and one in verse thirteen—by which *Qui Mariam* is replaced by *Peccatricem*, and which, of course, opens a wide critical question on the identity of the two personages severally indicated. It is remarkable that in an early printed collection of Catholic hymns both these variations from the received text of the Roman Missal, which are undoubtedly of late origin, should have been accepted. More than one translation of the funeral prose is disfigured by the misplacement of some of its component parts—the narrative order of the triplets has been changed. In two cases, the translators, whether at the beginning or close of their work, have paraphrased the text, as well as changed the metre, for no obvious reason and

with no obvious advantage. One translator (as noted in the previous article) has begun his version with double-syllabled and rhymed endings, and has closed it with single rhymes. Another has incontinently turned from trochaic verse to iambic, and has turned back again from iambic lines to trochaic. Some translators are to a large extent beholden to previous versifiers: many are so beholden to a large extent; few acknowledge their indebtedness, saving in the naked publicity of their plagiarisms. This remark is made as a record of facts and without the expression of opinion on the very moot point of adopting or adapting the work of previous labourers; or the license being granted, on the value, or the need of, or sometimes the mental impossibility of avoiding, plagiarisms in the translation of such a well-known hymn as *Dies Iræ*. This, however, is too wide a question to be treated offhand, or to be treated at all in this place. Serious, but now unavailing, blame must be accorded to several competent authors who, in the place of benefiting their generation with a complete translation, have been content to offer as their contribution to the literature of the subject only a fragment of the sequence; whilst one, and he an exceptionally able translator, has ventured on a work of supererogation by adding a stanza midway in the eighteen canonical verses. It is noteworthy that no modern author, except Dr. Coles, an American physician, should have been tempted to render into English the four introductory verses and the one additional verse which appear engraved on the slab known as the "Mantuan Marble;" nor the three concluding triplets of the Hæmmerlein edition of the prose. Sylvester and Drummond, alone of the earlier translators, have noticed or attempted to translate the former of these versions. On these two versions the writer is much pleased to be able to quote some account of them, with which he has been favoured since the publication of the former article, by the friend who has made *Dies Iræ* the study of years, and of whose collection of English translations—numbering considerably more than one hundred—there is now every prospect of the publication. The writer is the more pleased to print this estimate because, amongst other points, it corrects an error into which he fell from the literary fault implicitly condemned by the late venerable President of Magdalene College, Dr. Routh, "verify your quotations."

"It has been stated at page 65 of the former part of this essay, that Drummond of Hawthornden prefixed to his version of the *Dies Iræ* 'four stanzas from his own pen.' These stanzas, as also Drummond's last, have, however, their original in an addition to the received or Roman Missal text of the hymn, which is known as the 'Mantuan Marble.' This is a copy of the hymn said formerly to exist, but seemingly not now existing, engraved

on a marble slab in the church of St. Francis of Assisi at Mantua. The text given on it contains the twenty-one stanzas which Drummond has translated—is in fact his original. Of these the first four are peculiar; the next sixteen are the received text, omitting the stanza *Oro supplex a ruinis*; and the final stanza is again peculiar.

"About this 'Mantuan Marble,' there is some mystery. Nothing appears to be known of its date; nor has any modern editor taken its text directly from the original. Mohnike, who supposed himself the first to publish it in 1824, took it from a MS. copy by Charisius, a burgomaster of Stralsund, dated 1676; but Daniel shows that this was probably taken from a 'Florilegium Magnum,' published at Frankfort in 1621; and neither in this, nor in Mohnike's MS. authority is there any reference to the original at Mantua. Daniel hints tolerably plainly that he does not believe at all in the 'marble.' But I do not think it has yet been noticed that Joshua Sylvester, as well as Drummond, has translated its text; and that, as the former died in 1618, while from other sources the text (as I have shown) is not yet traced higher than 1621, either the 'Marble' must have existed in Sylvester's day, or he must have had access to some other authority now unknown. From what is known of his life, he seems to have travelled abroad a good deal, and may have visited Mantua.

"Father Narcisso Bonazzi, Maestro di Capella to the Bishop of Mantua, has upon application most obligingly written to this effect: that the Church and Convent of St. Francis were suppressed in 1797 (the year of the French occupation of Mantua); that in 1811 the church was desecrated and the convent was turned into a military arsenal; and that no trace of the slab can now be found neither in the churches to which the monuments of St. Francis were removed, nor in the royal or civic museums of the town.

"Whatever be the origin of the text, it seems clear that it was not from the pen of Thomas of Celano. The style, and the otiose character of the additional verses, are enough to decide this. The few authorities who have thought otherwise (though all of them cannot, perhaps, be called so), are Mohnike, Dean Stanley ('Macmillan's Magazine,' December, 1868), and one or two American translators of the hymn. Among these last Dr. Coles, the author of the 'Thirteen Versions,' is the only modern writer who has turned it into English; he has, however, made but one version, and only placed that in his preface.

"It may be of interest to reprint these four preliminary stanzas, and the interpolated (21st, or final) triplet, together with the translation by Drummond.

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|--|--|
| 1. Cogita (quæ-o) anima fidelis,
Ad quid respondere velis,
Christo venturo de cœlis. | Ah, silly soul, what wilt thou say
When he, whom earth and heaven obey,
Comes man to judge in the last day; |
| 2. Cum deposcet rationem,
Ob boni omissionem,
Ob mali commissionem. | When he a reason asks, why grace
And goodness thou wouldst not embrace,
But steps of vanity didst trace? |
| 3. Dies illa, dies iræ,
Quam conemur prævenire
Obviamque Deo ire. | That day of terror, vengeance, ire,
Now to prevent thou shouldst desire,
And to thy God in haste retire. |
| 4. Seria contritione,
Gratiæ apprehensione,
Vitæ emendatione. | With wat'ry eyes and sigh-swoll'n heart,
Oh beg, beg in his love a part, [smart.
Whilst conscience with remorse doth |
| 21. Consors ut beatitatis,
Vivam cum justificatis,
In ævum æternitatis. | That I one of thy company,
With those whom thou dost justify,
May live blest in eternity. |

"In this connection may also be mentioned the 'Hæmmerlein Codex,' which is a third text of the funeral prose, lengthening it at the end as the Mantuan Marble does at the beginning. Unlike that of the marble, however, the origin of this is well-known. It was found among the MSS. of Felix Hæmmerlein, a priest of Zurich, after his death, about the year 1457; and there can be no doubt that it is his own composition. It was published first by Leonhard Meister (who, on no other evidence that appears, put forward an absurd claim for Hæmmerlein to have written the whole hymn), then by Mohnike, Lisco, Daniel, Dr. Coles, and Dr. Schaff. Its construction is this: After the seventeenth stanza, *Oro supplex*, of the Missal-text, third lines are added to each of the two following couplets, and (omitting the Requiem) five more complete triplets are appended. The result is as follows: and the text which I give is taken from Drs. Coles and Schaff; for Daniel has, for reasons which he does not state, left out the last two triplets. Without expressing any opinion on its value, I add Dr. Coles' English version, which is, I believe, the only one in existence:—

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|--|--|
| 18. Lacrimosa die illa,
Cum resurget ex favilla,
Tanquam ignis ex scintilla, | On that day of woe and weeping,
When, like fire from spark upleaping,
Starts from ashes where he's sleeping, |
| 19. Judicandus homo reus,
Huic ergo parce, Deus,
Esto semper adjutor meus. | Man, account to thee to render,
Spare the miserable offender,
Be my helper and defender. |
| 20. Quando cœli sunt movendi,
Dies adsunt tunc tremendi,
Nullum tempus poenitendi: | When the heavens away are flying,
Days of trembling then and crying,
For repentance time denying: |
| 21. Sed salvatis læta dies,
Et damnatis nulla quies,
Sed dæmonum effigies. | To the saved a day of gladness,
To the damned a day of sadness,
Demon forms and shapes of madness. |
| 22. O tu Deus majestatis,
Alme candor Trinitatis,
Nunc conjunge cum beatis. | God of infinite perfection,
Trinity's serene reflection,
Give me part with the election. |

- | | |
|--|---|
| 23. Vitam meam fac felicem
Propter tuam genetricem,
Jesse florem et radicem. | Happiness upon me shower,
For thy mother's sake, with power,
Who is Jesse's root and flower. |
| 24. Præsta nobis tunc levamen,
Dulce nostrum fac certamen,
Ut clamemus omnes Amen. | From thy fulness comfort pour us,
Fight thou with us or fight for us;
So we'll shout Amen in chorus.* |

Another wide question, upon which it is only possible to stand on the outskirts, is that of metre, rhyme and number of syllables. Thomas of Celano definitely adopted, if he were not the first to use in a Christian hymn, the poetical form which is now inseparably connected with his immortal composition—viz., the trochaic metre, with double syllabled rhymes and triplet lines of eight syllables. But few translators have given us a perfect version of *Dies Iræ*, with the full tale of triplets, and in strict conformity with the peculiarities of Celano's original text. Abstractedly, there would seem to be every inducement for

* "Within the last few days" (says the author of the above) "I have made a discovery in the library of the late Bishop Phillpotts, in Truro, which seems worthy of being placed on record. In a volume of an old and long forgotten religious periodical called the 'Orthodox Churchman's Magazine' (March, 1806, x. 229), is printed the text of the Mantuan Marble. Now Mohnike, who has hitherto been supposed the first to print it in modern times, did not publish his work till 1824: this is dated 1806; whence then was it taken? It must have been (1) from the original marble; or (2) from the Frankfort 'Florilegium,' 1621; or (3) from Charisius' MS., 1676, from which Mohnike afterwards took his text. I think that (1) was probably the case; and for these reasons. The title of the 'O. C. M.' text is *Meditatio vetusta ac venustâ, quæ Mantuæ in æde D. Francisci sub pictura estremi iudicii legitur*: the 'Florilegium' text has (according to Daniel) no title at all; while the title given by Mohnike to the MS. of Charisius is *Meditatio vetusta et venusta de novissimo iudicio quæ Mantuæ in æde S. Francisci in marmore legitur*. Whether this latter title be Charisius' or Mohnike's own is not clear. But if it be Mohnike's it is of course, by the date, out of court altogether. If, therefore, the 'O. C. M.' text were derived as (2), it would have had no title—that is, there could have been no reference to Mantua. If it were derived as (3), either the same would have been the case, or the title would have been identical with Mohnike's. We are reduced then to (1), and in that case the existence of the Mantuan marble within the last century is demonstrated. The use of the same two words, *vetusta et* (or *ac*) *venusta*, in both titles is the only remaining difficulty; and this in the absence of further evidence can only be called a coincidence—nor so remarkable as at first sight appears, since if one word suggested the other to one man, why not to another also?"

"To the 'O. C. M.' text is added Lord Roscommon's (or Dryden's) version with a few unimportant variations, and with the following note, 'It is to be observed that his lordship begins his version, or rather paraphrase, at the fifth stanza of the Latin, *Dies iræ, dies illa*; and he has injudiciously altered *Peter* to *David*.' *Teste Petro* being the only material various reading in the Marble. This seems as if the writer were altogether ignorant of the Missal-text; and yet he has added after the last triplet of the marble, *Ut consors beatitatis* the familiar last one of the Missal, *Oro supplex et acclinis*."—C. F. S. W.

translators humbly to follow in the steps of such a master; and it were bootless to seek for reasons for their poetical disobedience. Possibly, a conscious want of power or command of language decided the fate of many a version, and condemned its lines to end with simple, instead of with double rhymes. But no self-evident reason, at least to one not a poet born, would make a translator prefer a seven syllabled line to one of eight syllables. And although some persons will contend on behalf of the flexibility and adaptability of the iambic metre over trochaics, yet, the fact that *Dies Iræ* was written in the latter measure ought to have been final in the choice of metre for its reproduction into English. Especially with Anglicans—who, not unnaturally, have more frequently than Catholics turned into their own sweet native tongue the grand judgment hymn—should this have had weight. For, with whatsoever unreality, they claim spiritual affinity and corporate relationship with the saintly author, and wish to make his soul-stirring words and thoughts—saving those with which he ends—their own. And it cannot be denied that the trochaic measure—as being severer and more emphatic—is more suitable than the iambic to such a hymn as *Dies Iræ*. Moreover, the ancient music of the sequence—which Anglicans also have adapted—was written with a view to harmonize with the character of its peculiar, if not unique form and metre.

But, whilst due honour is paid to the faithful few who have adhered to Thomas Celano's poetical peculiarities, in these three points, one may be allowed to enter a protest against one form of double-syllabled rhymes which some translators have permitted themselves to employ. The use of the same monosyllabic personal pronoun, thrice repeated in the same stanza, as the last of the two syllables which ought to rhyme, seems to the present writer to be critically inadmissible—e.g., *me, us, thee, him*. In truth, no rhyme has been made in such cases: only a repetition of identically the same sound. Hence, when such quasi-rhymes are employed, the triplet falls from its high position as a version with a double-ending rhyme, to that of one with a simple ending. One version in this collection has not less than six of these non-rhyming triplets; others have fewer; some have only one; one complete translation alone of the entire sequence, it is believed, is wholly free from such blots; and that one is the version attributed to and probably made by the late A. D. Wackerbarth. One further remark may be offered in relation to rhymes. Although the writer is silent on the subject of bad rhymes, none can examine existing translations of *Dies Iræ* without being occasionally tortured with some that are extremely faulty; and the writer makes no exception to this observation. It seems only necessary to add that, of the thirty-two translations annotated or quoted in

the following pages, five or six are written in iambic metre, in part or wholly. But, whilst the residue are composed in the metre of the original, seven versions only (it may be repeated) are complete renderings which adhere to all the poetical and critical requirements of the text of the grand original.

The popularity and appreciation of *Dies Iræ*, and the reasons of both, with simple and learned alike, can only, however, be intelligently estimated when, leaving the accidental form in which this divine hymn and poem is cast, we carefully examine its substance. Of course the mere perusal of it, or even a casual attention to its recitation, impresses the reader or listener with an undefined but real sense of greatness and power. He feels himself in the presence of a noble and masterly production. But, when the sequence is mentally picked to pieces, when each element is weighed, when the union and interdependence, and oftentimes the logical following of each succeeding portion, is tested—then the consummate art of the craftsman is disclosed. The very simplicity of its form becomes a mask for the intricate elaborateness of its conception and development. Its story, the incidents, the reflections, their rhythm, flow from source onwards to conclusion with unruffled and unbroken continuity. But this result has been attained only by the exercise of extremest skill. In the prose for the dead there is no check, no parenthesis, no wandering from the point, no retrogression or looking backwards. It begins with the end of life, it ends with the beginning of eternity. Between these limits, the legend, so to say, is self-evolved, self-contained. The great mediæval poem of the day of doom is less a series of independent pictures or detached studies than one long panorama, as it were, of some mighty quick-flowing river and its scenery. The views obtained are now near, now distant. The country described is at one point civilized, at another savage. The hum of the city, the cry of the peasant, even the sounds and voices of inarticulate Nature, animate or inanimate, are in turn heard. Occasionally the actions of individual men and women may, in passing, be observed. It is not much otherwise with *Dies Iræ*. Its imagery and scenes, its facts and events, its words and thoughts, its prayers and ejaculations, its mental records, conscience-searching questions and intellectual memories, as naturally and unaffectedly succeed each other, without a forced cohesion or inharmonious break, as the banks, and towns, and hills, and forests, and islands, and other natural features of a river scene, in a series from the lens of a magic lantern of dissolving views.

Without attempting anything like an analysis of the hymn, it may be observed that, if one will be at the pains to examine

the line of thought in any two consecutive triplets, or any two groups of verses in *Dies Iræ*, he cannot fail to be struck with the rule or canon which, all unconsciously to the reader, but most intentionally with the writer, runs through its whole course. For instance, take the third stanza, which speaks of the judgment trumpet call. In the language of an old version, "the noise through all the graves is blown, and calls the dead before the throne." This thought naturally leads in the fourth triplet to a reference to those who are powerless to disobey the awful summons, and to the result of the summons upon them. "Nature and death" (it is declared) "shall stand at gaze, when creatures shall their bodies raise, and answer for their sore-spent days." And the fact that terrified humanity has to make response at the "great assize," as naturally leads in the fifth verse to the "fair-writ book of conscience shown;" whence "sin's black indictment shall be known;" and from whose self-accusing pages, "every soul its guilt shall own." Take, again, the sixth, seventh, and eighth triplets. "When the Judge is seated so" (says an old rendering) "all that's secret all shall know; nothing unrevenge'd shall go." There is the scene. How does it strike the conscience, now but too conscious of the reality of the sense of the guilt of sin? Wretch, says the sinner to his alarmed and stricken soul, "Wretch, how shall I then endure to answer? or whose aid procure, when the just is scarce secure?" And then, reanimated humanity breaks forth into passionate entreaty to him who is at once both Judge and Saviour, the doer of supreme justice, and the divine Messenger of mercy, to the one who alone unites the highest majesty with the deepest compassion: "King of dreadful glory mine, who savest truly those are thine, save me, fount of love divine." Nor is it otherwise when persons and personal events are introduced into the dramatic narrative, as distinguished from all that concerns mankind in the aggregate. The thought to the narrator of the "amazing fears, whose load his soul with anguish bears," extorts from his heart an earnest cry, "I sigh, I weep, accept my tears." The cry of penitence spontaneously calls to mind one of the first and chiefest of Christian penitents, and one of the earliest and greatest—perhaps the only—proof of perfect contrition in the Church. And the God-man is adjured: "Thou who wast moved at Mary's grief, and by absolving of the thief, hast given me hope, now give relief;" and whilst the prayer is continued in the next stanza, the answer is faithfully and confidently anticipated in the following one, which almost claims for the "exalted a place, among Christ's chosen right-hand race, the sons of God and heirs of grace." And a like train of thought and sequence of idea is observable in many other of the noble and touching verses of this poem.

It is, however, beyond the allotted scope of this paper to dwell on the grandeur, devotion, consistency, or feeling of the work of Thomas of Celano. Our province is, mainly, to deal with the English versions of it, as they are represented in translations by different hands. And in order to be able to test more conveniently the exactitude or license, the beauties or faults, the additions or omissions of the various versions, whether by one translator or many, which may be submitted to the English reader, it will be well to place before him, in the first instance, the *ipsissima verba* of the original of these renderings. Of course, it is a twice-told tale, an oft-repeated story to the Catholic. But for the facility of reference, and for ease in comparing the Latin with its English reproduction, there will be gain in adopting this course: and if printed in small type, the space lost will be compensated to all readers. The following is the text, as contained in the Roman Missal, of

DIES IRÆ.

- | | |
|---|---|
| 1. Dies iræ, dies illa,
Solvat sæclum in favilla,
Teste David cum Sibylla. | 11. Juste Judex ultionis,
Donum fac remissionis,
Ante diem rationis. |
| 2. Quantus tremor est futurus,
Quando Judex est venturus,
Cuncta stricte discussurus. | 12. Ingemisco, tanquam reus :
Culpâ rubet vultus meus :
Supplicanti parce, Deus. |
| 3. Tuba mirum spargens sonum,
Per sepulcra regionum,
Coget omnes ante thrōnum. | 13. Qui Mariam absolvisti,
Et latronem exaudisti ;
Mihî quoque spem dedisti. |
| 4. Mors stupebit, et natura,
Cum resurget creatura,
Judicanti responsura. | 14. Preces meæ non sunt dignæ :
Sed Tu, bonus, fac benigne,
Ne perenni cremer igne.] |
| 5. Liber scriptus proferetur,
In quo totum continetur,
Unde mundus judicetur. | 15. Inter oves locum præsta,
Et ab hædis me sequestra,
Statuens in parte dextra. |
| 6. Judex ergo cum sedebit,
Quidquid latet apparebit :
Nil inultum remanebit. | 16. Confutatis maledictis,
Flammis acribus addictis:
Voca me, cum benedictis. |
| 7. Quid sum, miser, tunc dicturus ?
Quem patronum rogaturus,
Cum vix justus sit securus ? | 17. Oro, supplex et acclinis,
Cor contritum quasi cinis,
Gere curam mei finis. |
| 8. Rex tremendæ majestatis,
Qui salvandos salvas gratis,
Salva me, fons pietatis. | 18. Lacrymosa dies illa,
Quâ resurget ex favillâ,
Judicandus homo reus ;
Huic ergo parce, Deus :
Pie Jesu, Domine,
Dona eis Requiem. |
| 9. Recordare, Jesu pie,
Quod sum causa tuæ viæ :
Ne me perdas illâ die. | |
| 10. Quærens me, sedisti lassus :
Redemisti, crucem passus :
Tantus labor non sit cassus. | |

With a reprint of the text of *Dies Iræ* as a standard, it may be well to deal in the first place with those versions amongst the fifty collected renderings which are original. The original ver-

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|---|---|
| <p>5. Forth shall come the written scroll,
Which contains the wondrous whole
That shall sentence every soul.</p> <p>6. Then the Judge shall sit displayed,
All that's hid be open laid,
Every deed its portion paid.</p> <p>7. What shall I poor sinner say?
To what intercessor pray,
When the righteous scarce may stay?</p> <p>8. King of dreadful majesty,
Saving whose saved shall be,
Fount of pity, save thou me.</p> <p>9. Oh remember, Jesu dear,
'Twas for me thou journeyedst here,
Leave me not to perish there.</p> <p>10. Me thy weary wandering sought;
Me thy Cross and passion bought;
Be not all that toil for nought.</p> <p>11. Righteous Judge of righteous doom,
Dole thy pardons countless sum
Ere that day of reckoning come.</p> | <p>12. Self-condemned, I sob full sore,
Pale with guilt, or reddening o'er;
Spare, great God, thy suppliant poor.</p> <p>13. Thou didst Mary's sins forgive,
Thou the robber didst receive—
Yea, for me a hope dost leave.</p> <p>14. Weak my prayers and worthless all,
Yet, in mercy hear my call,
Lest in endless fire I fall.</p> <p>15. 'Mid the sheep vouchsafe me room,
Severed from the goats' dark doom,
To thy right hand welcomed home.</p> <p>16. When the cursèd sink for shame,
Bidden to the scorching flame;
With the blest thy servant claim.</p> <p>17. Suppliant to the dust I bend:
Broken heart to ashes rend:
Speed me, Lord, in my last end.</p> <p>18. Day of tears, that day of ire,
Which shall from the crumbling fire
Guilty man to judgment wake—
Spare me then for thy dear sake—
Prince of pity, Jesu blest,
Lord and Saviour, give them rest.</p> |
|---|---|

The other original versions to be presented to the reader have been made accessible by the goodness of the literary executors of the late Prior Aylward. They are two in number, one in iambs of eight syllables, the other in trochaic measure and of seven syllables. Both are written in simple rhymes; and as the form and metre of the original has been departed from in one particular in each version, it seems immaterial which stands first in order, especially as neither rendering adopts the double syllabled termination. The following are the translations from Father Aylward's pen:—

DIES IRÆ.

I.

1. That day of wrath and grief and shame,
Shall fold the world in sheeted flame,
As psalm and Sibyl songs proclaim.
2. What terror on each breast shall lie
When, downward from the bending sky,
' The Judge shall come our souls to try.
3. The trump through death's dominions blown,
Shall summon with a dreadful tone,
The buried nations round the throne.
4. Nature and Death, in dumb surprise,
Shall see the ancient dead arise,
To stand before the Judge's eyes.

II.

- That dread day of wrath and shame
All the world shall fold in flame,
Psalms and Sibyl-songs proclaim.
- On each breast what fear shall lie
When, descending from the sky,
Comes the Judge our souls to try.
- Dread and strange the trumpet's tone,
Loud through death's dominion blown,
All shall gather round the throne.]
- Death and Nature in surprise,
Shall behold the dead arise
Summoned to that last assize.

- | | |
|---|--|
| 5. And lo, the written book appears,
Which all that faithful record bears,
From whence the world its sentence
hears. | Lo, the written book appears
Which the faithful record bears
Whence the world its sentence hears. |
| 6. The Lord of judgment sits him down,
And every secret thing makes
known; [frown.
No crime escapes his vengeful | When the Judge assumes his throne,
Sins unpunished shall be none,
Every secret shall be known. |
| 7. Ah, how shall I that day endure?
What patron's friendly voice secure,
When scarce the just themselves are
sure? | How shall I that day endure?
What kind patron's voice secure,
When the righteous scarce are sure? |
| 8. O King of dreadful majesty,
Who grantest grace and mercy free,
Grant mercy now, and grace to me. | King of dreadful majesty,
Saving whom thou savest free,
Fount of pity, save thou me. |
| 9. Good Lord, 'twas for my sinful sake,
That thou our suffering flesh didst take;
Then do not now my soul forsake. | Think, good Jesus, think, I pray,
Thou for me didst tread life's way;
Spare me in the dreadful day. |
| 10. Thou soughtest me when I had
strayed;
Thy blood divine my ransom paid;
Shall all that love be fruitless made? | Me thy wearied love still sought,
On the Cross my ransom bought;
Shall such toils be counted nought? |
| 11. O just, avenging Judge, I pray,
For pity take my sins away,
Before the great accounting day. | Righteous Judge, hear how I pray,
Cancel all my sins away,
Ere the great accounting day. |
| 12. I groan beneath the guilt, which thou
Canst read upon my blushing brow;
But spare, O God, thy suppliant now. | Much I mourn the guilt, which thou
Readest on my crimson brow;
Spare, good Lord, thy suppliant now. |
| 13. Thou, who didst Mary's sins unbind,
And mercy for the robber find,
Dost fill with hope my anxious mind. | Who didst Mary's sin unbind—
For the thief didst mercy find—
This revives my anxious mind. |
| 14. Though worthless all my prayers
appear,
Still let me not, my Saviour dear,
The everlasting burnings bear. | Worthless though my prayers appear,
Let me not, my Saviour dear,
Hell's eternal burnings bear. |
| 15. Give me at thy right hand a place,
Amongst thy sheep, a child of grace,
Far from the goats' accursed race. | Fix, at thy right hand, my place
With thy sheep, the sons of grace,
Severed from the goats' foul race. |
| 16. Yea, when thy justly kindled ire
Shall bind the lost in chains of fire,
Oh, call me to thy chosen choir. | When thy justly kindled ire
Binds the lost in chains of fire,
Call me to thy chosen choir. |
| 17. Lo, here I plead and suppliant bend,
Nor cease my contrite heart to rend,
That so thou spare me in the end. | Here I pray, low bending down—
My crushed heart like ashes grown—
Dying, take me to thine own. |
| 18. Oh, on that day, that day of weeping,
When man shall wake from death's
dark sleeping,
To stand before his Judge divine,
Save, save this trembling soul of mine,
Yea, grant to all, O Saviour blest,
Who die in thee, the saints' sweet
rest. | Day of wrath and bitter weeping,
When men rise from death's dark
sleeping,
Called to meet the Judge divine,
Save this soul and make it thine:
Unto all, O Saviour blest,
Grant the saint's eternal rest. |

Having thus offered tribute to those hitherto unpublished versions of *Dies Iræ* with which we have liberty to deal, the reader's attention must now be turned to certain modern translations

which have already been made public. The object to be attained is two-fold: first, by selection and means of extracts, to give a fair idea of some of the best stanzas in each several version respectively: and next, by combining such extracts in their proper order, to give an idea of the original sequence under the most favourable of attainable circumstances. In view of the number of the translations and length of the sequence, this can only be done within the limits at command by choosing, as a rule, one or more triplets from the work of each translator, and by arranging them as a cento to illustrate the common author. Five centoes will only suffice to exhaust the efforts of the thirty English interpreters of Thomas of Celano which still remain uncriticised. Their renderings can be taken in no haphazard order. They must be arranged according to the method of translation adopted by their respective authors. And such methods are manifold, although certain of them may be combined together. For some translators have written in trochaic measure stanzas of seven syllables. Some have written in eight syllables iambic verses, others have used eight-syllabled trochaics, and others—indeed the majority who have ventured into the arena of poetic translation—have eluded the difficulties of double-rhymed endings by employing those that are single. Clearly, therefore, and over and above the differences of metre, a wide divergence exists between those who follow the leading of the original prose in the matter of terminations and those who do not. All the translators concur in the adoption of the triple-lined stanza; but here unanimity ceases, and only seven out of the thirty have been consistent in their imitation of the original throughout. The comparatively few bolder spirits who thus have been content to employ the rhyme, metre, and length of verse used by Thomas of Celano deserve a division apart; and it has been thought well, as will be noted below, to reproduce under these conditions and in parallel columns, two versions of the prose in a cento fashion. This arrangement will leave a single class of translations unrepresented. The classification above hinted at ignores the religion of the translator. Protestant and Catholic will be treated alike as versifiers, and they will absorb four composite versions. A final and fifth cento will be composed from the work of Catholics only, who humbly, but with courage, adhere to the literary canon of the original sequence.

I. Apart from the two versions already printed, there are twelve translations of *Dies Iræ* in trochaic metre, written in lines of seven syllables, with single rhymes. Their authors in the order of the date of publication, are as follows:—1. Isaac Williams, 1839; 2. Archbishop Trench, 1844; 3. Dean Alford, 1844; 4. Lord Lindsay, 1847; 5. Father Caswall, 1848;

6. Robert Campbell of Skerrington, 1850—an early and very accomplished translator of Latin hymns, whose book of versions was pronounced thirty years ago, by no mean authority in hymnody, the late Dr. Neale, as "*facile princeps* of those yet published;" 7. Mr. H. W. Lloyd, 1850; 8. Dr. F. G. Lee, 1850; 9. Professor Bright, 1858; 10. Rev. J. W. Hewett, 1859; 11. Anonymous, in the "Messenger of the Sacred Heart," 1875; and 12. Mr. Osmund Seager, 1878. Of these twelve, five are Catholics—viz., the translators numbered five, six, and seven (all three being converts), and the last two. The names of the authors, here and elsewhere, are printed within brackets above the stanza for which each one respectively is responsible.

DIES IRÆ.

- | | |
|---|--|
| (LORD LINDSAY.) | (WILLIAMS.) |
| 1. Day of wrath and doom of fire—
Hark the Seer's, the Sybil's lyre—
Earth and heaven shall expire. | 10. Weary seeking me wast thou,
And for me in death didst bow,
Be thy toils availing now. |
| (BRIGHT.) | (LEE.) |
| 2. Ah, the shrinking, quivering fear,
When the Judge is drawing near
To the reckoning stern and clear. | 11. Mighty Judge, to thee I pray,
Blot the debt I cannot pay
Ere that fearful reckoning day. |
| (CASWALL.) | (BRIGHT.) |
| 3. Hark, the trump, with thrilling tone,
From sepulchral regions lone,
Summons all before the throne. | 12. Sore I groan, a culprit base;
Sense of sin is shame of face;
Spare me, God, I kneel for grace. |
| (ALFORD.) | (LLOYD.) |
| 4. Death shall shrink and Nature quake,
When all creatures shall awake,
Answer to their God to make. | 13. Thou from sin didst Mary free,
Heard'st the robber on the tree,
Hope, then, hast thou given to me. |
| (LORD LINDSAY.) | (CASWALL.) |
| 5. Writ without and writ within,
Lo, displayed, the book wherein
Record lies of every sin. | 14. Worthless are my prayers I know;
Yet, oh, cause me not to go
Into fire of endless woe. |
| (MESSENGER OF THE SACRED HEART.) | (CAMPBELL.) |
| 6. Guilty secrets wrapt in night,
Long-dead memories rush to light;
Every crime shall God requite. | 15. Let me with thy sheep find grace;
Severed from the guilty race,
On the right appoint my place. |
| (TRENCH.) | (SEAGER.) |
| 7. What then, wretched, shall I speak,
Or what intercessor seek,
When the just man's cause is weak? | 16. When the cursed, at thy behest,
Go to flames that never rest,
Call me thou to join the blest. |
| (HEWETT.) | (LORD LINDSAY.) |
| 8. King, with dreadful splendour
decked,
Saviour free of thine elect,
Fount of goodness, me protect. | 17. Suppliant, heart-wrung, at thy knee,
In this last extremity,
Thus I cast my lot on thee. |
| (CAMPBELL.) | (WILLIAMS.) |
| 9. Jesu, think—my debt to pay,
Thou didst tread the mournful way;
Lose me not in that dread day. | 18. Full of tears that day shall prove
When, from ashes rising, move
To the judgment guilty men.
Spare, thou God of mercy, then:
Lord all-pitying, Jesu blest,
Grant them thine eternal rest. |

II. Next, may be offered for consideration, the work of authors who adopted the canon of the original in regard to the number of syllables, but who disregarded the example of Thomas of Celano in their system of rhymes. This subdivision consists of seven translations. Some of these versions are written in lines of trochaic, and some in lines of iambic measure: and one combines verses of both metres, some of which, though in form double-rhymed, are really simple. A given number of syllables, is here made the bond of union; and the authors who contribute to this section are these:—1. Mr. J. R. Beste, 1839; 2. the late W.F. Wingfield, 1845; 3. the Protestant Dean Disney of Emsly, 1849; 4. the Protestant Archdeacon Rowan, of Ardfert, who printed his version in 1849, though it was "written long before," and whose first three lines only are composed with double ending rhymes; 5. Mr. Richard Holt Hutton, 1868, who has "departed from extreme literalness only when it seemed necessary to secure some approach to the spirit of the original;" 6. Rev. D. T. Morgan, 1880; and 7. Joseph J. Marrin, 1883, whose work is also literal, and who published his translation in the pages of our able American monthly contemporary, the "*Catholic World*." Of these authors, besides the last named, the first two, Messrs. Beste and Wingfield, were Catholics. The following cento is compiled from the efforts of these seven translators:—

DIES IRÆ.

- | | |
|--|---|
| (DISNEY.) | (HUTTON.) |
| 1. Day of the Lord's avenging ire,
Dissolving worlds with penal fire;
Great theme of inspiration's lyre. | 6. And when begins the dread assize,
Hid things shall flash before all eyes,
And loss each guilty gain surprise. |
| (HUTTON.) | (BESTE.) |
| 2. What terror then shall seize the
breast,
When the great Judge is manifest
To institute the awful quest. | 7. How, guilty wretch, shall I then
bear me?
Who the patron then will hear me,
When e'en the just will tremble near
me? |
| (WINGFIELD.) | (ROWAN.) |
| 3. The mighty trumpet's marvellous
tone
Shall pierce through each sepulchral
stone,
And summon all before the throne. | 8. Thou mighty one, admit my plea—
Thou who thy saved ones savest
free—
In mercy's living spring cleanse me. |
| (MARRIN.) | (MORGAN.) |
| 4. All Nature and e'en Death shall quail
When, rising from the grave's dark
'vale,
Mankind pleads at the judgment-
rail. | 9. Remember, Jesu Lord, I pray,
For me thou wentest on the way,
Lest thou shouldst lose me on that
day. |
| (DISNEY.) | (HUTTON.) |
| 5. Then shall the volume be unrolled,
Embracing in its ample fold
The tale of judgment to be told. | 10. In quest of me thy feet were worn;
To ransom me thy Cross was borne;
Let not such love reap only scorn. |

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|---|--|
| <p>(ROWAN.)</p> <p>11. Thon, who mightst justly vengeance take,
Grant pardon for thy promise' sake,
Ere wrath to final judgment wake.</p> <p>(DISNEY.)</p> <p>12. Sad conscience bids my groans arise;
Conscience my brow with crimson dyes;
Lord, hearken to thy suppliant's cries.</p> <p>(HUTTON.)</p> <p>13. The Magdalene absolved by thee,
The thief saved on the accursèd tree,
How should they not bring hope to me?</p> <p>(WINGFIELD.)</p> <p>14. My feeble prayers can make no claim,
Yet, gracious Lord, for thy great name,
Redeem me from the quenchless flame.</p> | <p>(WINGFIELD.)</p> <p>15. Amongst the sheep, oh bid me stand,
And severed from the goats' lost band,
Dispose me on thy glad right hand.</p> <p>(MORGAN.)</p> <p>16. The cursèd shall in terror flee,
Condemned in piercing fires to be;
But, with the blessed call thou me.</p> <p>(HUTTON.)</p> <p>17. With prostrate soul my head I bend,
My broken heart before thee rend,
Be thine the care to guard my end.</p> <p>(WINGFIELD.)</p> <p>18. Oh, on that day, that tearful day,
When man to judgment wakes from clay,
Be thou the trembling sinner's stay;
And spare him, God, we humbly pray:
Holy Jesu, Lord most high,
Grant them rest for whom we cry.</p> |
|---|--|

III. We now come to the versions of *Dies Iræ* which are conscientiously done into English in the canon of the original in each one of the three particulars so often named, metre, measure, and rhyme. Out of the thirty translations with which we are concerned, thirteen alone, and even partially, come up to the required poetical standard. And this number must at once be diminished by the exclusion of mere torsoes, fragments, or fractions of the whole, imperfect translations, and translations which are irregular and framed on no consistent plan. In short, seven versions, as has been previously said, are alone perfect reproductions of the entire sequence; and four out of the seven can be claimed by the Church as the offspring of her members, the late Rev. A. D. Wackerbarth (?), Mr. Charles Kent, Justice O'Hagan, and Dr. Wallace. A few words on each of these four and of the remaining nine versions may be permitted.

1. The Rev. J. Chandler, sometime Fellow of Corpus Christi College, Oxford, was, contemporaneously with Bishop Mant, one of the very foremost Protestant explorers into the rich wilds of Catholic hymnology. He had been partially anticipated, in point of time by the late Dr. Husenbeth, who printed his "*Missal for the Laity*," in 1831, and he was, avowedly, incited by translations in the "*British Magazine*," some probably by Mr. Newman, and some certainly by Isaac Williams. But his volume, entitled, "*Hymns of the Primitive Church*" (and oddly enough, whilst termed *primitive*, selected from the Paris, instead of from some earlier and unreformed missal), was one of the first collections of Latin hymns published in an English dress, with the text of the original added. It was put forth in 1837, and contains upwards

of one hundred hymns. Of course, some of the hymns are painfully "adapted;" but, taken as Anglican reproductions, they are scholarly, poetical, and devout, and many of them form the basis of some of the best and most popular contributions to the volume, which has circulated Catholic hymns the wide world over, and that by millions of copies—viz., "*Hymns Ancient and Modern*." Mr. Chandler's rendering of *Dies Iræ* is a fine one; but, he transforms the final couplet, from a prayer to the dead, into an ejaculation on behalf of the living.

2. Mr. J. Richard Beste's version appeared in 1839, in a book of devotions, which was reprinted in a tiny little volume ten years later as "*Church Hymns*." The book contains some very beautiful and devotional verses: but there is much unequal talent displayed, and one who has sometimes written so well, had the power of always writing better. In his *Dies Iræ* the metre is mingled; and the sequence, judged by the standard of the Roman Missal, lacks the last couplet. Some of Mr. Beste's triplets will be found quoted below.

3. Dr. Irons' rendering appears to be the recognised Protestant standard of excellence; for, somewhat altered, and sometimes altered for the better, it represents the old Catholic funeral prose in "*Hymns Ancient and Modern*." Without disparaging his version, it cannot be doubted that the compilers and editors of the volume in question, could have produced a far worthier representation of the sequence at the date at which they published or revised their labours. Either of the two following centoes may bear comparison with the translation of Dr. Irons. There is much force, however, and grace in some of his stanzas. But, the author had no ear for rhymes—*mourning* being made to jingle (twice) with *returning*, *tremendous* with *send us* (as a double rhyme), *place me* with *upraise me*, and *savedst* with *vouchsafest*. Nor, if the language of praise be the language of faith, and if he is to be judged by his hymn, is his theology faultless—*dona eis requiem* being rendered in Dr. Irons' own broad-sheet "*Grant us thine eternal rest*."* This edition, published about 1848, is enriched with

* Another edition, whether earlier or later cannot now be decided by the writer, stands thus: "*Grant a blessed Requiem*." This is characteristic of many Anglican adaptations. "*Requiem*" has a Catholic ring about it and is used. But the foregoing line shows that it is not the holy dead for whom a requiem is prayed, but the sinful living, thus: "*Lord, who didst our souls redeem, grant a blessed requiem*." Hence, this reading is no nearer a true translation, and is as far off theologically from the original, as the rendering quoted in the text. "*Hymns Ancient and Modern*" seems to have had two minds about this crucial verse. In the first edition Dr. Irons' words are thus emended: "*Grant him (i.e., man, humanity in the abstract) thine eternal rest*." In the last, we read, "*Grant them thine eternal rest*."

references to Scripture ; and the like may be said of Mr. Hewett's version—both in their marginal notes. Another edition has a marginal analysis of the contents of this hymn, and the sequence of its ideas, which also is not without value.

4. As Archdeacon Rowan's double-rhymed stanzas are confined to the first three triplets only of the original, it was not easy, amidst a crowd of versions for selection, to find a place for any one of them. The two opening verses, however, will give a fair idea of this author's powers :—

1. Day of wrath, beneath whose thunder
This now steadfast world shall sunder ;
All thy coming wait with wonder.
2. Lo! that solemn advent nearing,
How the nations 'mazed and fearing,
Wait their Judge's re-appearing.

This translation appeared in the "Irish Ecclesiastical Journal" in June, 1849.

5. We now come to the version which, for originality, force of expression, dignity, and rhythm is unsurpassed, at least by any other Protestant version. The Rev. W. J. Blew is a poet as well as a translator from the poets, and a versifier of ancient hymns. His "Hymn Book" was one of the earliest and completest combined, both in words and in music, of the many Anglican publications. And, as a whole, his rendering of *Dies Iræ* stands at the head of all Anglican versions. This opinion is formed in the presence of the two fine fragments by the late accomplished Dr. Kynaston and Mr. Wm. Cooke; of the disappointing and imperfect rendering of the translator of Dante, Mr. Cayley ; of the scholarly, but also slightly imperfect version of Mr. Worsley, a translator of the "Odyssey ;" and of the earlier rendering of Mr. Chandler, of which mention has already been made. It were needless to indicate what may be held to be the weaker points in Mr. Blew's version. The reader will be able to judge, by-and-by, of several of his more beautiful or grander stanzas. It may be added that Mr. Blew was a scientific Ritualist, in the true sense of the word, with wide and deep liturgical knowledge, long before the present generation of Anglican Ritualists had left the nursery. His "Church Tune and Hymn Book" was issued in 1852.

6. The version of *Dies Iræ* attributed to the early convert to the Catholic Church, Athanasius D. Wackerbarth, is thus attributed, it may be candidly owned, on internal evidence mainly. It is morally certain that the translation was not made by the author to whom it has been assigned, Father Faber. It accords in style and manner with the hymns of only one translator who wrote at that date in the Church, and is known to the present

writer—Mr. Wackerbarth. Of course, his name is only tentatively placed in conjunction with the sequence in its English form. Any one interested in the matter may compare this translation with others avowed by this priest, in two small, paper-covered, but most valuable, collections of hymns published in the year 1842, and entitled "*Lyra Eeclesiastica*." How Father Faber's name was first attached to the version in question is not a little uncertain, and probably arose from a clerical error, or from an unwarrantable assumption. There are two reasons against the theory. 1. Faber did not include this translation amongst his collected works, and inferentially his "Hymns" contain all of which he was the author. 2. All those who best knew the late father are positive that this translation never came from Faber's hand. The version appeared first anonymously in the "*Catholic Hymnal*," a book which was mainly compiled from the hymns of Fathers Caswall and Faber—hence, perhaps, the error; and it was republished, in part, eleven years later, in 1871, in the Protestant hymn-book, the "*Hymnary*." Father Faber was made responsible for that portion of the sequence which was borrowed from the "*Catholic Hymnal*;" and this was the first time Faber's name was connected with the hymn, though only as the author whose version had been "altered." It may be added, that the late Mr. Wackerbarth was a singularly accomplished, and learned, and versatile man, whose name ought not to be forgotten. He was sometime professor of Anglo-Saxon at Oscott; corresponding member of the College of Civil Engineers; and a member of Antiquarian and Astronomical Societies. He published, in 1849, from the Anglo-Saxon, "*Beowulf, an Epic Poem*." It is to be wished that any of his poetical remains which exist might be made accessible.

7. and 9. Mr. Worsley's and Mr. Cayley's versions (the last of which is taken out of its chronological order) are both, to an extent, imperfect. The one entirely omits stanza eighteen. The other adds to this imperfection a mutilated first verse, the combination into one of two triplets, and the misarrangement of four others. Two of Mr. Cayley's verses will be printed below. The thirteenth triplet, whether misprinted or not, takes this form in his translation:—

Thou the sinful woman heardst,
Thou the dying robber clearedst,
Once a hope to me appearedst.

Mr. Worsley's is far more scholarly and poetic. His translation will be placed under requisition three times in the centoes to be printed further on. For a writer of his power some of his rhymes are inexcusable; and one line is worthy of quotation as an instance

of supposed sense being sacrificed to the requirements of rhyme: "Though my prayers are *full of failing*"—a poetical version of the expression "conspicuous by absence."

8. and 10. The two fragments by Dr. Kynaston and the Rev. William Cooke—though the last is only a variation of the first eight stanzas of the version assigned by their author to F. W. Faber—make us wish that both writers had been inspired to complete the work so happily begun. Mr. Cooke corrects the opening stanzas which the author whom he "altered" translated from the Paris Missal; and this alteration was a decided improvement. Originally the triplet stood thus:—

Day of wrath, the heart dismaying,
High the bannered Cross displaying,
O'er the world in flames decaying.

Now it reads as follows:—

Day of wrath, that day dismaying
Shall fulfil the prophet's saying,
Earth in smouldering ashes laying.

One of Dr. Kynaston's stanzas is worthy of quotation, not only for its language, but also from the fact that his "Occasional Hymns" were not published.

What shall I then, wretch, be doing,
With what cry for mercy sueing?
Scarce the righteous 'scape with rueing.

11. 12. and 13. Three Catholic versions now alone demand attention. The first of these translations, from the pen of Mr. Charles Kent, was published in the "*Month*;" the second, by Justice O'Hagan, appeared in the "*Irish Monthly*;" and the third, by the Rev. Dr. Wallace, was printed amongst other renderings in the "*Hymns of the Church*"—all three in the year 1874. Perhaps, if these be critically estimated, the order of merit in which they would stand might be changed from the above arrangement. In any case, however, the third would probably stand the last, and with many persons of judgment the second might be placed first. It would be invidious to decide between the first and second absolutely without making qualifications and exceptions, which would be out of place in this paper. But, putting aside certain triplets in both versions in which the rhymes, at least from such competent versifiers, are unpardonably faulty, and taking into account the somewhat sensational and spasmodic language of the one, and the more dignified, solemn, and evenly flowing verses of the other, the palm of translation must be given into the hand, alike refined and powerful, to whom we are indebted for the English version of the "*Song of Roland*," Justice O'Hagan. It must, however, be admitted that the rendering ascribed in these

pages to Mr. Wackerbarth, is of almost equal merit, and presses closely in the race to that of the poet of the National cause in Ireland well-nigh forty years ago. Indeed, the two versions by the Irish Catholic judge and the English convert priest may be classed together. They have both attained to a high degree of excellence. But the last three versions by Catholics will be enabled to speak for themselves, in extracts selected for their value. If any one wishes to discover their defects, he can easily turn to the originals.

In studying the various translations of *Dies Iræ*, the conviction impressed upon the writer has been, not so much that the ablest and most competent men have attempted the more difficult form of rendering, as that those who have braced themselves to the greater effort have more entirely conquered their task, than less faithful translators have succeeded in their weaker efforts. This, perhaps, is only natural. The greater the faith, the more the success. As a fact, Isaac Williams, and Archbishop Trench, and Dean Alford, and Lord Lindsay, and Father Caswall, and Robert Campbell, were in their several spheres, perhaps, more distinguished men than several of those who took the higher line; and yet, as translators, they have clearly been distanced (to quote them chronologically) by Mr. Chandler, and Mr. W. J. Blew, and A. D. Wackerbarth, and Mr. Worsley, and Charles Kent, and Justice O'Hagan. Indeed, the versions of these translators are of a higher order than any of the others. Hence, it has come to pass that the difficulty of making a selection for a cento from those who have employed the three-fold characteristics of Thomas of Celano, has been great. It has only been overcome by making two centoes, in the place of one. For, on studying the thirteen versions, fragmentary or complete, and on erasing such triplets as were below the average of excellence, and neglecting those which could be placed on the border line, the residue of verses which could only be declared above the average was so great that, in order to do justice to the translators, the above course was of necessity adopted. Two centoes, therefore, will now be submitted to the reader, in parallel columns, for his consideration; and it is the hope of the compiler that his judgment and decision will be ratified, in view of the poetical value of both compilations.

DIES IRÆ.

I.

(BLEW.)

1. Day of vengeance, day of sorrow,
Fiery morn that knows no morrow—
Seer's and Sibyl's word to borrow.

II.

(O'HAGAN.)

- Day of wrath, that day whose knelling
Gives to flame this earthly dwelling;
Psalm and Sibyl thus foretelling.

- (KENT.)
2. Then weird horrors 'round him
falling, [stalling,
Man distraught, hell's doom fore-
Shall behold the Judge appalling.
- (COOKE.)
Oh, how great the dread, the sighing,
When the Judge, the all-describing,
Shall appear, all secrets trying.
- (KYNASTON.)
3. Hark, the trumpet's blasts astounding,
Through creation's graves rebounding,
Summons all the throne surrounding.
- (IRONS.)
Wondrous sound the trumpet flingeth,
Through earth's sepulchres it ringeth,
All before the throne it bringeth.
- (WORSLEY.)
4. Death astonished, nature shaken,
Sees all creatures, as they waken,
To that dire tribunal taken.
- (KENT.)
Nature, death, aghast, affrighted,
Then will view from depths benighted,
Myriad life-flames re-ignited.
- (CHANDLER.)
5. See the book, wherein collected,
Lie the sins of each detected,
With their final doom connected.
- (KYNASTON.)
Widely spread, the dreadful writing
Lies before him, whose reciting
Swells the counts of man's indicting.
- (IRONS.)
6. When the Judge his seat attaineth,
And each hidden deed arraigneth,
Nothing unavenged remaineth.
- (WACKERBARTH.)
Then the Judge shall sit, revealing
Every hidden thought and feeling,
Unto each requital dealing.
- (COOKE.)
7. What shall wretched I be crying,
To what friend for succour flying,
When the just in dread are sighing?
- (CAYLEY.)
What shall I then plead despairing?
To what patron's help repairing?
Scarce to hope the righteous daring.
- (KENT.)
8. King of dread stupendous glory,
Thorn-crowned, robed in raiment
gory,
Close in bliss my life's sad story.
- (WORSLEY.)
Fount of love, dread king supernal,
Freely giving life eternal,
Save me from the pains infernal.
- (BLEW.)
9. In thine heart, kind Jesu, bearing
Me, the cause of thine hard-faring,
Leave me not, that day, despairing.
- (KENT.)
Gentle Jesus, Christ appointed,
With all-saving blood anointed,
Bear me where thy cross hath pointed.
- (WACKERBARTH.)
10. Weary, didst thou seek me straying,
On the cross my ransom paying;
By thy passion, hear my praying.
- (CHANDLER.)
Me with weary steps thou soughtest;
Me with sufferings thou boughtest;
Finish then the work thou wroughtest.
- (WALLACE.)
11. O just Judge of retribution,
Grant us thy sweet absolution,
Ere the day of execution.
- (O'HAGAN.)
Righteous Judge of retribution,
Grant the gift of absolution
Ere the day of restitution.
- (KENT.)
12. All my secret sins bemoaning,
Dumb with shame at their unveiling,
Make, O God, my cries prevailing.
- (IRONS.)
Guilty, now, I pour my moaning,
All my shame with anguish owning;
Spare, O God, thy suppliant groaning.
- (BLEW.)
13. Thou the Magdalene hast shriven,
Thou the robber's chain hast riven;
Thou sweet hope to me hast given.
- (WORSLEY.)
By the Magdalene forgiven,
By the dying robber shriven,
I too cherish hope of heaven.
- (CAYLEY.)
14. Ne'er can be my prayer well-pleas-
ing:
Grant thy grace to my releasing,
Lest I burn with fire increasing.
- (KENT.)
Worthless though my prayers, benignly
Save me by thy grace, divinely,
Stretched mid purging fires supinely.

- | | |
|--|---|
| (WACKERBARTH.) | (BLEW.) |
| 15. With the sheep assign my station
On thy right hand of salvation,
At that awful separation. | Set me with thy sheep for ever,
From the goats me save and sever,
From thy right hand parted never. |
| (WALLACE.) | (IRONS.) |
| 16. When thy heavy malediction
Smites the damned with hell's
affliction,
Call me to thy benediction. | While the wicked are confounded,
Doomed to flames of woe unbounded,
Call me, with thy saints surrounded. |
| (CHANDLER.) | (O'HAGAN.) |
| 17. This I pray, devoutly sighing,
Meekly on thy grace relying,
Leave me not when I am dying. | Crushed to dust and prostrate bending,
All my heart contrition rendering—
I implore thee, guard my ending. |
| (WACKERBARTH.) | (BLEW.) |
| 18. Oh, that day of tears and trembling,
From the wreck of worlds as-
sembling,
Sinners stand, their doom receiving;
Spare them, God of dead and living:
Lord of mercy, Jesu blest,
Grant them everlasting rest. | Oh, that day of tears and sorrow,
Fiery morn without a morrow;
When for judgment man shall waken,
Jesu, leave him not forsaken—
Leave not sinners, but to them
Grant a gracious requiem. |

IV. Before concluding this essay on the funeral prose of the Church, in the pages of a Catholic Review, one duty has to be performed. The reader ought to have an opportunity, as suggested at the outset, of seeing what Catholics can effect on behalf of their own immortal hymn. The foregoing centoes have been compiled from the efforts of Protestants and Catholics alike. It remains that a cento be offered for the reader's criticism, which shall be compiled solely from Catholic sources. At this final stage of the inquiry, such an attempt is weighted with unavoidable disadvantages. For, as a rule, a large proportion of the more obviously successful triplets have been utilized for preceding centoes. To this rule, however, many exceptions have been found; and it is with some amount of gratulation that the writer is enabled to furnish the elements of the following version, even after so large a demand has been made upon the labours of certain authors whose verses have already contributed to former compilations. Whether or not such gratulation be justifiable, the reader will now be in a position to judge.

DIES IRÆ.

- | | |
|---|---|
| (KENT.) | (BESTE.) |
| 1. Day of fury, when earth dying
Melts to ashes, justifying
David's, Sibil's, prophesying. | 3. Hark, the wondrous trumpet swelling
Through death's lone sepulchral
dwelling,
All before the throne compelling. |
| (O'HAGAN.) | (WALLACE.) |
| 2. Oh, what agony of trembling,
When the Judge mankind assem-
bling,
Probeth all beyond dissembling. | 4. Death and nature stand confounded,
Seeing man, of clay compounded,
Rise to hear his doom propounded. |

- (O'HAGAN.)
 5. Open then, with all recorded,
 Stands the book, from whence
 awarded
 Doom shall pass with deed accorded
- (KENT.)
 6. When the Judge hath ta'en his
 station,
 Hidden sins in full relation
 Shall be seen with consternation.
- (WACKERBARTH.)
 7. Who will aid me, interceding,
 For a wretched sinner pleading,
 When the just all grace are needing?
- (BESTE.)
 8. King tremendous, God of heaven,
 Who savest where thy grace is given,
 Fount of grace, may I be shriven.
- (O'HAGAN.)
 9. Think, 'twas I, my lost condition,
 Caused, dear Lord, thy mortal mission;
 Spare my soul that day's perdition.
- (O'HAGAN.)
 10. Seeking me, thy footstep hasted;
 Me to save, the cross was tasted;
 Be not toil so mighty wasted.
- (WACKERBARTH.)
 11. God of justice, my petition
 Hear, and grant my sin's remission,
 In that awful day's decision.
- (WACKERBARTH.)
 12. Shame and grief my soul oppressing,
 I bewail my life's transgressing,
 Hear me, Lord, my sins confessing.
- (WALLACE.)
 13. Thou to Mary gav'st remission,
 And didst hear the thief's petition;
 Hope shall also cheer my vision.
- (WALLACE.)
 14. Though my prayers deserve thy
 spurning,
 Yet thine eyes of pity turning,
 Save me from eternal burning.
- (WACKERBARTH.)
 15. With the sheep assign my station,
 On thy right hand of salvation,
 At that awful separation.
- (O'HAGAN.)
 16. When the reprobate confounded,
 Lie with wrathful fire surrounded,
 May my call to bliss be sounded.
- (WACKERBARTH.)
 17. Conscious guilt my spirit lading,
 Hear thou, Lord, my self-upbraiding;
 Come—in death thy suppliant aiding.
- (O'HAGAN.)
 18. Oh, that awful day of mourning,
 When, from earthly dust returning,
 Guilty man shall bide his sentence:
 Spare him, God, for his repentance;
 Jesu Lord, thy mercy lending,
 Grant them rest, thy rest unending.

When the reader considers that this version, avowedly, is not the very best which may be compiled from Catholic sources; that the requirements of the original poem in form, metre, and measure, have been preserved; that it is not disfigured by any repetitions of the same jingling sounds, in the place of rhymes, as noticed above, but that with scarcely an exception the double-syllabled rhymes are perfect; and that few stanzas fall below, whilst the majority rise above, the level of average translation—this cento of *Dies Iræ* is one of which Catholics have no need to feel ashamed.

NOTE.—As these sheets were passing through the press, information, too late to be made available in the article, has been received by the writer to this effect: that the version tentatively ascribed to Mr. Wackerbarth was written by one whose initial letters are, and who desires to be quoted as, "F. J. P." The writer is extremely sorry that, whilst correcting an error in regard to authorship, he has fallen into a mistake in regard to criticism. He was in part misled by those who were in a position to give trustworthy information, but who failed to give it.

ART. VII.—THE DAYS OF CREATION.

SOME FURTHER OBSERVATIONS.

IN the January number of this Review an article appears from the pen of the Rev. John S. Vaughan, entitled "Bishop Clifford's Theory of the Days of Creation." This theory, which was first advanced by me in the DUBLIN REVIEW two years ago, explains the first thirty-four verses of the book of Genesis as being not an historical narrative of how the world was created, but a dedication of the days of the week to the memory of the creation. That *some such explanation was necessary*, I argued from the fact that all attempts to reconcile the first chapter of Genesis, viewed as an historical narrative, with the undoubted facts of science, have proved unsuccessful. The explanation which I have suggested frees Genesis from the charge of conflicting with science by making Genesis ignore science altogether. I defended this explanation by showing first, that it is against the analogy of Scripture to suppose that scientific facts, which have no direct bearing on faith or morals, are revealed to us in Scripture, and secondly, that when the sacred writers allude to natural phenomena they do so in the language of scientific men of their day, meaning thereby simply to describe the phenomena, and not to vouch for the truth of any scientific explanation. I next undertook to show that my theory did no violence to the words of Moses; that they *might* have the meaning I assigned to them. Lastly, I adduced circumstantial evidence to prove that the interpretation suggested is in full harmony with all the surroundings of the writer. Whence I concluded that, whereas other interpretations had failed to establish harmony between the words of Moses and scientific truth, and whereas the words of Genesis admitted of being interpreted as I proposed, and whereas circumstantial evidence showed how very much this interpretation was in agreement with what Moses might have been expected to write under the circumstance, therefore the proposed explanation may fairly claim preference over all others, thus far suggested, as giving the true meaning of the words of Genesis. I have received from many persons, whose opinion I highly value, expressions of approval of my theory. Mr. Vaughan in his article has given us a collection of writers who disapprove of and reject it. The collection of the opinion of these writers is valuable in one important respect. They are adverse witnesses; they consider my theory to be false, to be ungrounded, to be bold, to be

uncalled for ; but they one and all shrink from asserting that it is contrary to faith. They dislike and repudiate a theory which removes the ground of conflict between science and revelation, by denying that scientific facts are revealed in Scripture, but they are forced to admit that it does not conflict with the authorized teaching of the Catholic Church. These critics stand up for scientific facts being revealed to us in the Bible, and maintain that facts so revealed are in harmony with the teaching of science. "What possible end can such interpretations as those of Bishop Clifford serve? They are wholly uncalled for. The so-called conflicts between the words of Scripture and science are only apparent difficulties which may easily be explained away, as anyone will find who will take the trouble to consult the proper sources;" or, "admitting for the sake of argument some occasional apparent contradictions here and there, there is surely no difficulty in believing that in such particular instances geology and science in their still imperfect and embryonic state are in fault." Vague and general assertions of this nature are of no use whatever when addressed to the class of adversaries with whom we have to deal. The conflict which I have asserted to exist between science and the words of Genesis, if those words have to be interpreted in an historical sense, cannot be ascribed to the imperfect and embryonic state of geology and science ; many of them bear reference to fundamental scientific truths. Neither can they be "easily explained away without any undue enforcing of the text by consulting the proper sources." All theories hitherto advanced which assume the historical character of the first chapter of Genesis, have failed to explain away the difficulties here referred to. It is on this failure that I have grounded my assertion "that it cannot be esteemed rash to seek to arrive by a different route at a satisfactory solution of the problem." The solution which I have proposed may or may not be the right one ; but I cannot expect critics to give due weight to my arguments so long as they entertain the belief that no real difficulties exist, and that consequently no solution is needed. When apologists realize that on the one hand it is vain to attempt to silence the opponents of revelation by general assertions about the imperfect state of science, and that on the other hand the "Period theory" is utterly inadequate to meet the specific difficulties raised by scientific men against the first chapter of Genesis, they may perhaps feel more inclined to consider the claims of the theory I have advanced. I mention the "Period theory" because I observe that it is to this theory (subject to variations in minor details) that all apologists at the present day seem to have recourse in order to explain the words of Moses. Mr. Vaughan expresses this view when he asserts

that " 'Dies' in the Vulgate is a synonym of 'spatium,' 'tempus,' 'ætas.' " It will be well, therefore, to set forth in detail some of the conflicting points between the first chapter of Genesis, when understood as an historical record, and scientific truths, and to show how these difficulties cannot be removed either by appealing to the embryonic state of geology, or by any explanation grounded on the Period theory. That, in other words, the "Period theory" has failed.

"Bishop Clifford," writes Mr. Vaughan, "seems to find some unaccountable difficulty in the employment of the word day (*yôm*), which he fancies can only be used *in the verses we are considering*, as days of the present week." Mr. Vaughan meets this difficulty first by stating that "there is no word in Hebrew to correspond with such English words as epoch, period, &c.; and that the Hebrew writers were, therefore, constrained to express these and similar ideas by (*yôm*) *day*." Nothing of the kind. We need not wander beyond v. 14 of this very first chapter of Genesis to find the word (*mohed*, מוֹעֵד), which the Vulgate translates "tempus." It occurs again in other passages of Scripture; as in Genesis xvii. 21: "Isaac whom Sara shall bring forth to thee at *this time* in the next year." Again, the word (*het*, הֵת) is of frequent occurrence both in the Pentateuch and other parts of Scripture. It means time in general, or a time or period. Gen. xxi. 22: "At the same time" (*bahet*, בַּהֵת). Ezech. xvi. 8. "And lo! thy time was the time of lovers." If, therefore, the word "*yôm*" in Gen. i. has to be interpreted "time" or "epoch," the interpretation cannot be defended on the ground that in Hebrew there is no proper word to express those ideas.

I am equally obliged to dissent from Mr. Vaughan when he tells me "that because we Englishmen, so notorious for our cold, unimaginative, practical way of regarding everything, would not readily attribute a broader and more general sense to the word day than it now receives, it does not follow that the Orientals, who are noted for their allegorical and metaphorical language, would not use a form of speech which would astonish a less imaginative race." Neither Oriental imagination nor English dulness has anything to do with the matter. The use of the word day, to signify a time or period, is common to all people. Englishmen adopt the fashions of the *day*, they discuss the politics of the *day*, and the most unimaginative of Englishmen can appreciate the proverb, "Every dog has its *day*." The question is whether day can mean a period *in the verses we are considering*. Judging from its root (which in most languages implies light or heat), the word day appears in its original signification to designate the time when the sun shines above the horizon. "He called the light day, and the darkness night"—

Gen. i. 5. "The night is passed away, and the day is at hand." "Let us put off the works of darkness, and put on the armour of light"—Rom. xiii. 12. This is called a *natural* day. Secondly, "day" is a *unit of time*, just as a mile is a unit of distance. It designates the length of time intervening between the commencement of one natural day and the commencement of the next. It has been variously computed from sunrise to sunrise, from sunset to sunset, or from midnight to midnight. There are 365 such days in the year. This is commonly called a *civil* day. *Definite portions* of the civil day are also described by the word day. "Forty days and forty nights" marks the same period as "forty days;" the words "and forty nights" indicating that the word *day* is used in the sense of a portion only of the civil day—viz., that portion which corresponds to a natural day. We say of a lawsuit that the pleadings occupied "three whole days"—we mean *legal* days—*i e.*, the portion of the civil day during which the law courts are open. In these and similar instances the word day is used as a unit of time. It is, therefore, necessarily a definite and known quantity. It either means the civil day, or such portion of it as is indicated by the context. Thirdly, the word *day* is used to indicate time in general, a time specialized by some event, or an indefinite period of time. Properly speaking, this is a figure of speech; a particular period of time is used to signify time in general. Now, whenever *Day* is used with a numeral prefixed to it, it is used as a unit of time; it marks a *definite*, and not an *indefinite*, quantity. It cannot mean a period, or time in general. Let an example be quoted from any author, sacred or profane, and the truth of what is here stated will at once be apparent. A better instance could not be given than the passage of Cicero, quoted by Mr. Vaughan: "Itaque cum ego *diem* in Siciliam exiguum postularem, invenit iste qui sibi in Achajam *biduo* brevior *diem* postularet"—"Whereas I asked for a short period in Sicily, this man found somebody to ask for a period by two days shorter for himself in Achaja." In this brief sentence the word *day* occurs three times; twice it is used in the sense of period, once in the sense of a civil day. Yet there is no ambiguity or doubt of any kind as to the meaning of the writer. Everybody sees at once that the *days* spent in Sicily and Achaja are indefinite periods; "*biduum*," two days, on the other hand, cannot mean anything but twice twenty-four hours. What is it that makes the difference, and prevents *day* in the latter case from being taken, as in the other two instances, for an indefinite period? The simple fact that the *number two* is prefixed to the word, thereby indicating that it is used as a definite quantity, as a *unit of time*. The Abbé Vigouroux (writes Mr. Vaughan) gives a list of 21 passages from the old

and new Testament in which the word "yôm" signifies an undetermined period. He might have added indefinitely to his list had he chosen to quote from authors in every language. Nobody denies that the word *day* may have such a meaning. But does the Abbé quote a single passage in which the word *day* has a *numeral prefixed* to it, and in which at the same time it is not perfectly clear that it does not mean an indefinite period, but a determined unit of time? Unless he does this, his labour is lost. When Moses says, "These are the generations of the heavens and the earth when they were created, *in the day* that the Lord made the heaven and the earth." (Gen. ii. 2), it is perfectly justifiable to assume that he means *at the time*, or *on the occasion*, when He made the heaven and the earth. But when Moses speaks of the first, sixth, and seventh day, when he says that "God in six days made the heaven and the earth, and rested on the seventh," he uses *day* as a unit of time, and we cannot, without doing violence to language, understand him to be speaking of anything else but the days of the present week. Let the advocates of the Period theory bring forward an example in which the word *day*, with a *numeral prefixed* to it, is used not as a definite unit of time, but as an undetermined period. Until they do this, it is in vain for them to ask the opponents of revelation to accept an interpretation which is unsupported by authority, and is in open violation to the *usus loquendi* of all people.

The first reason, therefore, for objecting to the "Period theory," is not that the word *day* may never be used to signify an *undefined period*, but that it cannot be so understood when used as a unit of time, as happens *in the verses under consideration*. Moses is speaking of the days of the week; but granting for argument sake that he is speaking of periods, still, if the first chapter of Genesis is to be understood as an historical narrative, the Period theory will not avail to reconcile that narrative with scientific truth. "The scientific men (writes Mr. Vaughan) who have replied to his lordship are not of the opinion that there is this disagreement between modern science and Genesis, which the Bishop so much fears; and while one writer regrets that these fears are 'as deplorable as they are little founded,' another hints that 'perhaps he would have somewhat modified his views had he consulted less exclusively English sources.'" I may not lay claim to extensive reading, but in my desire to find a solution to the difficulties presented by the first chapter of Genesis, I have consulted not a few writers, and certainly more French and Italians than English. It may seem presumptuous not to acquiesce in explanations which seem to have satisfied men far more learned than myself, but I must frankly acknowledge that they have not satisfied me. They have not satisfied learned divines whom I have consulted, and

they fail to satisfy the inquiries and remove the doubts and anxieties of a large number of good men, who are not scoffers at religion nor enemies of revelation, but who are puzzled and held back by what appears to them opposition between the Bible and scientific truth. These difficulties must be met, and if the Period theory fails to meet them, the answer to them must be sought for elsewhere. On a former occasion I briefly referred to some of them, I shall here do so more in detail.

Mr. Vaughan has pointed out the statement in Genesis that on the fourth day (or period as he supposes) "God made two great lights—a greater light to rule the day and a lesser light to rule the night and the stars," as a very common example of an apparent contradiction between Genesis and science, but which can be easily explained without any undue enforcing of the text. I will therefore direct my observations to this point. According to the statement of Genesis (if understood historically) it would appear that the sun, moon, and stars were not created till long after our planet (which is a satellite of the sun) had been in existence; and not only had the earth, prior to the sun having been placed in the heavens, assumed its present general features of land and water, but during an indefinite period (the third day) it had been clothed with green herbs bearing seed, and with trees bearing fruit. Moreover, during the whole of those long periods of time, no fish tenanted the waters, and no birds, reptiles, or living creatures of any kind roamed over the land or dwelt in those forests. None of these were created till the fifth day. How do the adherents of the Period theory seek to reconcile these statements with scientific facts? They are of course compelled to admit that the sun was in existence before its satellite, and before the earth had become clothed with herbs and trees. They say, therefore, that the words of Genesis regarding the fourth day indicate not that the sun was created at that late period, but that then only did it become visible on the earth. Up to that time, during the three long preceding periods, the sun had been in existence, but the atmosphere which enveloped the earth precluded the possibility of sun, moon, or stars being seen from its surface. All during the *third period* the rays of the sun had been able so far to penetrate the gloom as to spread a diffused light sufficient to foster vegetation (as happens on cloudy days, or in misty regions at the present time), but only on the fourth day or period was the atmosphere sufficiently refined to allow the direct rays of the sun to strike the earth. The discoveries of geology are supposed to lend support to this theory. The rich vegetation which has supplied the materials for our coalfields seems to point out the carboniferous period of geologists as the one referred to in Genesis under the designation of the *third day*; and geologists have noticed that

the atmosphere of the carboniferous period must have been denser than that of the present day. But neither will this theory stand the test of examination, nor will the words of Genesis admit of such an explanation. That at an early period of our planet's existence the atmosphere was much denser than at present, so dense even as to intercept the rays of the sun, is by no means improbable. What cannot be admitted is that such has ever been the case *with regard to the whole earth* since the days when vegetation covered vast tracts of its surface. A vigorous vegetation implies rain, and rain implies sunshine. Vegetation implies rain not only by reason of the requisite moisture of the atmosphere, but because the very soil from which vegetation springs would not be in existence but for rain. Not only the rocks of the carboniferous period, but those of all the preceding periods known to geologists: rocks which are of enormous thickness, and which therefore imply a vast extent of time for their formation, are (with the exception of granite and trap) the result of denudation. The materials of which they consist are but the *débris* of previously existing continents, which in the shape of sand and mud have been removed by the action of running water and deposited in the ancient seas. Rivers are the chief agents of denudation, and rivers are dependent on rain for their water. The great bulk of the rain and snow which feeds the glaciers, and springs which in their turn supply the rivers, is raised from the surface of seas and oceans by the direct action of the rays of the sun. If instead of the bright sunshine which prevails over seas and oceans in tropical regions, and in a large portion of the temperate zone also, thick clouds veiled the face of the sun, the result would be an enormous diminution of evaporation and consequently of rainfall, and the result would be the drying up in great measure of the great rivers all over the earth. Rivers presuppose rain, and rain presupposes sunshine, and as the land, not only of the carboniferous period but of the long periods which preceded it, is the result of denudation, which is chiefly due to the action of rivers, it follows that, at least so far back as the earliest formations known to geologists, long before the carboniferous period, although the atmosphere may have been denser than at present, the sun must have shone forth over a considerable portion of the waters on the face of the earth.

It has been proposed to meet this difficulty by observing that, in those early times, when the atmosphere was denser, our planet retained a great portion of the heat which it has since lost by radiation; that consequently the temperature of the waters on its surface would be much higher than at present, and so the evaporation resulting from this cause would not only equal that now caused by the direct rays of the sun, but would exceed it. The vapour arising from the ocean under such circumstances

would not only supply the needful rainfall, but, by the formation of mist, would largely contribute to the density of the atmosphere, and aid in excluding the rays of the sun. But be it observed that the action of the sun, which is at the present day the cause of the evaporation of the ocean, does not extend far below the surface of the waters: at a moderate depth it ceases to be felt. If the same amount of evaporation at the surface had to be produced by heat derived from below, from the planet itself, the temperature of the whole body of the ocean would require to be raised. And inasmuch as the amount of evaporation required was greater than at present, and a higher degree of heat is requisite to produce a given amount of evaporation under the pressure of a denser atmosphere, the temperature of the waters of the ocean must have been raised to a degree incompatible with animal life. Not only that but the land, which was capable of communicating such heat to the ocean, must itself have been too hot to allow of the growth of plants. Yet, long before the carboniferous period, in some of the earliest formations known to geologists, we find abundant traces of vegetation, and we find the waters tenanted by living creatures. Mr. Vaughan objects to my classifying "*eoazon canadense*" as a zoophyte. I have no wish to press the point: my argument does not require it. Trilobites, some of enormous size, abounded in the Silurian seas, and fishes are numerous in the red sandstone and mountain limestone, whilst reptiles and air-breathing creatures roamed amongst the plants of the carboniferous period. All which shows that, when vegetation covered the earth, the waters of the ocean were not at an abnormal temperature; that consequently the evaporation necessary to furnish the rainfall and supply the rivers must have been due to the action of the rays of the sun on the waters over a considerable portion of the globe, and therefore that it is not true that long after the spread of vegetation sunshine was excluded from the face of the earth.

Thus the proposed explanation, how to reconcile with science the account given in Genesis of the work of the fourth day, not only fails to attain its object, but is itself at variance with science. Let us, however, for the sake of argument, suppose it to be otherwise. Let us suppose it possible that long after vegetation was spread over the earth (say down to the close of the carboniferous period) the density of our atmosphere was such as to exclude everywhere all over the globe the direct rays of the sun, and that only at a late period (indicated by the fourth day) the face of the sun for the first time was unveiled. The words of Genesis relating to the fourth day cannot be understood as describing such a phenomenon. 1st. If this chapter of Genesis is an historical description of work performed on the various days, what right have we to

make an exception with regard to the fourth day, and assert that the same form of words which on the first, second, and third days indicates that God *created* certain things on those days, has not the same signification on the fourth day, but only means that things which had been created on the previous days *became visible* on the fourth? If "God said: Be light made, and light was made," means that God on the first day *created* light: if "God said let there be a firmament, . . . and God made a firmament," means that on the second day God *created* a firmament, is it not the height of arbitrariness to ask us to believe that "God said let there be lights in the firmament of heaven . . . and God made two great lights . . . and the stars, and he set them in the firmament of heaven," does not mean that God *created* those lights on the fourth day, but that the lights which had been previously created only then *shone forth*? 2nd. Moreover, if the words "He set them in the firmament of heaven to shine upon the earth," means that they then first began to be seen on the earth, the words "He set them in the firmament to rule the day and the night, and to divide the light and the darkness," must equally mean that they began to perform this office also only on the fourth day. But this upsets the proposed theory which explains the existence of vegetation on the third day by saying that, though the face of the sun could not be seen through the mist, still the *diffused* light of the sun was sufficient to promote vegetation, as is the case at present when the sky is overcast with clouds. Now if the diffused light of the sun was sufficient to promote vegetation, it certainly was sufficient to rule the day and the night, and to divide the light from the darkness. Even with a cloudy sky, we have no difficulty in distinguishing between day and night. Therefore, even if it were true that on the fourth day the sun first shone upon the earth, it could not be true that on the fourth day it first began to rule the day and to divide the light and the darkness. 3rd. If Moses has not given an account of the creation of the sun, moon, and stars on the fourth day, he has omitted altogether to relate the creation of these luminaries, and we are asked to believe that, while he has taken no notice of the fact of their creation, he has actually interrupted his narrative of the *making* of things in order to inform us at what period they *might have become visible* on earth had there been any eye on earth to see them, although, according to this same narrative, there was neither man, brute, bird, fishes, or living creature at that time upon the earth to witness the spectacle. Lastly, if the first chapter of Genesis is a narrative of what new work was done by God on each of the six days, and if the sun, moon, and stars were *not made* on the fourth day, what work, we may ask, was done by God on that day? Moses mentions no other. The

fourth day, then, was as completely a day of rest as the seventh! The difference between the seventh day and the previous six days consisted in this, that on the seventh day *no new creature* was called into existence by God. If on the fourth day the sun, moon, and stars were not called into existence, no other being is mentioned as having been created on that day: it was a day of rest. In that case we have two Sabbaths in the week instead of one.

Thus it appears that, whichever way we take the words of Genesis relating to the work of the fourth day (supposing them to be taken historically), whether we understand them to mean that the sun was first brought into existence on that day, or whether we endeavour to give them a different meaning, we either place Moses in contradiction with science or in contradiction with himself. I say this, not as wishing to impute any opposition with science to the words of Holy Writ. My objection is not to the words of Moses, but to the interpretation men have sought to force upon them. In the theory I have advocated I have shown how the words of Genesis in no way conflict with science. "True," exclaim the critics, "Dr. Clifford's theory most effectually wards off all attacks from the side of science, but at the expense of Genesis. In a word, he razes the citadel to the ground, and when every trace of it has disappeared, compliments himself on having put it beyond the assaults of the enemy." I have made no attack on Genesis. The citadel which I am supposed to have razed is but a mirage, a castle in the air. Modern apologists, in their anxiety to attribute scientific excellence to the Bible, have sought to invest the words of men who lived thousands of years ago, with meanings which were unknown in the languages of mankind till within the last few centuries. They clothe David in the armour of Saul; but it is not by such weapons that the Philistine can be overthrown. Long after the true system of the heavenly bodies had been established—long after Newton had discovered the laws of gravitation—apologists continued to discuss, on scriptural grounds, the nature of the materials of which the seven heavens were formed; and texts from the Bible were freely quoted to prove that the empyrean heaven was made of water, or fire, or bronze, according to the views of the various champions. When at last it became universally recognized that the sacred writers were not giving lessons in astronomy, but that, when alluding to natural phenomena, they simply spoke of things as they saw them, and used, in describing them, the language used by men of their age and condition, all these cobwebs were swept from the sky. Henceforth, nobody thought of having recourse to Scripture for information in astronomy. Why should it be otherwise as regards geology or any other branch of natural science? The

sacred writers, in order to express their ideas, avail themselves of the language of their own people, of the dialect of their own country or province, they use the style of oratory, of poetry, of proverbs, that were prevalent in their days. The most beautiful passages in Job and in the Psalms having reference to astronomy, physics, and natural history, are couched, not in the language of modern science, but in that of scientific men of those days. Why should it be otherwise as regards any other branch of science? To assume that it is so is to go against the whole analogy of Scripture. If God revealed to the sacred writers facts of natural science which have no direct bearing on faith or morals, it certainly would be incomprehensible that men should never have arrived at the knowledge of a single one of these facts by means of this supposed revelation. "Will anybody venture to assert (I have asked) that the study of Genesis has ever led to the discovery of a single geological fact?" The question has caused some surprise and indignation. "The Italian reviewer (writes Mr. Vaughan) introduces his reply to this question with a '*Per Bacco!*' of amazement." Mr. Vaughan himself takes up the challenge in these words: "Most decidedly, I readily rejoin; and also truths of other natural sciences, such as physics and astronomy." He has certainly been unfortunate in his choice of examples to back up his assertion, for of the facts he adduces there is not one the discovery of which can be traced to Genesis. "Is it not a fact of *geology* (he asks) that man comes last in the chronological order of creatures, and that his remains are found only in the most recent deposits?" *It is* a fact of geology that man comes last in the chronological order of creatures: but, inasmuch as we find this doctrine taught in Chaldea (not to speak of other peoples) long before the writer of Genesis was born, I fail to see how *the study of Genesis can have led to its discovery*; and as for the remains of man being found only in the most recent deposits, I am not aware that any allusion whatever is made in Genesis to this geological fact. "Is it not a doctrine of physics that light is distinct from luminous bodies?" That light results from the waves of an imponderable substance which is diffused through space, and which has received the name of ether, is *a theory* which has met with the approbation of many learned men, and which has been largely adopted during the present century, but recent observations on the light of the stars have shaken the faith of not a few scientific men as to the existence of this assumed ether. Be this, however, as it may, the men who first propounded this theory did not derive the idea from anything they found stated in Genesis, and at the present moment no appeal to Genesis is of the slightest use to settle the question whether there be such a substance as ether or not. Genesis has

certainly not led to the discovery of *the theory*, much less of the *doctrine*, of light. Light was, from very early times, regarded as having a distinct existence of its own. The theory was widely accepted that earth, fire, air, and water were the four original elements from which all bodies were formed. *Fire* was regarded not as air or earth at a high temperature, but as an independent element of itself, distinct from the other elements. Moses, when enumerating created substances, makes distinct mention of earth and water, and the firmament or heaven; and there is nothing wonderful in his speaking separately of light. At the same time be it noted, that neither the old theories about the element of fire, nor the Newtonian theory of emanations, nor the more recent theories about ether, owe their origin to Genesis. All alike are the result of speculation, grounded on observation. "Is it not also the teaching of *science* that the universe of things was not created in one instant, but little by little, in various epochs and periods?" Science rather seems to teach that all matter was *created* in one instant, and that the various bodies into which matter has been shaped are the gradual result of laws to which matter was subjected from the beginning. Science, indeed, points out that the formation of all the heavenly bodies (including our earth), and also the formation of plants and animals, must have been a work of gradual growth, but it was not the study of Genesis that led men to this conclusion. It had been arrived at in Chaldea before Genesis was written. When Mr. Vaughan asks whether it is not a teaching of science that the universe of things was created in various epochs and periods, I reply that science does not teach us that things were created in distinct periods. It does not teach us, for instance, that there was a long period devoted exclusively to the formation of herbs and trees, during which period neither fishes, nor reptiles, nor birds, nor living creatures of any kind, existed on the face of this earth, which is what is stated in Genesis regarding the third day, if Genesis is a record of the creation. Flora and fauna existed simultaneously, as far back as the earliest formations known to geologists.

It was not Genesis that led men to the discovery of geological facts, but the discovery of geological facts by the means of science forced men to alter their interpretations of Genesis. It is a perversion of language to say that "had the words of Genesis been well pondered and correctly interpreted such truths would have been known centuries and centuries before they were actually discovered by astronomers, geologists, and physicists." If men had not, independently of revelation, discovered that the sun is the centre of our system, and that consequently it is impossible for the earth to have existed and have been clothed with vegeta-

tion for ages before the sun had been created, it would not have been possible for men by any amount of pondering to have deduced these facts from the words of Genesis. Is it, then, reasonable to suppose that God had given to man *in aid of reason* a revelation couched in words the meaning of which was incomprehensible unless man previously discovered the facts by means of unaided reason? Of what possible service could such a manner of revelation be to man? "As time rolls on (writes Mr. Vaughan) we shall undoubtedly find that many other natural truths are contained in the Scripture which at present we are unable to decipher." In other words, when man by the use of his reason has discovered other natural truths, we shall find a way of so interpreting the words of Scripture as to make them agree with the new discoveries, but until these discoveries have been made by reason we must avow ourselves unable to decipher what Scripture says about them. And this is adduced as a proof that "the study of Genesis leads to the discovery of scientific truths!" Surely there is some reason to exclaim "Per Bacco!"

I have stated that it is against the analogy of Scripture to assume that scientific facts, not connected with faith and morals,* have been revealed to us. I have said that the sacred writers, when speaking of natural phenomena, adopt the phraseology of men of their day, without thereby giving the sanction of revelation to the explanation of those phenomena which gave rise to the phraseology. Nowhere have I imputed absurdities and trifles (*bestialité e jandonie*) to Moses. No words used by me can justify such an imputation. We do not account it absurd to say that the sun rises in the morning and sets in the evening, though we know that it is the earth that moves, and not the sun. "But there are not only statements made in Genesis (writes Mr. Vaughan), there are certain particulars and explanations added. For instance, it is said that the earth was for a time—how long we know not, but for a time—void and empty, and darkness was upon the face of the deep; and the Spirit of God moved over the waters. Now, did the particulars here mentioned really take place or not? If not why are they mentioned as though they really had? Is it right to invent fables and to register them as facts?" I reply that undoubtedly these things took place, and there is very good reason why they should be here recorded.

* The existence of a *First Cause*, of a *Creator of all things*, may be called a scientific fact. It is a truth that may (as St. Paul says, Rom. i. 20) be learnt by reason alone, "so that they are inexcusable," who shut their eyes to it. But this truth is the foundation of all faith and morals: hence it is quite in harmony with God's dealings with men to confirm by direct revelation man's natural knowledge of a truth so necessary for his salvation.

Moses teaches us that God not only made heaven and earth, but also that all things therein are the work of His hands. At present the earth is full of countless objects, trees, and corn, and cattle, and birds, and men : but it never could have been so but for God. Until He filled it the earth was void and empty. All existing bodies, says Moses, form part either of the *solid earth* on which we stand, or of that *heaven* which, like a pavilion, we see stretched out over our heads. Heaven and earth are the universe. The heaven we gaze at, the earth we tread on, were made by God. Whether in the beginning they were anything like what they are at present—whether, for instance, the earth was solid as it now is, or existed at first as a cloud of atoms, scattered through space, and only gradually assumed its present consistency—are questions concerning which Moses gives us no information. But whatever may have been the original condition of our now solid earth, Moses tells us that it contained none of the numerous objects with which it is now stocked and adorned. It was “void and empty,” and would ever have remained so had not God filled it. Whether God filled it at once or by degrees, in a few days or during countless ages—whether the objects with which He filled it were brought into existence by distinct acts of God’s creative power, or whether they are the result of matter originally created by God, acted upon by forces also created by God, and set in motion by fixed laws of His making (which we call the laws of Nature) are questions for philosophic speculation, but concerning which Moses is silent. The Egyptians looked upon water, especially in conjunction with the action of the sun, as one of the chief sources—perhaps the chief source—of life on the earth. But it will not account for the original appearance of the objects which now adorn the earth. Whatever may have been the original state and condition of the vast deep which encircles the earth, it was powerless of itself to produce life or being of any kind. Our earth, even though brought into existence by an omnipotent Creator, must ever have remained void, empty, and dark if the Spirit of God had not “dovelike sat brooding o’er the dark abyss” and imparted to earth and to water the power of bringing forth plants and living creatures, and all that now replenishes and beautifies the face of the earth. Not false gods, not self-made forces of Nature, but “the Spirit of the Lord, hath filled the whole earth.” In all this Moses is not *registering fables*, but teaching an article of faith ; but his statements are wholly independent of anything that geology or astronomy may tell us regarding the early state of our planet. They are equally true whether the creation of the world occupied six days or millions of years. They do not conflict with scientific views, they ignore them.

The objections which I have brought forward to show that the

first chapter of Genesis, if it be regarded as an historical record of the order of the creation of the universe, is altogether at variance with well-established scientific facts, and that the "Period theory" is powerless to reconcile the conflicting statements, are but a fraction of those that might be adduced, and which incessantly present themselves to the mind of thinking men who turn their attention to the subject. But they are sufficient for my present purpose. So long as controversialists are content to meet the objections brought against Holy Scripture on the ground of its opposition to science, either by ignoring these objections altogether, or by taking refuge in such general phrases as that truth cannot be in reality opposed to truth, or that "geology and science in their still imperfect and embryonic state may in many instances be at fault; or that apparent difficulties may be easily solved if only people will consult the proper sources; or that scientific men are not of opinion that there is any disagreement between modern science and Genesis, and that it is as deplorable as it is unnecessary to suggest the possibility of such a conflict;" so long will it be vain to expect such writers to agree with me "that the theories hitherto put forward, and notably the Period theory, which is the most recent, having failed to establish harmony between Genesis and science, it cannot be esteemed rash to seek to arrive by a different route at a satisfactory solution of this difficulty." But these vague answers satisfy nobody. Our enemies regard them as confessions of the weakness of our cause; our friends, if they take an interest in the discoveries of science (and what educated man does not do so at the present day?) are deeply annoyed on the one hand by constant vague allusions to the embryonic state of science, and on the other by being offered as solutions of their difficulties, theories and statements, which, however plausible they may have appeared half a century ago, turn out upon examination to be wholly untenable in the present state of scientific knowledge. I have been anxious to avoid the charge of meeting vague statements by others equally vague; and, therefore, I have examined in detail a few of the apparent instances of conflict between Genesis and science; and the reader may judge whether or not they relate to important scientific truths, and whether the conflict can be easily explained away so long as the first chapter of Genesis is regarded as an historical record of the creation. So far certainly no solution has been given which will stand the test of scientific investigation. The question is one which cannot be shelved; we are forced to meet it openly; and it is not only vain but damaging to religion to attempt to force on unbelievers answers and explanations which do not stand the test of scientific examination. The warning of the great St.

Augustine is most appropriate. "It frequently happens that on questions relating to the earth, the heavens, and the other elements of this world, the motion and rotation of the stars, or their magnitude and distance from each other, the calculation of the eclipses of sun and moon, the periods of years and seasons, the properties of animals, plants, stones and the like, a man who is not a Christian possesses information grounded on undoubted reason or on experience. Now it is a most shameful and pernicious thing, and greatly to be avoided, that a Christian discoursing on such matters, according to the Christian Scriptures, should rave to that extent that an unbeliever noticing how utterly he wanders from the truth should with difficulty be able to suppress his laughter. And what is most annoying is, not that the man brings ridicule upon himself by his foolish ravings, but that outsiders are led thereby to suppose that these are the opinions of our sacred writers, whom in consequence they despise and reject as ignorant persons, to the great detriment of those for whose salvation we labour. For when unbelievers find a Christian to be in error regarding matters with which they are perfectly well acquainted, and hear him backing up his errors by the authority of our Holy Books, how is it possible for them to give credence to what these same books state concerning the resurrection of the dead, the hope of eternal life, and the kingdom of heaven, after they have been led to suppose that these books contain false statements concerning matters which they themselves have tested by experience or can prove by undeniable arguments? The annoyance and grief which these rash and presumptuous Christians cause to thoughtful brethren is greater than can be expressed."*

* "Plerumque accidit ut aliquid de terrâ, de cælo, de cæteris hujus mundi elementis, de motu et conversione vel etiam de magnitudine et intervallis siderum, de certis defectibus solis et lunæ, de circuitibus annorum et temporum: de naturis animalium, fruticum, lapidum atque hujusmodi cæteris, etiam non christianus ita noverit, ut certissimâ ratione vel experientiâ teneat. Turpe est autem nimis et perniciosum ac maxime cavendum, ut Christianum de his rebus quibus secundum Christianas litteras loquentem, ita delirare quilibet infidelis audiat ut (quemadmodum dicitur) toto cælo errare conspiciens, risum tenere vix possit. Et non tam molestum est quod errans homo deridetur, sed quod auctores nostri ab eis qui foris sunt, talia sensisse creduntur, et cum magno eorum exitio, de quorum salute satagimus tamquam indocti reprehenduntur atque respuuntur. Cum enim quemque de numero Christianorum in ea re, quam optime norunt, errare deprehenderint, et vanam sententiam suam de nostris libris asserere; quo pacto illis libris credituri sunt de resurrectione mortuorum, et de spe vitæ æternæ, regnoque cælorum quando de his rebus, quas jam experiri, vel indubitatis numeris percipere potuerunt, fallaciter putaverint esse conscriptos? Quid enim molestiæ tristitiæque ingerant prudentibus fratribus temerarii præsumptores satis dici non potest."—*Genesis ad litteram*, lib. 1. cap. xix.

I must say something regarding a few of the specific objections brought forward by Mr. Vaughan against my theory. "Bishop Clifford he says contends that Moses dedicated each day of the week to the memory of some work of God's creation in order to hinder the people of Israel from falling into the Egyptian custom of consecrating each day of the week to the worship of some false god The fact of the week not being in use amongst the Egyptians when Moses lived, cuts the very ground from under the new theory." Mr. Vaughan is mistaken. In my article I carefully abstained from asserting that the week was *in use* amongst the Egyptians in the days of Moses. I agree with Mr. Vaughan in thinking that most probably it was not. But whereas he supposes that its first adoption by the Egyptians dates from the time of the Roman occupation of Egypt, I am of opinion that, with the Egyptians as with the Chaldeans, a week of seven days was in use from *the earliest ages*; but whereas the Chaldeans, and other nations who derived their astronomical knowledge from them, always retained it, the Egyptians had discontinued the use of it before the days of Moses, though they resumed it at the time when they fell under the dominion of the Romans and adopted many of the Roman customs: I quoted Dio Cassius not as saying that the week was in use in his time in Egypt (which would prove nothing as to its use in the days of Moses) but as stating that the days of the week *were first referred to the seven planets* by the Egyptians, a claim which was also made by the Chaldeans. I shall not enter upon a statement of my reasons for attributing the use of the week to the Egyptians in very early times, as I agree with Mr. Vaughan that it was not *in use* amongst them in the days of Moses.* It was in use amongst the Chaldeans long before his time, as we know from the monuments, and from repeated allusions in Genesis (Gen. viii. 10, 12; xxix. 7). It had been used by Abraham before he came forth from Ur of the Chaldeans, and by the Patriarchs after him. The practice of circumcising children on the octave day of their birth must have served to preserve the use of the week amongst the Jews at least as a religious computation even after they went down into Egypt. Moses, therefore, both as a learned Egyptian, and as a descendant of the Patriarchs, was acquainted with the week. The fact of its not being in use in Egypt instead of cutting the ground from under my theory renders it all the more probable. It is Mr. Vaughan himself who furnishes me with the argument. Would not Moses, he asks, have acted with more practical wisdom if he had adopted a computation

* An interesting article on The Origin of the Week, from the able pen of R. A. Proctor, appears in the *Contemporary Review* of June, 1879.

of time different from the one in use in Egypt? That is exactly what Moses did. He abandoned the Egyptian computation and went back to the Chaldean week which had been used by Abraham, Isaac, and Jacob, and of which the Jews still retained a trace in their rite of circumcision. But if he resumed the week of seven days he could not, without danger of idolatry, allow them to be referred (as by the nations) to the seven planets, especially as the Jews were going into Palestine amongst a people who adopted the week and who were specially prone to the worship of the host of heaven. The practice amongst the Egyptians, of dedicating each day of *the month* to the memory of various deeds of their false gods, suggested the expedient of dedicating each day of *the week* in a similar manner to the memory of one or other of the works of the one true God, Creator of heaven and earth. "It strikes" Mr. Vaughan "as very odd" that Moses should have chosen exactly seven days, rather than five or six or any other number. He forgets that the arrangements of the calendar are based on astronomical observation, and are not determined by a cast of the dice. The week of seven days is based on the phases of the moon. "Who is there that can bring himself to believe (he asks) that the words of Exodus, 'In six days the Lord made heaven and earth, and in the seventh He ceased from work,' signify not that God created the universe in *six periods*, but merely that the creation is commemorated on six days?" I have spent, formerly, some little space in arguing this point, but Mr. Vaughan does not consider it well to notice my arguments. I will ask him in return:—Will anybody believe that the words of the Breviary, "This day a star led the wise men to the manger; this day at the marriage water was made wine; this day was Christ for our salvation pleased to be baptized by John in the Jordan" signify not that these three events *took place on this day*, but merely that they are *commemorated on this day*, it being known for certain that all three did not occur on the same day? If anybody can believe this to be the meaning of the statement in the Breviary, where is the difficulty about the statement in Exodus? I have quoted authority in support of my assertion, but when Mr. Vaughan asks whether anybody can refuse to believe that the words "in *six days* God made the earth, mean that God created the universe in *six periods*," he brings forward no instance of the word *day* with a numeral affixed to it (showing thereby that it is used as a unit of time) being used to mean an indefinite period, and, until he does produce some such instance, I avow that I *cannot bring myself to believe* that *six days* in the passage referred to means *six periods*.

I had asserted that the precept to observe the seventh day of the week, as a day of rest in memory of God resting, ceased to be

in force as soon as the law of Moses was abrogated : thus showing that it was part of the ceremonial law of Moses, and not a divine precept given by God to man from the beginning of the world. The Lord's day of the Christian Church is not (I said) a continuation of the Jewish Sabbath. Mr. Vaughan takes exception to this statement. "The essence, he says, of the precept is the sanctification of one of the seven days, and whether the day chosen be one or another can make no radical difference whatever." This is not so. The institution of all festivals rests on the general ground that it is right to dedicate special times to the divine service ; and so far it is true that the essence of the Sabbath is the sanctification of any one day in a week. But the essence of each individual festival lies in its being appointed to commemorate some particular fact. Christmas differs essentially from Easter, because at one season we commemorate the Nativity, at the other the Resurrection of our Lord. The object of the Mosaic ordinance is clearly stated. Men were allowed to work on the first six days of the week, *because* on the first six days God worked and made the universe ; they were forbidden to work on the seventh day, *because* on that day God rested. "Six days shalt thou labour and shalt do all thy works ; but on the seventh day is the sabbath of the Lord thy God, thou shalt do no work on it. . . . *For* in six days the Lord made heaven and earth . . . and rested on the seventh day ; *therefore* he blessed the seventh day, and sanctified it." (Exod. xx. 10, 11). The essence of this ordinance lies not in the observance of *any day*, but in the observance of *the seventh*. There would be no meaning in saying, Six days shalt thou labour, but the *seventh* is the sabbath of the Lord thy God ; thou shalt do no work on the *first day*. . . . *For* in six days the Lord made heaven and earth, and rested on the *seventh day*. If rest is not observed on the seventh day, the ordinance is at an end. The Church still calls the seventh day the Sabbath, "Sabbatum," because it is the day of God's rest ; but she *does not* keep it holy. She commemorates on the *first day* of the week God working and creating light ; still she enjoys rest on that day, not because God rested, but for an entirely different reason.* The Jewish ordinance was to rest on the day commemorative of the rest of God. That ordinance has been abolished. This shows that it was not a divine precept

* Primo die quo Trinitas
Beata mundum condidit,
Vel quo resurgens Conditor
Nos, morte victa, liberat :
Pulsis procul torporibus
Surgamus omnes ocius, etc.

—Hymn at Sunday matins.

To-day the Blessed Three in One
Began the earth and skies ;
To-day a Conqueror, God the Son,
Did from the grave arise ;
We too will wake, &c.

—Card. Newman.

given by God to all men, but a *ceremonial ordinance* of the Law of Moses.

"The Bishop," says Mr. Vaughan, "seems to attach very considerable importance to the first thirty-four verses of Genesis being a hymn or poem The utmost his arguments warrant is that they *may* be so regarded, not that they *must*. But the only important point at all in this connection seems to have escaped his lordship altogether. . . . Poetry, though not necessarily containing truth, is not in its nature opposed to truth." As it never occurred to me to announce such a paradox, Mr. Vaughan seems to have given himself some needless trouble by proving the contrary. The fact is that the only important point at all in my argument seems to have escaped Mr. Vaughan altogether. Having stated that "It is the *consecration* of the days of the week to the memory of the creation, and not a *history* of the days of creation, that forms the subject of the first chapter of Genesis," I went on to say: "Here it is necessary to meet an objection. Do the words of Moses really admit of such an interpretation?" In reply, I said that when statements such as "God said Be light made, and light was made," &c., *occur in a book of history, or are used in an historical connection*, they must be understood to imply that the events took place at the time mentioned; but that this rule does not apply to similar statements when they occur *not* in a book of history, but in *hymns or works of a ritual nature*, or otherwise than in an historical connection, I brought forward authorities in proof of my assertion. Having done so, it was necessary in the next place for me to show that the first chapter was not *used in an historical connection*. It is commonly supposed to be historical because it forms part of the Book of Genesis, which is historical. My answer is that it does not form part of the historical Book of Genesis any more than the 32nd and 33rd chapters of Deuteronomy form part of the Law. They are hymns or canticles, forming as it were an *epilogue* to the Book of Deuteronomy. So in like manner the 1st chapter of Genesis is not part of the history, but a sacred hymn, or preface, or *prologue* to Genesis. One of the arguments I alleged in proof of this, my assertion, was the marked distinction which may be noticed between the first thirty-four verses of Genesis, and the rest of the book. The first thirty-four verses are decidedly of a poetical character, the rest of the book is not. This argument is not conclusive by itself. But it is *only one* of several pieces of evidence brought forward to prove the point. A cumulative argument derives its force not from the detached portions of circumstantial evidence of which it is made up, but from the weight of all these taken together; and it is a logical fallacy to argue that because each separate portion of the evidence

is not conclusive by itself so neither is the whole taken together. "A threefold cord is not easily broken." The poetical character of the first thirty-four verses of Genesis has been insisted upon, not as Mr. Vaughan supposes for the absurd purpose of showing that being poetry they cannot be true, but as indicating that they are something distinct from the rest of the book which is not poetical. This being established, *one link* in the chain of evidence is made secure, which is all that this one argument of itself is supposed to effect.

I do not think it necessary to enter further upon a consideration of the particular objections brought forward by Mr. Vaughan to my theory. I leave them without hesitation to the consideration of the reader. My chief object in the foregoing observations has been to impress upon controversialists that the scientific difficulties to which the first chapter of Genesis gives rise, do not regard points of science that are doubtful, but relate mainly to undoubted scientific facts. No adequate solution of these difficulties has hitherto been afforded by attempting to force on the words of Moses meanings derived from modern scientific discoveries which were never dreamt of in the days when Moses wrote. The only true and safe course is to accept his words as those of a man who is not teaching science, but only makes use of the scientific terminology of his day to express phenomena which fell under the observation of men, without in any way vouching for the truth or falsehood of the theories on which that terminology was grounded.

✠ WILLIAM CLIFFORD.

ART. VIII.—THE CHANGED POSITION OF MARRIED WOMEN.

1. *The Married Women's Property Act, 1882, together with the Acts of 1870 and 1874, and an Introduction on the Law of Married Women's Property.* By RALPH THICKNESSE. London: W. Maxwell & Son.
2. *The Married Women's Property Act, 1882, with Introduction, Summary, Notes, Cases and Precedents.* By J. S. RUBINSTEIN. London: Waterlow Bros. and Layton.
3. *The Married Women's Property Acts, with an Introduction and Notes on the Act of 1882.* By HERBERT NEWMAN MOZLEY. London: Butterworths.

SOME nine months ago, at the fag end of a barren Session, there was passed, by a Parliament which hardly heeded it,

an Act which is likely to have a profound influence upon half the households of Great Britain. The Married Women's Property Act, 1882, is one of those revolutions of the silent sort which, almost unnoticed, change the face of society. It may be safely said that forty years ago such an Act would have been wholly impossible, and yet public opinion, slowly ripening, had so gathered force that the Bill became law with scarcely any opposition, and without vigorous debate at all. Any woman married after the 1st day of January, 1883, unless she consciously choose to defeat the working of the Act by making a settlement, may keep her own property, or squander it, or invest, or hoard it, or bequeath it as she will, without thought or regard for the wishes of her husband; and women after the commencement of the Act are in the same position with regard to after-acquired property. This enviable independence of male control is extended in other directions, and a wife having property will henceforth enjoy the privileges, of being made bankrupt, of suing, being sued, of speculating, entering into partnership, floating companies, promoting building societies, acting as executrix or trustee, forming contracts, and setting the criminal law in motion, and generally acting as though she were a spinster or a man. But before we can realize the full meaning of the change we must first glance at the previous state of the law.

The common law of England recognized the widest distinction between single and married women, according to the former the fullest measure of personal and proprietary freedom. All the powers, now for the first time conferred upon wives, have been enjoyed by their unmarried sisters for generations. Not only have they had the rights of perfect ownership over their property, but, though forbidden to serve in the army or navy, or on the jurors' or magisterial bench, they have been held capable of filling such administrative posts as those of overseers, poor-law guardians, and members of the school board. Indeed, we believe we are right in saying that they are also eligible as churchwardens, though there is no recorded instance of a spinster presenting herself in that useful and important capacity. In fine contrast with the liberty of the *feme sole*, as Parliament still persists in calling a single woman, was the legal *status* of a married woman—deeply coloured by the Church maxim, *eadem caro vir et uxor*. Our forefathers were mostly of Dogberry's opinion, that if two people ride on one horse one must ride behind, and this principle was applied with much thoroughness to the married state. Somehow there never seems to have been the least doubt as to which of the two was to ride behind, and the separate existence of the wife was wholly ignored, and her being suspended, or, in the words of Sir William Blackstone, "incor-

porated" and "consolidated" into that of her husband, under whose wing, protection, or cover she performs everything. The husband and wife were in law one person; and to such an extent was this fiction carried, that a man was unable to grant anything to his wife, or enter into a covenant with her, because the first would clearly be to presuppose her separate existence, and the second would be to covenant with himself. On the other hand, a man could leave property to his wife by will, because that instrument only takes effect at death; so that in reality it was only leaving property to the part of himself that survived. Under this theory a husband was liable for his wife's ante-nuptial debts, "because he adopted her and her circumstances together." Husbands and wives were not allowed to give evidence for or against each other, because, says Blackstone, "if they were to be admitted as witnesses for each other, they would contradict one maxim of law, *nemo in propria causa testis esse debet* (no one may be a witness in his own case); and if against each other, they would contradict another maxim, *nemo tenetur seipsum accusare* (no one can be bound to accuse himself)." Another important consequence of the same theory was the right of the husband to control the person and actions of his wife, a privilege the reason for which has been thus lucidly explained: "For, as he is to answer for her misbehaviour, the law thought it reasonable to entrust him with the power of restraining her by domestic chastisement, in the same moderation that a man is allowed to correct his apprentices or children, for whom the master or parent is also liable in some cases to answer. But this power was confined within reasonable limits, and the husband was prohibited from using any violence to his wife—*aliter quam ad virum ex causa regiminis et castigationis uxoris sue licite et rationabiliter pertinet*" (other than a reasonable man would think necessary for his spouse's proper ruling and punishment). And this power, the learned commentator hastens to assure us, is common to all codes, and was even more extensive under the civil law than under our own, a husband being allowed for some faults *flagellis et fustibus acriter verberare uxorem* (to give his wife a sound thrashing with a whip or stout stick), while for lesser misdemeanors he might only inflict a gentle whipping (*modicam castigationem adhibere*). About the time of Charles II., however, this power of marital correction began to be doubted, a fact which Blackstone, writing in the latter part of the last century, remarks upon, and then observes: "Yet the lower rank of people, who were always fond of the old common law, still claim and exert this ancient privilege; and the courts of law will still permit a husband to restrain a wife of her liberty in case of any gross misbehaviour." Sir William then leaves the subject, with

the following astonishing remark : " We may observe, that even the disabilities which the wife lies under are for the most part intended for her protection and benefit. So great a favourite is the female sex of the laws of England ! " To us, who can only believe these things in a sort of far-off and doubtful way, there is a certain grim humour in the words of the worthy commentator ; but if we will try to realize to ourselves that the man who could write in this way of the closest of human relations was a great English judge, and probably in front of the morality of his time, the knowledge will help us to measure the progress that is behind us, and to learn contentment that our lives are cast in the prose of the present rather than in the questionable poetry of the past. The echoes of the police courts may, indeed, sometimes remind us that among the unwashed portions of the community violence towards women is still possible, but at least it is no longer reckoned as the exercise of " an ancient privilege ; " not the most degraded brute who ever kicked a wife, or the most patient woman that ever submitted to the correction of her lord, but now knows instinctively that such violence is a shameless and indefensible wrong. There is, happily, no need to think hardly of those who have gone before us, or, perhaps, to doubt that the tide of human affection beat as freely and warmly in their veins as in ours ; but at least we can say it was not possible, for the man who felt that before the day was over it might be his painful duty to flog his wife, to feel towards her any of that mingling of reverence with affection which would find place in any modern ideal.

But if a wife's position in the household has thus widely changed even since the days of Sir William Blackstone, her rights as regards property have come down to us almost unaltered from the times of a remote feudalism. The property of a married woman was invisible to the eye of the law, or only considerable as forming part of the wealth of the man in whom she had been " consolidated." By the common law of England her property-rights were practically *nil*. The husband was entitled to collect and receive the rents and profits of his wife's real estates during their joint lives, and to spend them as he thought fit, quite independently of any control on her part, while she was restrained from disposing of them in any way without his consent. In the event of his surviving, if there had been issue of the marriage born alive, and capable of inheriting, the husband at once became entitled, by what was known as " the curtesy of England," to hold the estates for the rest of his life. Over his wife's leaseholds the husband had even more extensive powers, not only being able to appropriate the annual income, but at once to sell, mortgage, or otherwise dispose of them ; and if he survived,

and had not previously alienated them, they became his absolutely. The law regarding a married woman's personal property was beautiful in its simplicity; the whole, whatever the amount, and whether in possession or falling into possession during the coverture, upon the act of marriage passed absolutely to the husband—became his to deal with as he would. The only exception to this sweeping rule was in favour of the wife's "paraphernalia" (τὰ παρὰ τὴν φέρνην) or articles of personal use or adornment belonging to a woman before marriage, or given to her by her husband after marriage. In these a woman had a kind of qualified property, so that if the husband neglected to alienate them during his life, which he had perfect legal right to do, he was prevented from doing so by will, and a widow's right, except against creditors, was perfect. It is interesting to observe, that any wedding presents with which an intending husband might seek to snare the fancy of his bride, at once came back to him upon marriage—a fact that must have been a stimulation to generosity. For if they consisted of jewellery, or articles fitted for her personal use, as part of his wife's "paraphernalia" they at once became his to sell or dispose of as long as he lived, while, if otherwise, they became his absolutely, *jure mariti*. A married woman's "chooses in action" (debts or legal rights requiring some step to be taken to perfect the title) became her husband's as soon as he took the trouble to reduce them into possession; so that, with the exception of a kind of quasi and limited property in her "paraphernalia," the whole of a married woman's personal property, at whatever time acquired, and whether it consisted of thousands in the Funds, or only her wedding-ring, passed to her husband. This law, harsh in itself, was made harsher by the English customary way of providing portions for daughters. The property of women almost invariably consists of personalty, stock, shares, leaseholds, and rarely of lands; in other words, is precisely the kind of property which the law handed over to her husband. And the worst of it was, that though a woman's property thus went to her husband, and might at once be swallowed up by his debts, if it were not spent at his death it never came back to the widow, but was subject to the Statute of Distributions, just as the rest of his personalty. If a man were inclined to humour his wife, he might allow her to make a will disposing of part, or the whole of her property, and that without the least inconvenience to himself, for he could always make it void by simply withdrawing his assent, not only during her life, but even after her death, at any time before the will was proved. As a learned judge once drily remarked, "this seems incredible to the lay mind, but it is good law." Such was the state of the law which,

unaffected by Statute, governed the rights of married women until a partial change was effected in 1870.

Happily the bulk of men are better than the laws they live by, and the Court of Chancery, giving voice to the conscience of the nation, "invented that blessed word and thing, the separate use of a married woman," and so enabled at least the rich to evade in part the intolerable injustice of the law. Property given directly to a married woman we have seen at once passed by operation of law to her husband, but when money was given to trustees to pay the annual interest to a married woman, Courts of Equity held that the trust was not fulfilled by paying it over to her husband. Hence arose the whole apparatus of trustees and settlements, by the means of which the classes that can afford to pay for sealing-wax and parchment and lawyers bills, have been able to defeat the working of the common law, and to secure to a married woman the right to control at least some portion of her own. By a refinement of the same doctrine, if property was given to a married woman for her separate use, without the appointment of any express trustee, the husband was himself held to be a trustee, and thus was in the happy position of having to guard his wife's interests against himself. Acting upon the principle that he who seeks equity must do equity, the Court of Chancery, whenever a husband had to seek its aid in obtaining property coming to him in right of his wife, insisted that, as a condition of its help, he should settle a suitable portion upon her. So that in time it came to be a settled principle that, whenever a wife's "chose in action" could only be reduced into possession by Chancery proceedings, as was often the case with legacies, residuary estates, &c., the wife had a right to have half the property so obtained settled to her separate use, and this right was known as her "equity for a settlement." On the other hand, this right was personal to the wife, and could be waived by her, and of course never arose when the husband could persuade the trustee to hand over the money without reference to the court. The court was also very careful as to the amount which it would settle upon the wife and children, for even if the husband had left his wife, and was living in open shame with another woman, the court would not give everything to the wife, though the money came in her right, and she were supporting the children; but a portion of the property would be allowed to go to the husband or his creditors—a great equity judge saying, that though the court would be tender to the interests of the wife and children, it must also consider the interests of the wives and children of creditors. The doctrine of a married woman's separate use is an excellent example of judge-made law, and it has done much in the past to soften the injustice of the common law doctrine; still, the remedy has been very partial,

and the great majority of married women are wholly outside its working. Nine women out of ten marry without settlements of any kind, and then all present property, and all after-acquired property, unless expressly given for separate use, passed to their husbands. Even upon the daughters of Mayfair, with parents and guardians jealous for their interests, and ready to insist upon settlements, the law sometimes pressed hardly. There were always marriages where no such provision was made, and the fact that the absence of settlements placed everything at the mercy of the husband was in itself an inducement to an unworthy suitor to seek for a hasty or clandestine union. In marriages where, for whatever reason, the formality of guardians' assent was dispensed with, the chances were all against a settlement. Wherever there was any full wealth of affection there would also be the trustfulness likely to resent precaution as a wrong, and so a woman's interests would easily be sacrificed to her love. And then it was always possible for a man who had thus persuaded a girl into marrying him without a settlement, if he tired of her to cast her aside and yet to keep her fortune; in the words of Mr. Lowe, "To fatten upon the spoils of the woman he had sworn to cherish and to love." Happily for the credit of the race such cases were rare—at least outside the imaginings of lady novelists. But why should they have been possible at all? The fact that every parent and guardian felt it a duty imposed by common and natural affection to contract out of the law by means of a settlement was a significant commentary upon its fairness. For it may be laid down as a general principle, that in every case where the distribution of property is concerned the law ought to stand *in loco parentis*, and make such a distribution or arrangement as an ordinarily good parent would make.

It was not, however, among the leisured classes that the law worked most hardly; among them any woman with considerable fortune would probably have friends loyal enough to care for her, and to see that her property was strictly tied up; but among the working and middle classes the whole system of settlements and trusteeships, with its attendant difficulties and expense, was quite inapplicable. The wife of a working man, and all that belonged to her, passed, as we have seen, under the direct control of her husband; and though even under such conditions the great majority of marriages may have been happy, there were too many cases in which the home misery was made worse by the legal helplessness of the woman. The position of a wife who is tied to a drunkard will never be other than a terrible one; but though her place may be beside him, and her forbearance only the recognition of a bond or the fulfilment of a duty, there never can have been a reason why he should have had power to

squander her earnings. Under the old law, though to keep her children in bread a woman were ready to work her fingers to the bone and her eyes into dimness, there was nothing to prevent an idle, drunken husband from coming home on the Saturday night and demanding her wages, and then, as he spent them in drink, hiccoughing out that he was only doing what he had a perfect right to do. And the wife was quite helpless; for, even if she got her employer to pay the money directly to her, it would avail her nothing, as if it were done without the husband's consent her receipt was no good discharge, and he could enforce payment over again. Even men not quite brutalized were made more willing to lay hands upon the little hoard their wives had perhaps pinched themselves to save, by knowing that the law would regard it merely as the lawful appropriation of their own. The position of a woman abandoned by her husband was, perhaps, the most pitiful of all; for, if by dint of industry, or the kindness of friends, she scraped together a competence, or managed to set up in business, the deserter might at any time come back and seize her effects and sell them, or send them to the pawnshop at his discretion. Even supposing there were some lingering touch of goodness, and the husband had so much of grace in him left as to be unwilling to sanction such an outrage, he might easily be placed in a position where his hand would be forced; for once in debt, and unable to pay, his control over his creditors was gone, and he was powerless to prevent them from taking possession of property earned by his wife but legally his. We are not saying that any of these cases were common, or indeed anything but rare, for probably human cruelty in the form of home tyranny has always been rare.

Having now passed in brief review what, until lately, were the rights of the English husband over the person and property of his wife, we reverse the picture, and see what she received in return for this surrender of her legal existence. If the promises of the bride to "love, honour and *obey*" are understood to be sometimes belied by subsequent conduct, the professions of the husband have long been a standing puzzle to the English lawyer—from his total inability to discover anything in the world of fact at all corresponding to the words "I thee with all my worldly goods endow." A woman's rights in regard to the property of her husband are of a most shadowy description, and are now even less extensive than they were. On his personal property she has no claim whatever, and her once substantial right to dower out of real estate has almost wholly disappeared. Before 3 & 4 Will. IV., c. 105, a wife was entitled, if she survived, to the undisputed enjoyment of one-third of the freehold lands of which her husband was solely seized at or during the coverture,

and to which any child she might have had could have been heir. Of this estate the husband was quite powerless to dispossess her, either during his lifetime or by will; so that, unless she voluntarily chose to alienate it, she was secure of a safe provision for her widowhood. By the Act of William IV. the husband was for the first time enabled to defeat his wife's right to dower by a simple declaration to that effect in his conveyance. The practice of the profession has carried the injury to the wife one step further, by making a declaration to bar dower part of a customary form used in conveyancing. We have seen that a wife has no claim of any kind upon the personal property of her husband, and he is at perfect liberty to leave her penniless, and that though he may have come into a large fortune by marrying her; but if he die before carrying out his intentions his intestacy brings into play the Statute of Distributions. If she has children the widow takes one-third of the personalty, the remaining two-thirds going to them. If she is childless, the widow takes half the personalty, the other half going to near or far relations, or, if there be no relations, then to the Crown. Nothing could well be more unjust, or bring out more clearly the little esteem in which the position of a widow is held by our law than this provision, that even the State is to come before her. And this is a wrong which the recent Act leaves untouched—its framers were too busy making a married woman's own property secure, to care greatly about her claims upon her husband's.

It may safely be affirmed that these primitive and barbarous laws regulating the legal position of English women continued to be possible, only because the governing classes daily and hourly, by means of settlements, contracted themselves out of them. Happily, as the growth of the powers of the press made men more familiar with the disastrous working and, we may add, teaching of the laws among the industrial classes, an agitation was set on foot which never rested until the victory was won. Foremost among the many influences working for the cause of reform must be reckoned the force of American example. Originally the people of the United States had accepted without question, as part of their English heritage, our common law doctrines about the position of married women; but one by one the States—those of New England leading the way—redressed the old injustice, and the knowledge that nevertheless the homes of America continued very much as the homes of Britain did much to prepare the way for change. Twenty-five years ago Sir Erskine Parry carried, in the House of Commons, by 120 to 55, the first reading of a Bill which in its broad features closely resembled the Married Women's Property Act of 1882; but the Bill never reached a second reading. Ten years later a

like measure was introduced by Mr. Sefton, and supported by Mr. Mill and Mr. Lowe ; it passed all its stages in the Lower House triumphantly, and then was wrecked in the House of Lords. But before passing to the Act of 1870 we must pause to consider what was an earlier step of substantial reform, and for which we are indebted to the Divorce Act of 1857. One of its provisions introduced those protection orders with which the records of the police courts have since made us so familiar, and which when granted by a magistrate enabled a woman to hold her earnings independently of her husband. It would be difficult to overrate the good that has come of this single little-regarded clause, which, besides being the germ from which subsequent legislation has sprung, for years, when there was no other way of doing it, helped thousands of forsaken women to call the work of their hands their own. But the Act took no notice of the pathetic unwillingness of most women to make their misery known, and only touched those women whose husbands had deserted, and did nothing to lighten the harder lot of those whose worthless or drunken husbands remained, or only left them to return at the end of the week to claim the wages. At last, in 1870, another comprehensive measure, in principle hardly distinguishable from the recent Act, was introduced and carried through the House of Commons by large majorities. The cowardly amendments of the Peers so spoiled and marred it, that when, in hardly recognizable shape it was returned to the Lower House, only one really great provision remained. This provision was one which in the multitude of ordinary happy homes made little immediate difference, but wherever there was unhappiness or discord gave a new strength to the weak. For the first time a woman's wages—the fruits of her toil, whether of hand or brain, were made hers, quite free from the control of her husband. From that hour, even in the worst homes, women have been able to guard their own, to stint the drink money, and to spend the wages they have won as they will. Even the risk of violence has been diminished, for under the old law it was inevitable that the husband should look upon his wife's hoard as his own, the distinction between legality and morality being quite too fine to be recognized.

Women married after the passing of that Act of 1870 were accorded certain privileges from which an excessive tenderness for vested interests carefully excluded those who had married earlier. All personalty coming under an intestacy to a woman married after that Act was held to be for her separate use, and she was also entitled in the same way to the rents and profits of any freehold, copyhold, or customary properties descending to her as heiress or co-heiress. Property coming under any deed or will was held to be on a different footing ; and besides the date of the

marriage we have to consider the amount, for, if not exceeding £200, it became the wife's separate property, but anything over that sum, even if it amounted to thousands, passed absolutely to the husband. By what process of reasoning or calculation the precise sum of £200 was arrived at as just the amount which a wife might be trusted to dispose of rationally it is not easy to conjecture, nor does the problem become easier when we remember the widely different possibilities the same sum would suggest to the wife of the merchant and the wife of the mechanic. The Act, therefore, made three sets of distinctions—between women married before 1870 and after, between property coming by deed or will and by intestacy, and, finally, between money amounting to £200 and to larger sums. The second of these distinctions may probably be attributed to the notion that property coming under an intestacy might have been settled to the woman's separate use if the dead man had lived to fulfil his wishes, whereas in the case of a will or deed he was supposed to have had the opportunity and laid it aside. If this theory had been really believed in, it is difficult to see why the Legislature should have gone out of its way deliberately to defeat the intentions thus negatively expressed, even to the extent of £200. As these new rights would have been of little use without power to enforce them, a married woman was further enabled to maintain an action for the recovery of any property declared by the Act to be her separate property, and also for any property belonging to her before marriage, and which her husband had declared in writing should continue hers after marriage. At the same time, a married woman, to the extent of her separate property, became for the first time answerable to the parish for the support of a pauper husband, and in respect of her children incurred the liabilities of a widow. These, together with some provisions whereby women married or about to be married were enabled to secure for themselves money invested in the public funds, joint stock companies, and other financial undertakings, were the main features of the Act of 1870. We have seen the good that came of it, and how it was marred by needless limitations and distinctions without principle, making it clear from the first that it was only a question of time how soon it would be cast aside to make room for a bolder measure. Years rolled by, and some of the grosser omissions of the Act of 1870 found remedy in legislation; but public opinion was being silently and slowly prepared for a more sweeping change, and when, twelve years later, a Bill which, though badly drafted, was in principle nearly perfect, came before Parliament, it passed into law after a two hours' debate in the Commons, and without a single peer venturing to record his vote against it.

Introduced by Lord Selborne, the Married Women's Property Act, 1882, was steered safely and surely through the rocks and shoals of the House of Commons by Mr. Osborne Morgan, and, thanks to the national excitement over the Egyptian war, almost without amendment. Under its working, women married after the 1st day of January, 1883, will continue to enjoy most of the privileges of their maidenhood, and an amount of personal and proprietary freedom previously unknown in Great Britain. The rights and responsibilities of single women will remain theirs untouched by marriage, and matrimony will no longer mean the loss of separate legal existence, or "consolidation" into a husband. The theory of the oneness of the household, with its convenient simplicity, henceforth disappears, and is replaced, at least as far as property is concerned, by a sort of "dual control." The old relations of obedience and protection give way to a kind of life partnership. In the one household there will be two distinct owners of property, with correlative rights and obligations—not tenants in common, or joint tenants, but separate owners. So far from being "consolidated" in their husbands, indeed, the wives of the future will be able to sue their husbands, in contract or in tort, give evidence against them, make them bankrupt, and in certain cases to prosecute them criminally. The extent to which some of these privileges extend is at present, through the faulty drafting of the Act, not quite clear, and we must be content to await judicial interpretation on several doubtful points. Meanwhile, on the face of the measure, it appears that the timid, halting, temporizing character of the Act of 1870 is succeeded by the spirit of thoroughness and finality. The great redeeming clause of the previous Act relating to women's wages is now extended to cover all possessions present and to come, so that the act of marriage no longer serves as the transfer of any kind of property, real or personal. The effect of the first section of the Act is to empower any woman, whether married before the passing of the Act or after, to hold, acquire or dispose of, whether by will or otherwise, any property, real or personal, as though she were a single woman. Henceforth all property devolving upon, or acquired by, a married woman, whether it be fruit of her own industry or come to her as next of kin, or by will, or by gift, is hers quite free from any control on the part of her husband, and that without the need for the intervention of trustees. A more important innovation still is that which enables any woman married after the passing of the Act to hold as her own, without settlement of any kind, not only property coming to her subsequent to marriage, but also property belonging to her previous to marriage. The effect of this section is that the fact of marriage gives the husband no present right

of any kind in the property of his wife. The old situation is exactly reversed, and the suggestion of settlements will sound as sweet in the ear of the suitor as it was distasteful before. Formerly, if a man could persuade a girl to marry him without a settlement, and cared to do it, he was master of her fortune: now, unless he can persuade her to make a settlement, he takes nothing. The need for taking the initiative is for the first time thrust, as it ought to be, upon the party best able to take care of himself; and though settlements for the sake of the children will still be desirable, it is well that where they are not made—and careless, improvident marriages there will be to the end of the chapter—that natural equity should be attended to, and the woman retain her own.

The old law—if that can be called old which ended yesterday—gave, as we have seen, a direct opening to cruelty and fraud, and in their worst form; and however rarely that opening may have been used, it is well that it has now been effectively closed. Had the new Act been law before, one curious, shameful chapter in the history of the past had been left unwritten, and “the abduction of heiresses” found no mention in the statute books. The motive for that form of crime at least has been blotted out by the Act; while for analogous reasons it may also do something to check the safer baseness of a mercenary marriage. Every woman on her marriage will be presented, free of cost, with “a settlement by Act of Parliament,” and the wife of the costermonger will hold her property by the same tenure and in the same way as the wife of the peer.

A direct result of this change in the law will be to render useless much curious learning upon the subject of “frauds upon marital right.” In the days when husbands had substantial interests in their wives’ possessions, the notion grew up, under the sanction of the Court of Chancery, that for a woman on the eve of her marriage to dispose or settle her property, or part of it, without the knowledge of her intended husband, was a distinct fraud upon his rights, and it was accordingly open to him to apply to the Court to have the settlement put aside, so that he might have the benefit. To such an extent was this doctrine carried that ignorance on the part of the intending husband as to the existence of the property has been held to be no bar to his right to have the secret settlement undone. In future, as there will be no such thing as marital right, there can hardly be any fraud upon it, and though a woman may still be tempted to conceal the existence or extent of her property, in order to avoid gentle pressure for settlements, it is not easy to see what remedy the husband would have, or, indeed, that he would suffer wrong, beyond the wrong there would be in such show of want of trust.

Another branch of legal learning similarly made obsolete is that relating to a wife's equity for a settlement, which we have already explained to be her recognized equitable right to have part, usually half, of any property coming to her subsequently to her marriage settled to her separate use. This doctrine, which has done good service in the past, is now needless, as without the intervention of the Court the wife will take the whole. We may here observe that there is nothing in the Act affecting the rights of survivors; so that if a wife have not disposed of her property during life or by will, her husband at her decease will succeed as before to the whole of her personal estate, while his rights in respect to her real estate are left untouched. This is probably as it should be, and as the dead woman would have wished; but our law will not be just until, in the converse case, the childless widow is entitled to the whole of her husband's personal property, instead of, as now, only taking half, and having her right to the remainder overridden by far off kindred, or, failing them, by the Crown.

In one respect the Act is not only bold but retrospective, providing that a woman, even if married before the 1st of January, 1883, shall be entitled to hold, as forming part of her separate estate, any property her title to which shall accrue after the commencement of the Act. It will be noticed that it is the title to the property, and not the right to possess it, the date of which is of moment. Thus, if a woman be entitled contingently or in remainder before the commencement of the Act, and the property vest or fall in, years hence, it will not become her separate property, because her title to it was already good before the coming into force of the Act. Not the less the provision is a bold one, and trenches, if not upon legal interests, at any rate upon vested expectations. It is possible that, amid the tangled skein of motive which may have led a youth into matrimony, the knowledge that his bride had expectations from some great aunt, or other ancient relative, held a not unimportant place, and the Act now frustrates, and effectively renders vain, any personal hopes the youth may have formed thereupon. If the great aunt or ancient relative survived until the 1st of January, 1883, and dealt with her fortune as she was expected to do, the husband would take no interest whatever, because it was the probability of it, and not the title to it, which accrued before the commencement of the Act. As a natural consequence of the enlarged proprietary rights now conferred upon married women, the Act further renders them capable of suing and being sued in all respects whether in civil or criminal proceedings, as though they were spinsters, and for the first time any damages or costs recovered by them in a court of law will be their separate property. This

power, extending to torts as well as contracts; and making it no longer needful that their husbands should be joined either as plaintiffs or defendants, seems to open up a fine field for possible litigation. The wife who fancies herself aggrieved by a slander, or injured in a railway accident, may, without the consent of her husband, or in defiance of him, appeal to a British jury to give her damages, and then display financial judgment by investing the proceeds of a soiled reputation or a broken leg in the Three per Cents. or the Egyptian bonds. But it is not only strangers that a married woman may now pursue and harry with litigation; if she is so minded she may turn her attention to her husband. She has henceforth the fullest liberty to proceed against him in a civil action, and has the same remedies for the protection and security of her separate property against her husband as against any one else. We gather, indeed, from the hopelessly obscure language of the twelfth section of the Act, that a woman's power to sue her husband for torts is confined to wrongs touching her separate property, and does not extend to personal torts. The effect of this limitation will be to prevent a woman from punishing her husband in damages because he has slandered, or libelled, or assaulted her, but if he stay at home to thieve, or pilfer, or waste, a wife will now be able to sue him as for a tort done in respect of her property. But the Act introduces a far more sweeping and drastic change. The old rule, that husbands and wives were incompetent to bear testimony for or against each other is made obsolete, and, in certain cases, they are now invited to prosecute one another for theft. Nothing could more forcibly illustrate the utter breaking up and abandonment of the old "consolidation" theory, so dear to the old jurists, than this new power of a woman to drag her husband before a criminal court. This is a power which, apart from cases of personal violence, has been hitherto unknown in the land, and, if the need for it be a new one, must be subject for curious reflection. Happily, the more probable thing is, that the need was there before, and that the yielding of the power has now first been made possible by the new fairness of men. However that may be, no previous English legislation had ever contained hint or suggestion that a wife had a right, in respect of property, to proceed criminally against the man she had chosen for better or for worse. The Act of 1870, indeed, gave a married woman civil and criminal remedies "against all persons whomsoever," but no practitioner had the boldness to contend that these words would enable her to put her husband as a prisoner into the dock. In the new Act, however, all room for doubting is taken away by the addition of "including her husband" to the words "against all persons whomsoever." Still, this power of

criminal redress is strictly conditioned, and, a woman may not prosecute her husband for a theft or kindred crime committed while they are living together, unless he be contemplating desertion. If he desert her and then steal from her, or steal from her as a preparation for desertion, she can promptly prosecute him, and follow him up to the end. Violent as seems this change in the law, and startling to masculine humanity, it will probably work well. The criminal law can only be set in motion when there has been desertion accomplished or intended, and the new power of the wife will be most often used when the man who has abandoned her has taken her property to deck a home from which she is to be a stranger. The power to sue a husband for torts in respect of her separate property was the inevitable outcome of the good done by the Act, for it would obviously be a vain concession to allow a woman to retain her own and then leave her without a remedy against the husband who chose to disregard her claim. On the other hand, while the husband receives an equivalent power of proceeding criminally against his wife, it does not appear that he will have any correlative right to sue her in tort—an omission which is probably due to the characteristically blundering draftsmanship of the Act.

The ample way in which the Married Women's Property Act, 1882, guarantees that married women shall be empowered to save or spend their own property, naturally involved some change in the law respecting a husband's liability for his wife's contracts. Accordingly, we find it provided that every contract entered into by a married woman shall be deemed to be a contract in respect of, and binding on, her separate property, unless the contrary be shown. The effect of this clause is to shift the burden of proof from the creditor to the married woman, on whom it will be incumbent to show that the circumstances of the contract rebut the *prima facie* presumption that she intended thereby to bind her separate estate. At the same time, the framers of the Act can hardly have wished to hamper the wife's power to act as agent for her husband, and we may take it that, when the circumstances are such as would give rise to a common law liability on his part, they will also serve to negative the presumption raised by the section. Otherwise, the old law as to the husband's liabilities for his wife's contracts remains where it was, so that tradesmen will probably continue in their mistaken but persistent belief that husbands can be made to pay for any reasonable order a wife may think fit to give. To the average shopman it seems part of the natural fitness of things that a woman should have power to run up bills in her husband's name, and repeated judicial decisions have been quite powerless to uproot a notion so conducive to briskness of trade. In reality, a married woman's power to con-

tract for her husband is part of the general law of agency, and rests upon easily recognizable principles. It is now well settled that neither the fact of marriage nor consequent cohabitation implies a mandate by law making the wife the agent of the husband, so as to be able to bind him or pledge his credit. Where a married couple are living together in the ordinary way, there may be, and probably would be, some presumption that the wife had authority to pledge her husband's credit in supplying the ordinary wants of the household, but the evidence would be only *prima facie*, and the presumption, not of law, but of fact, and so liable to be rebutted. Thus, if the husband had in fact never given his wife any authority, but had supplied her with ready money for the purposes of the household, he would not be liable, even though the goods sent in were in the nature of necessaries. It is possible, however, that, though never intending to hold out his wife as his agent, and never really giving her any authority, a man should so conduct himself as to entitle tradesmen to place reliance on the woman's representations that she had his authority, and in such a case he would be liable. Whether, however, his action amounted to a tacit acknowledgment that his wife was his agent, would be a question of fact, to be determined after a review of all the circumstances of the case. In the recent case of *Debenham v. Mellon* (6 App. Ca. 24), Lord Blackburn says:—

In the ordinary case of the management of the household the wife is the manager, and would necessarily get short and reasonable credit on butchers' and bakers' bills, and such things; and for these she would have authority to pledge the credit of the husband. I think that, if the husband and wife are living together, that is a presumption of fact from which the jury might infer that the husband really did give his wife such authority. But even then I do not think the authority would arise so long as he supplied her with the means of procuring the articles elsewhere. . . . I quite agree that, if the husband knew that the wife had got credit, if he had allowed the tradesman to suppose that he himself had sanctioned the transactions by paying them, or in other ways, it might very well be argued that he would have given such evidence of authority that, if he did revoke it, he would be bound to give notice of the revocation to the tradesman, and all who had acted upon the faith of his authority and sanction. That would be the general rule, for where an agent is clothed with an authority, and afterwards that authority is revoked, unless that revocation has been made known to those who have dealt with him, they would be entitled to say: "The principal is precluded from denying that that authority continued to exist which he had led us to believe, as reasonable people, did actually exist."

So that the husband is under no obligation to notify to trades-

men that his wife is not, or has ceased to be, his agent, unless by his own conduct or omission he has himself entitled them to treat her as such. On the other hand, a wife who has been deserted by her husband, or forced to live apart from him by reason of his misconduct, is entitled, in the absence of other provision, to pledge his credit for such things as are reasonable or necessary—otherwise if they are living apart through her default. This state of the law, arrived at after much doubting, and only finally settled by a recent decision, rests firm upon the broad principles of agency, and the only result of the altered status of married women with respect to property will be in some cases to change the circumstances under which the presumption of agency will arise, and to shift the burden of proof from one party to the other.

With regard to a husband's liabilities for his wife's ante-nuptial debts, the new Act follows the lines laid down by the Married Women's Property Amendment Act, 1874, and the fourteenth section provides that he shall be liable for her contracts and torts made or committed before marriage, but to the extent only of the property he has received from her. There is nothing in the Act which affects the liabilities of any one married before the commencement of the Act, so that there is now a threefold law, according to whether the marriage took place before the 9th day of August, 1870, or between that date and the 29th of July, 1874, or later. In the first case, husbands are liable for their wives' ante-nuptial debts, contracts and torts absolutely, and to the full extent of their own property. In the second case, not liable at all for her debts, even to the extent of property received through the wife, but liable for her ante-nuptial torts. In the third case, liable, but only to the extent of assets received through the wife—a state of confusion which gives meaning to the legal maxim: "An Englishman's duty is to obey the law, not to know it." The only way in which the new Act enlarges upon the provisions of the Married Women's Property Amendment Act, 1874, is in the case where the husband would be, in consequence of his marriage, liable under the 78th section of the Companies' Act, 1862, as a contributory to a company in liquidation, a case which was held by Mr. Justice Fry not to come within the meaning of the Act of 1874. Women married after the commencement of the Act are made liable for their ante-nuptial debts, contracts and torts, and as between themselves and their husbands primarily liable. There is one section which is hard upon a wife who lends money to her husband, whether for purposes of business or otherwise, deciding, in fact, that money so advanced shall, in the event of his bankruptcy, be treated as part of his assets, and that her claim to a dividend as a creditor shall be postponed until the

claims of other creditors have been satisfied in full. This regulation, due to an excessive tenderness for creditors, and a desire to avoid collusion, we fear will work badly, and obviously makes it safer for a woman to lend money to any one rather than her husband—a surely disastrous result when the Act is investing a woman's willingness to lend with a new importance. For the first time outside the custom of the City of London, a married woman may now be made bankrupt, but only if she be trading separately from her husband, and therefore, of course, is not liable if she is in partnership with him. An attempt was made to make a married woman a bankrupt under the Act of 1870, and after some uncertainty it was decided by the Court of Appeal (*ex parte Jones*, 12 Ch. D. 484) that she could not.

Passing the clauses whereby the fact that money or stock standing in the sole name of a married woman is made *prima facie* evidence that she is entitled to it as her separate property, we come to a married woman's new liabilities to the public for the maintenance of her husband and her children. It will be a source of melancholy satisfaction to some to know that, in conformity with the provisions of the Act of 1870, a wife with property can now be made to relieve the parish of the burden of her pauper husband, and to pay such weekly sum towards his maintenance as the local justices shall decide. At the same time, her liability is carefully limited, and in no case can arise until the husband has applied for relief at the door of the workhouse, and if he choose rather to starve he has no legal claim. Seeing that a wife, unless she deprive herself of her power by her own misconduct, can always insist upon her husband's supplying her with necessaries—and meaning by necessaries things suitable to her station—an even-handed justice would seem to require that she also should be forced to recognize her duty without waiting until the last extremities of want have been endured; but the inequality in the law, having regard to the difference in the work power, is after all more apparent than real, and the legislature was probably unwilling to make it possible that a man should be encouraged to live in idleness by reason of a woman's obligation to supply him with necessaries "suitable to his rank." As a wife's unfaithfulness has been held to exonerate a husband, it is submitted that adultery on the part of a husband will now release a wife from all liability to the parish. With regard to the support of other relations, the new Act extends the liability of married women from children to grandchildren, but perpetuates the anomaly that, while a man is bound to support his wife's children by a former husband, there is no correlative duty imposed upon her of contributing to the maintenance of any step-children she may have. The Act is silent as to the question of primary liability,

apparently leaving it to the discretion of the guardians whether the order for the support of children shall be made upon the father or the mother. Finally, the Act saves existing settlements, and allows them to be made hereafter, and expressly says that nothing therein contained shall render inoperative any restraints upon anticipation attaching to the property of a married woman.

Such are the main provisions of a Statute of which the far-reaching consequences can now only be told of doubtfully, and, as it were, guessed at through the veil of time. The tendency was first to exaggerate, and then unwisely to depreciate, results which, though they may be slow in the coming, and silent, will not be the less great on that account. Now, as from the beginning, the promoters of the measure are met by the stale cynicism that no State interference can avail to save a wife from her natural protector, and that, with whatever safeguards we may seek to fence about a woman's property, her husband will still control it, his only hesitation being whether he should "kiss or kick" her out of it. We must remember, however, that the teaching of the law insensibly governs and colours men's notions of conduct. The ambiguity there is in the word "lawful" is answerable for much doubtful morality, and the feeling that what the Statute-book sanctions cannot be very far wrong, has had much to do with the usage of woman in the past. Cruelty is never quite ruthless till it believes itself righteous, and English reverence for law has by a sad irony helped to make the lot of women harder. The new Act will come as a revelation to many, teaching them that there is no divine right by which a husband may squander a woman's fortune, whether won by her own industry and self-restraint or coming to her in the right of her friends. And even if it be true that here and there a husband will still succeed in coaxing a wife out of the control of her money: the liability to be coaxed is likely to become more rare; for among the perhaps far-off results of the Act, will be a new sense of independence, and a new desire to be consulted in business matters. We say among the far-off results, because women's hereditary incapacity for affairs, and half comic, half pathetic ignorance about all that touches money, will for a long time prompt them to distrust themselves, and place reliance in male guidance. Still, the process is set on foot, and sooner or later we shall see an assertion of individuality tending to make the phrase, "the head of the family," one of doubtful meaning. Sooner or later wives will claim to spend and withhold; and even if their husbands continue to direct the expenditure they will wish, and rightly, to have something of the pleasure and the grace of giving. That the process of acquiring business aptitude

will be a long one, and accompanied by some startling financial experiments, is probable enough. Money will doubtless be muddled away, and the tendency to find pleasurable excitement in floating bubble companies, and buying balloon shares, have to be duly corrected by experience. The art of drawing up flattering prospectuses, already thought to be approaching perfectness, will receive a new impetus, and fiscal schemes will be baited with a strict regard to the idiosyncrasies of the latest class of investors. But after all this is only saying that the new knowledge will be accompanied by the pains of birth, and if to the end women are found to spend more willingly or less judiciously than their husbands, that is hardly sufficient reason for going back to the old tutelage. We let the gambler squander away his inheritance, and, for matter of that, his wife's too, without effective rebuke; and as no one is known to have suggested that the youth who scatters ancestral acres among the loafers and hangers-on of a race course, should be shut up in a madhouse, it would be a little pharisaical to complain of the feminine preference for rotten securities. It is not possible for any legislation, however wise or paternal, to protect people against the consequences of their own ignorance, impulsiveness, or folly; but that is no reason why the law should anticipate those consequences. We cannot prevent individual women from playing ducks and drakes with their property, or handing it over to the mercies of a husband; but that is no reason why the law should do it for them. The Legislature may be powerless to prevent the acts of others, but at least it is answerable for its own.

So far we have assumed that the enlarged powers of women over property will lead to a greater recklessness of spending, and among the leisured classes this may be so; but, on the other hand, in homes where the incomes are narrow the new facilities given to married women to acquire and hold property will be a distinct gain to the cause of national thrift. With their much smaller means of earning money the wages of women are so much more precious to them, and no mother who has known what it is to want, or had to hold the wolf off by the ears, is ever likely to spend in indulgence with quite the same recklessness as her husband or brothers. Any one who is familiar with the lives of the poor, and knows something of the surroundings of the working millions who are gathered in the cities, will recognize that the wife is generally the surest purse keeper, and that anything which goes to strengthen her control over the family expenditure will mean some attempt at saving, and an effort to lessen the drink money. Indeed, the likelier thing is that we shall see the growth amongst us of something of that penuriousness and hard, joyless thrift, which makes the French peasantry the least

attractive in the world. But for the present, at any rate, we are a long way from that danger. It may be that at first the Act will leave the bulk of homes very much as they were, but it would be a dangerous mistake, merely because women of the leisured classes, not schooled by misery into quickness, take years to learn what their rights are, to suppose its consequences are therefore insignificant. In attempting to forecast the results of any legislation the most we can do is to point to tendencies; and tendencies are apt to be thwarted. In the many homes, happy without a history, and where there is an approach to the perfectness of mutual trust, it will make little immediate matter in whose name property may be held—whether in the husband's or the wife's. But legislation is seldom needed for the majority; it is the exceptional cases that cry loudest for remedy, and, in the end, force the hands of Ministers. In the households where there is no longer trust, and from which affection has been banished, or only stays to haunt as a memory, a wife's right to have some voice in the disposal of her property is for the first time made sure. Between the two extremes there are the thousand cases in which the passing of the Act will beget a new thoughtfulness, in at least consulting a woman's wish, and give an additional shadow of emphasis to her voice when she gives an opinion in family council. In the many cases it may be, it will have no directly perceptible result, but when it does work its influence can only be for good. The fears that have been so freely and loudly expressed, that divided ownership will mean a divided household, and that the Act will promote family discord, are a little unreal. If there be a difference between husband and wife as to the disposal of property coming in the right of the woman, the difference is not remedied by allowing the husband to do as he likes, and the peace secured under the old law could only have been "the peace of Warsaw." If the difference be there—and it is better that it should be there, than only not there because a wife may not speak her mind about her own—no good will come by trying to smother it, or affecting to disbelieve in its existence. The bravest, frankest way is to recognize it, and as the Act has no bearing upon the property of the husband, there can at least be no injustice in allowing her wish to prevail.

There is one way in which we think the Act may do serious harm, but the evil is so inextricably bound up with the good that all we can do is to acknowledge its existence, and then acquiesce in it as part of a larger gain. It has been pointed out, and we think truly, that a wife's new independence as to property will sometimes tend to make the downward path more smooth, and matrimonial unfaithfulness more common. Formerly the knowledge that the false step would leave her destitute must have

helped many a woman to turn aside from the first whisperings of temptation; but now, if wealthy, she may leave her home, and if she will, enrich the seducer with her fortune; and the husband will be without remedy, as the power of the Divorce Court to make an allowance only extends to settled property, and not to property ensured to the wife under the Act. The same causes that may remove a saving restraint from the path of the tempted wife will also serve to make that form of rascaldom more attractive to men. It has been somewhat hastily assumed that marriage settlements will fall into general disuse, but, though for different reasons, they will be quite as desirable as before. There will no longer be the old need to insist on them for the protection of the wife, as the husband's matter-of-course title to her property no longer exists; but experience has shown that as long as a wife's property depends upon her power to say "No" its position is insecure. Hence, there grew up in the Court of Chancery, in the time of Lord Thurlow, the practice, since become general, of restraining married women from anticipation—that is, putting it out of their power to touch the *corpus* of their property, and obliging them to be contented with the annual income. By this means was invented a machinery whereby a wife may save herself from her own folly or affection, and beforehand make it impossible that she should yield to the caress of a husband money intended as provision for herself or her children. The use of these restrictions on anticipation will remain untouched by the recent Act, and though a little undignified and almost ironical on the morning of marriage, will probably still be advisable. Settlements will also be required in the interests of the children, who can thus be placed beyond the reach of the fault or misfortune of their parents. In the case, too, of any great disparity of fortune between husband and wife, it will be well that some legal provision should be made, to avoid the possible bickerings that might arise if either were left to be a pensioner upon the bounty of the other. It is obvious that artificial restraints, like those upon anticipation designed for the protection of married women, have little in common with the old disabilities which, one by one, have fallen away, until in the matter of proprietary freedom there is little to be desired.

It is a little curious to note that, in this matter of married women's property, the same step in the world's progress was reached ages ago by another imperial people, and in a closely analogous way. The working out of the problem was characterized in Rome by the same clinging to the forms of the law, and by the same disregard for its spirit. In Rome, as in England, the property and the person of the wife were originally beneath the control of the husband; under all the recognized forms of mar-

riage—the *confarreatio*, the *coemptio*, and the *usus*—the bride passed *in manum viri*, and became as the daughter of her husband. Gradually the older and stricter forms fell into disuse, and were replaced by a modification of the *usus*, whereby a wife no longer “came under the hand” of her husband, and with regard to her property was in very much the position of an English wife with a settlement. Unless a portion of her property had been set aside under the name of *dos*, as a contribution to the common expenses of the household, a woman in the days of Antonine Rome kept everything she possessed as her separate property. But the emancipation of women was carried out further and more logically, and affected not only property but the person. Side by side with this proprietary freedom there grew up habits of personal liberty unparalleled in the civilizations of the West. At the time of which we are speaking, when the Roman Empire was at its greatest, recognition of any sanctity in the marriage tie was wholly foreign to men’s minds; the most common form of marriage meant little more than a temporary loan of the woman by her friends, a sort of voluntary conjugal society, to be dissolved at the will of either party. The Church, as might be supposed, from the first waged a fierce war with this un-Christian licence, but with very partial success, when other and more frightful developments were stayed, and the progress of the world rolled back by the inroads of the barbarian. The breaking up of the Roman Empire placed women once more under male tutelage, for while the barbarians had the notions of barbarians, the Church in its horror for the personal licence that disgraced the days of the Roman splendour, in many ways cast its influence in the same scale. Thus, as Sir Henry Maine has pointed out, wherever in modern Europe the Roman jurisprudence has prevailed women have enjoyed an independence unknown in countries where the law is based upon the canon law system. A comparison between the French law and the English common law—as regards marriage derived from the canon law—will illustrate what is meant. Now that we, too, in the hour of completed Empire, have freed married women from all property disabilities, and so have reached a stage long ago worked out by the jurisconsults of Rome, it may be well to ask ourselves whether the process is to end here. We, too, travelled all the long road that separates *status* from contract; and a wife, from being the personal chattel of her husband, has come to be loyally accepted as his equal helpmate.

It is impossible to conceal from ourselves that the chief value of the Married Women’s Property Act, 1882, in the eyes of many, is that it is another step won towards what they are pleased to call the emancipation of women. There can be little doubt that

the Act will be used by advocates of the so-called Women's right's movement as a fulcrum upon which to work with the lever of a renewed agitation. Property, for instance, has always been the English qualification for the franchise; and as the Act slowly comes into force, until gradually all women stand in the same relation towards property as men, that argument for their admission into the pale of the constitution will be stronger. Hitherto their advocates, urging that the suffrage should depend upon the payment of taxes, quite irrespective of sex, have always been met with the answer that such an arrangement would be a slur upon the mothers of England, and give to spinsters what in practice would be denied to wives. That can be said no longer. But apart from this special question of the franchise, which, to our minds, is conclusively decided against the claims of women by the danger there would be in possible divorce between the physical sanction of the law and the lawgivers themselves—it being quite conceivable that on some questions, such as drink, men and women might take opposite sides—there is the larger question of women's position in the world of action. We have said that the Act may result in some new independence, individuality and assertiveness, but it is not necessary to suppose it will do more. Rather, on the contrary, the yielding of so much that is just may serve to take the heart out of an agitation which has never had strong hold upon the nation, and can only triumph by trampling upon cherished ideals. If the old willingness to accept the home and the household as the fitted sphere of duty and activity is no longer felt, and women cease to find contentment in making a happy difference in the lives that are nearest to them, at least let us clear our minds of cant and illusions that are vain. Nothing can be more idle than to suppose that women can long enjoy at once the rights of one sex and the privileges of the other. If they make choice to take equal share in public and professional life—the strife of the forum and the market—they will find themselves working shoulder to shoulder with ruder comrades, and under conditions where the battle is to the strong. If, leaving their vantage ground, they step down into the arena, they will have to share the dust and the toil and also the stain of the struggle. Old world notions about womanly perfectness will have to make place for others, and we are not sure that the world will be the richer for the change. We shall have to say good-bye to a thousand softening, chivalrous, civilizing influences—influences not easily describable, but easily to be recognized in the work they have done; and their work has been this—that they have made it possible that from the word *human* we should win the word *humane*. But the sway men have bowed to will not long outlive the changed relations; and if women

come to be regarded as men, rivals to be trampled down, or past in the race, their old power will perish. But something more is at stake than the outward refinements, the tendernesses and amenities, the elegancies and the courtesies of life, for the same process will result in a sure weakening of the spiritual forces of the world—our very ideals are in danger. The approval of some woman, whose approval is reserved for the highest, has most often been the incentive to the best of human striving. But if that influence has worked for good in the past, it has been chiefly because women have been thought to judge conduct by higher standards, to exact more, and show less tolerance towards baseness and insincerity. And that, again, is in turn dependent upon the fact that their minds are coloured by an innocence impossible to men. We all know George Eliot's passage in which she tells us how, in spite of Burke's grand dirge over the dying chivalry of his day, its essential spirit—the spirit of reverence towards women—has still survived. It is now threatened with a danger which the mind of Burke never foresaw. If the so-called emancipation of women is carried to the full, it can only mean spiritual impoverishment and desecration to that finer and rarer moral atmosphere men have hitherto breathed in their presence.

But the fact that the Married Women's Property Act, 1882, may perhaps serve as encouragement to some to push forward claims that are opposed both by the long teaching of the Church, and by considerations touching our human welfare, must not make us repent. Because some may demand more than is just is no reason for withholding that which is. The Act has made tardy reparation for old injustice, and though something yet remains to be done in amending the law relating to a husband's intestacy, the Married Women's Property Act, 1882, will remain a lasting tribute to the patience and right feeling of the men who worked for it, and the happy heedlessness of the Parliament that passed it.

JOHN GEORGE COX.

ART. IX.—THE SAD EXPERIENCE OF CATHOLICS IN NON-CATHOLIC UNIVERSITIES.

IT is strange that while the Catholics of this country, and the most earnest Christians who are not Catholics, are making every effort to preserve the denominational character of popular education, a certain number of us should be found, on the other hand, to advocate mixed University education for the higher classes.

It will perhaps be urged by these last that the Universities and the Board schools are not equally hostile to the Catholic religion *de facto*, because the former are frequented by youths who are already grounded in the doctrines of faith, whereas the latter are instituted for children who have not yet had that grounding. There is much truth in this distinction, and it holds good up to a certain point. But beyond that point it is untenable. For it is certain, with the certainty of fatal experience, that temptations against faith, the supernatural, and even against the existence of God, exercise a far more powerful influence upon young men than they do upon children. The child's mind is almost a passive recipient of whatever it is taught; the young man's intelligence having been fully awakened and developed, becomes actively inquisitive and acquisitive. The most fascinating and most importunate temptations springing out of his spirit of independence, the pride of reason, and trust in his own strength, beset him just at the time when the greatest, the most profound and difficult problems of philosophy are presented to his mind for solution. The dangers to faith incurred by a young man going fresh into a society that is polished, fashionable, fascinating, masterful, and sceptical, are far more serious than those to which a boy is exposed who is sent to a non-Catholic school to learn the three R's.

Contrast the conduct of those Catholics who send their sons to Oxford with the teaching and spirit of the Catholic Church. In these latter years no subject has been so frequently illustrated by solemn declarations and legislation on the part of the Church as the intrinsic evil of mixed education for all classes of Catholics. A hundred years ago the question had not arisen, or at least it was not ripe for the universal decision which has now been given. A hundred years ago, therefore, it would have been quite conceivable that Catholics, in certain countries, should have advocated a system of mixed education. But it is difficult to conceive how they can do so now, and yet feel that their loyalty to the Church is unimpaired.

To put aside the consideration of primary and secondary education, let us consider what course the Church has followed everywhere regarding University education.

We find that strenuous efforts have been made by Catholics in nearly every country to obtain Catholic Universities—not because no Universities existed in those countries, but because, not being Catholic, they were intrinsically dangerous to Catholic life. The Catholics of Belgium found it necessary to establish a Catholic University, and they have succeeded perfectly at Louvain. The Catholics of Germany felt the same need; they put forward their programme in 1862, but their design was crushed by the tyran-

nical interference of the State. The Catholics of France as soon as they felt themselves free began to found Catholic Universities, and if they have not met with success, the fault lies with their present persecutors. The Catholics of Ireland similarly have made enormous efforts to found a Catholic University. They obtained the co-operation of the greatest University authority, and Cardinal Newman lent himself, heart and soul, to the enterprise. If the Catholic University of Dublin has had only a very partial success up to the present, the reasons are obvious. The persistent action of the Protestant Government of England has been able, without the appearance of persecution, to starve and discredit it, while with enormous funds it has maintained or set up powerful rivals to supplant it.

The Catholics of England have not been blind to the need of a Catholic University, and, though a first effort has proved abortive, they still feel, and feel with increasing intensity, the need of something that should correspond to a Catholic University.

In Canada the Catholics have a Catholic University, chartered by the Queen of England, and sufficiently endowed.

In the United States there is the recognized need of a University which shall be Catholic in name and spirit.

We may say, therefore, broadly that Catholics have everywhere condemned the mixed system at the Universities by the efforts and sacrifices they have made to found Universities which shall be purely Catholic.

On the matter of education the Church and the world have set in two distinct currents. The Church declares everywhere that education must be distinctly religious, from the primary school up to the University, basing her declaration upon a Divine right, inherent in her Divine commission, to watch and guard the education of all her children, whether in the poor school or in the University.

The world, on the other hand, is everywhere arrogating to itself full control over education, to the exclusion of the Church. And thus between the Church and the world a conflict has begun which will tax all the resources of the one and the other. The world is rich, the Church is poor; the world seeks itself, the Church the salvation of souls; the world is numerous and powerful, its adherents are recruited with great ease; the Church is "a little flock," its power is spiritual, its adherents are they who are not ashamed of the gospel and of the cross of our Lord Jesus Christ. The warfare seems to be a very uneven one; humanly speaking, the odds are all on one side.

The conflict has become general throughout the world. In England, for several reasons, it has not been fiercely waged as yet. Till a few years ago the religious feeling of Oxford and Cam-

bridge, based as it was upon the old Catholic principle which guarded every University and house of education with a religious test, kept the national Universities practically closed to Catholics. Finding the doors closed to them, Catholics were not even tempted to seek admittance. Till a few years ago the national feeling of England was strongly in favour of denominational education. The nation was still of the opinion of Milton, who held that—

The great work of education is to repair the ruin of our first parents, by learning to know God aright; to love Him, to desire to emulate Him as best we may, possessing our souls in true virtue, which being united to true science, makes up the highest attainable perfection.

In the Report of the Royal Commissioners, presented to Parliament in 1861, we find the following evidence as to the general acceptance throughout England of the principle that education ought to be religious. We quote this authoritative passage, if only to show how soon it has fallen out of date :—

We think that the existing plan (the denominational one), is the only one by which it would be possible to secure the religious character of popular education. It is unnecessary for us to enter upon proof of the assertion, that this is desirable in itself. It is enough for our purpose to say that there is strong evidence that it is the deliberate opinion of the great majority of persons in this country (England) that it is desirable. Some evidence has already been given upon this subject of the feelings of the parents of the children to be educated. Those of the nation at large are proved by the fact that, with hardly an exception, every endowment for the purposes of education, from the University down to the smallest village school, has been connected by its founder with some religious body.

The controversies which have occurred in the course of the last twenty years, the difficulties which they have thrown in the way of the establishment of any comprehensive (*i.e.*, united or mixed) system, and their practical result in the establishment of the denominational training colleges and elementary schools, appear to us to place beyond all doubt the conclusion, that *the great body* of the population are determined that *religion and education must be closely connected*, and we do not think that any other principle than that which is the base of the present system would secure this result.

It has been supposed that the object of securing the religious character of education might be equally attained, either by restricting the teaching given in the schools to points upon which different denominations agree, or by drawing a broad line between the religious and secular instruction, and by providing that the religious instruction should be given at particular hours, and by the ministers of different denominations. We do not think that either of these expedients would be suitable to the state of feeling in this country.

The plan (continue the Commissioners) of drawing a line between

religious and secular instruction, and confining the religious instruction to particular hours, would, we believe, be equally unlikely to succeed. The principal promoters of education maintain that such a line cannot be drawn, and that every subject which is not merely mechanical, such as writing and working sums, but is connected with the feelings and conduct of mankind, may and ought to be made the occasion of giving religious instruction.

They maintain that the religious influence of the school depends no less upon the personal character and example of the teacher, upon the manner in which he administers discipline, upon the various opportunities which he takes for enforcing religious truth, and on the spirit in which he treats his pupils, and teaches them to treat each other, than upon the distinctive religious teaching.

From the above extracts it is manifest that there was till the other day a general acquiescence in the old Catholic principle that education must be based upon religion, and closely connected with it in all its branches.

English Catholics then, till quite recent date, were not exposed to the temptation to seek education in the non-Catholic schools or in the Protestant Universities of England. But the abrogation of the University test, and the revolution created by the Secularist and Birmingham party in the matter of education, have now placed some Catholics in a position of strong temptation. Their vision of the prestige, the refinement, and the natural advantages offered by the Universities, reminds one of the temptation in the wilderness. They hunger after certain benefits for their sons, they desire for them the kingdom of the earth and the glory thereof. They are accosted, as they believe, by an angel of light; they hear, indeed, the distinctive warning of the Church, but they think that they see their way through the difficulty by means of a compromise; they trust to their own resources, and make up their minds, perhaps desperately, to try the venture, hoping for the best—that is, to secure for their sons the benefits of both this world and the next.

The next few years will be years of trial and crisis for English Catholics. There must be a desperate struggle upon the question of education all along the line. At present, so far as the adhesion of Catholics to principle is concerned, our popular education is completely safe; the danger here is, lest we be swamped or starved out by legislation: so also is our intermediary or secondary education safe. The attack is being made upon our higher classes, upon those who belong to the fashionable world, or who possess wealth, and are ambitious to see the worldly success of their sons. The Church can always count more surely upon the fidelity of the poor than of the rich. Riches, the Gospel tells us, bring with them great temptations, and it is difficult on this

account for a rich man to enter the kingdom of heaven. The responsibility and influence of the rich are also exceedingly great, and they are bound to consider this in shaping their conduct. The fate of hundreds and thousands below them in the social scale often depends upon their example. They may appear to have secured themselves against harm, but if they have brought harm upon those whom they have attracted to follow them into danger, the responsibility rests with them. A general and his staff, because mounted, may escape destruction; but if the thousands of their rank and file are surprised and destroyed through their imprudent daring, the responsibility of the destruction will be thrown upon the officers. Now, it is hardly possible to conceive the acceptance by Catholics of education in the Protestant or rationalistic Universities without a surrender of the whole principle of denominational education, which is at present the Church's main contention in every country and for every class.

Those who have considered it right under the actual circumstances to commit their sons to the care of the national Universities, have no doubt acted, as they thought, for the best. They have considered themselves competent judges, and they have ventured to decide a case in which they felt strongly interested, without possessing, as we suppose, all the data of the case. It is worth their while to look at the question not merely from the standpoint of the Church's authority, but also under the light of her long and painful experience in other lands.

Some persons being more easily convinced by arguments based upon fact and experience than by those deduced from theory and abstract principles, we have thought an important service might be rendered to the cause of Catholic education in England by ascertaining and carefully considering the lessons taught us by the experience of Germany.

In order to learn with some degree of accuracy the effect of the State University education upon Catholics in Germany, the writer of this article a few weeks ago addressed the following letter to a number of Bishops and leading laymen in different parts of the German Empire.

I venture to address you upon a question of vital importance to the Catholic interests in England, in the hope that you will kindly give me the fruit of your valuable experience in Germany.

The state of the question in England is briefly this:

The Catholics of England have a number of excellent colleges under the management of the clergy. These colleges, towards the end of their course, prepare young students to take their degrees by teaching them the subjects required by the London University. The degrees are acquired by examination, without residence. The

degrees of the London University are at least equal in value to those of Oxford and Cambridge.

Some Catholics are not satisfied with this. They desire to reside and study in the Universities of Oxford and Cambridge. They desire it for these reasons—viz., the culture and education are supposed to be better in these Universities on account of the great variety of professors and of interests to be found congregated therein. Modern thought (including in this term modern *freedom of thought* in all its scientific and philosophical phases), is fully represented among the teachers, heads of houses, and students. Next, they desire to reside in the University because they can thus form friendships, or, at least, acquaintance, with persons who, in after-life, may rise to eminence in society, in political life, and in science and literature. Lastly, they desire to enter into close and intimate contact with whatever may serve to refine their tastes and to obtain for them pleasure and satisfaction in the natural order.

It is urged that, though the Catholic colleges prepare young men successfully for degrees in the London University, they are not able to offer the varied advantages of this modern culture, including freedom of thought, social refinement, and wide personal acquaintances, which Oxford and Cambridge can offer. The Catholic colleges contain an extremely small society of Catholic young men, whereas the Protestant or rationalistic Universities of Oxford and Cambridge contain an *élite* of the youth of England; and, I may add, they represent every phase of error—from Anglicanism to open agnosticism.

The Bishops of England have several times condemned these Universities as unfit places for the education of Catholic youth; they consider the atmosphere of them to be dangerous to faith and morals; they hold that a Catholic youth of the University age, say from nineteen to twenty-three years of age, ought not to be exposed for the purpose of education to the freedom of thought and to the false theories in philosophy concerning life, God, and all that is dearest to a Catholic, which prevail in these Universities; they think that for the sake of their faith and of their salvation Catholics ought to make a sacrifice of the educational and social advantages offered by Oxford and Cambridge. It may be further pointed out, that these Universities offer nothing *essential* for success in the various professions of the world, which cannot be obtained sufficiently elsewhere. It is also felt that the Catholic Church must build up her own system of Catholic education, and make herself entirely independent of the Protestant and rationalistic Universities. The time will come when a Catholic University will be possible, but it will depend upon the fidelity with which Catholics shall refuse to turn the stream of Catholic youth into the non-Catholic Universities. To send the Catholic youth of England to these Universities would be to imperil the faith of future generations. Nevertheless, in spite of the remonstrance and action of the Bishops, a certain number of the laity, supported by a small number of clergymen, are bent upon

giving their sons education in the fashionable Universities; they urge that their sons can be trusted, that they will not be more exposed in the Universities than they will be in the world, and that they themselves as parents are the competent judges as to what is or is not safe for their sons; and that individuals cannot be called upon to sacrifice their own worldly interests and advantages for the sake of others, who might be unfit, in character or for other reasons, to go to the Universities.

Such briefly is a statement of the case.

The favour which I seek from you is an expression of your opinion as to what has been the effect upon Catholics in Germany of education in rationalistic and non-Catholic Universities. I wish to know whether your experience can throw any light upon our situation; whether we have anything in prudence, in charity, and in fidelity to the Church, to learn from the history of the education of Catholics in Germany. Such experience, I doubt not, will be of great value to us in England, who seem to be entering upon a career which you have traversed.

And yet while there are points of similarity between our position and yours, there are points of dissimilarity, which would have been favourable to you—such as the circumstance that the German Catholics are numerous, whereas we are an exceedingly small fraction of the population; and the further circumstance that Catholic students in German Universities frequently live apart from the non-Catholic students, if not in a state of actual opposition to them. Whereas the intention of English Catholics in sending their sons to the Universities is to place them in the closest social contact with the non-Catholic residents.”

To this letter a large number of answers has been received. We are not at liberty to quote the names of our correspondents, nor perhaps to give their letters *in extenso*, were it even possible to do so within the limits of space at our command. But there is no objection to making extracts which will sufficiently serve the purpose before us. Our quotations shall be from letters written by most eminent representatives of the Church and the State.

a. As far as I have seen, the education received at Protestant Universities exercises a very pernicious influence on Catholic students in general. This is particularly the case in the eastern provinces, where Protestantism is so prevalent; and our experience is, that the majority of the young men who go to the Protestant University of Königsberg receive injury to their faith and morals, and a not inconsiderable portion lose their faith altogether. Those who return fervent, faithful Catholics have of late been *rare* exceptions. By far the greater part fall into doubts, lukewarmness, or coldness.

Along the Rhine and in Westphalia it is very different. The fact of the Catholic students being in the majority is a favourable influence

on those who study at the paritæte Universities of Bonn and Munster ; and besides, their very surroundings are so much more Catholic. The Catholic families at whose houses they may board, the intercourse of their own families on their return home, or the influence of a pious wife, who may undo the mischief of the University, are so many favourable opportunities of strengthening the faith. Still, many young men are shipwrecked there also in faith, and much more frequently in morals. To obviate in some degree these calamities, we have for a long time past collected funds for the foundation of a Catholic University. Unfortunately, we have little hopes of realizing this project as long as the modern Empire, in its blind jealousy, monopolizes instruction.

How much more fortunate are you, to be allowed to open establishments where young men, sheltered under the watchful care of Holy Church, may prepare themselves for their public careers. At all events, the preservation of faith and virtue outweighs any temporal or scientific advantages possessed by the Universities. Compared to the dangers encountered by the soul, what University advantages, well furnished libraries, the hearing of philosophical disputations of celebrities in one or other branch can avail a young man ? What the acquaintance of men who take a prominent part in politics or public life ? what a higher polish of manners or pleasanter social intercourse—when compared to the one thing necessary ? Of course it would be more worthy of a fervent Catholic to renounce all these advantages, according to the old adage, “*Suprema lex salus animarum*,” than to prefer them to eternal ones. But if, notwithstanding the repeated and urgent admonitions of the Bishops, numbers of Catholic parents will send their sons to Oxford and Cambridge, it argues at least an incredible amount of presumption, or carelessness, and in years to come, they will reap the fruit in bitter disappointment.

β. There is no doubt that Catholic youths, and particularly those of the upper classes, should be well protected against anything that might lead to error or doubt. For this end, it is not sufficient that in the lower schools—in the gymnasia—there should reign a Christian and Catholic spirit, but this same spirit ought to be found in the Universities also. It is in these in particular that, in our time, the faith of the students is in many ways undermined. Philosophy as it is taught there is rationalistic, and leads to materialist and pantheistic views, and these make themselves felt more or less in natural science, medicine, and even jurisprudence.

The Holy See has therefore always advocated the foundation and frequentation of Catholic schools, colleges, and Universities ; and this is also the reason why our Holy Father, Leo XIII., insists so much on the teaching of philosophy according to St. Thomas.

There is no doubt the frequentation of non-Catholic institutions is attended with danger, especially when the professors expound naturalism, as your Lordship tells me is the case at Oxford and

Cambridge. Error has something very enticing to unsophisticated youth, particularly when it is introduced under the garb of science. At the feet of such masters, young men, thirsting for knowledge, and carried away by their imaginations, if they do not lose their faith will at least forfeit some of their religious certainties, and their religious spirit will, in some degree, be shaken. Our Universities cause us often to bemoan the loss of young men, the sons of thoroughly pious Catholic parents.

First. I would not advise the Bishops to desist, in any respect, from the course they have been pursuing. Your lordships ought in all respects to act in harmony with the decisions of the Holy Apostolic See, and to regard the frequentation of Catholic colleges and institutions as *the rule*, and to *urge* all concerned to act in accordance with it.

Second. I think it would be advisable that the Bishops should make every effort in their power to give the existing colleges the very best masters, and to improve the interior arrangements to the best of their ability, so that they might successfully compete with other similar establishments.

Third. The idea of the foundation of a Catholic University for England must not be lost sight of. But, besides ample means, excellent professors will be wanting; for, by their reputation, they are the chief means of attracting young men. It must be the first care of the Bishops, therefore, to educate talented young Catholics, to make them pass at the London University, and, after taking their degrees, they should devote themselves to literary pursuits.

Fourth. During the time that all this is being accomplished, parents should be constantly reminded and made clearly to understand of how much importance a thorough Catholic education is, and that they have been appointed, in the first place by Almighty God, to see to the Catholic education of their children. Since circumstances are so varied, it does not seem to me that it would be judicious to make the frequentation of Catholic colleges an absolute obligation, nor to make use of censures to intimidate parents not disposed to comply. Besides, the frequentation of a non-Catholic University is not always sure to be dangerous to the soul, no more than the frequentation of a Catholic University gives security against all dangers. The contact with Catholic young men might even be the means of non-Catholics recognizing the divinity of the Catholic Church.

Fifth. As I am too little acquainted with the statutes of the Universities of Oxford and Cambridge, I cannot say if it would be feasible to give the Catholic students an opportunity of hearing lectures on dogmatic philosophy and history, particularly Church history, delivered by Catholic professors. It is quite obvious that such a thing would be most desirable.

I am afraid there is nothing either new or useful in what I have said, but it is the result of my experience under the present circumstances in Germany, which I have had many an opportunity of studying.

γ. Our Catholic students are exposed to many dangers to their faith, and many, particularly in the first half of this century, lost it altogether. These dangers are, of course, diminished if the young man has received a good religious education in his own family and at the gymnasium, and if at the University he find other students who, by their fervour, support and encourage him. Within the last thirty years Catholic life and influence have made a remarkable and prodigious change in the students. At nearly all Universities Catholic "Students' Associations" have been formed. Religion, Christian science, and friendship are the watchwords. Older men, priests and laymen, are honorary members and counsellors. All receive the Holy Sacraments on appointed days; and, until the unfortunate Culturkampf, they made their annual retreat together. But, notwithstanding all these precautions, we see a number of Catholic students shipwrecked in faith and morals; consequently the German Episcopate has for many years planned the erection of a Catholic University; but adverse circumstances have, up to the present, prevented the execution of their wishes.

Within the last, ten, twenty, or thirty years Government has not only given the vacant chairs of jurisprudence, medicine, and philosophy, but particularly those of philosophy and history, not only to Protestant professors of the most varied opinions, *in puncto fidei*, but even, of late years, to men of rationalistic, anti-Christian, and materialistic tendencies; so that such tendencies now exercise their destructive influence at our two Catholic Universities. This evil gave rise to the petition forwarded to the last Landtag, to beg the two Houses of the Assembly to erect a new chair of philosophy in both Universities for professors that would teach in the Catholic spirit. The Bavarian Government, at the grant of this petition, has already appointed two such professors, who are now teaching in the spirit of St. Thomas of Aquin."

δ. The contest is not yet over, either for us or for the other higher educational establishments in the German Empire, and our students are not sufficiently protected against the effects of an ungodly teaching.

I am not surprised that a large number of Catholic parents in England prefer sending their sons to those colleges under the care of the clergy, where, no doubt, the different branches of science are as competently taught as at the Universities. It may be true that the reasons alleged in excuse are not very solid: still, one point must not be overlooked; which is, that the word "University" carries with it a certain spell, which in all times and places exercises its influence both upon students and parents. Although it is to be bewailed, that at present our Universities have either a Protestant character, or, if Catholic, are tainted with the spirit of rationalism and unbelief, yet one cannot deny that Universities, by reason of their historical origin and development, are, and have always been regarded as, the seats of higher and universal learning *κατ' ἐξοκὴν*.

How great is the attraction exercised by their historical renown, may be gathered from the fact that with us, as soon as it is in their power, even theological students prefer making their studies in a University, rather than at the lyceum of the diocese, though the latter may possess excellent masters. I may even add, that those who have made their theological studies at the University, look down on those who have gone through their course at the diocesan lyceum, and the boasters are not abashed even if the latter equal or surpass them in knowledge.

ε. I consider it necessary that the bishops should point out to the faithful all the dangers of Government Universities, and warn them repeatedly; and that they should use every means in their power to protect and arm those who still think that they must frequent them.

ζ. As Catholic young men can obtain Oxford and Cambridge degrees by examination at the London University, there is no absolute necessity for their frequenting the former. Admitting that these great Universities present several advantages that should not be undervalued, still many of them are founded rather on imagination and custom than reality; and they bear no comparison to the disadvantages that result to Catholic thought and feeling, and even to faith itself. Young men of extraordinary talent and great strength of character may avoid the religious and moral dangers, but these are rare. The bulk consists of young people of mediocre ability, that are easily led, and whose fortitude has never been tested. Parents, too, even if in other respects unprejudiced, easily persuade themselves that their sons are the best, most upright and strongest of men; experience has shown this in a hundred ways. Therefore, the view taken by the English episcopate is the most correct one.

θ. In German Universities the position of Catholic young men is beset with dangers. But, notwithstanding all this, it is not uncommon nowadays to find young men who, during their course of study, have not caught the contagion, and have preserved both their faith and morals pure in the midst of all dangers. They owe their preservation, on the one side, to the increased spirit of devotion to the Church which the persecution we have endured has so much strengthened, and on the other, to "Catholic Students' Associations." In these associations, as well as in similar ones in towns among Catholics of different spheres of life, certain rules are laid down to guard against dangerous occasions, the prevailing abuses of the day, as well as for mutual encouragement in the faithful profession and practice of the Catholic faith, and the upholding of good morals.

ι. It is quite true, also, that life in such Universities, and the teaching of Protestant and rationalistic masters, have great dangers for Catholic young men. We have abundant proof of it in Germany. Not one of our Universities is purely Catholic. In all of them Pro-

testant, bad Catholic, and, more or less, rationalistic professors are appointed; and the worst theories are heard by Catholic students. Many of our young men have lost their faith. That the evil is not greater arises from the fact that these young men finish the study of history, philosophy, classical philosophy, &c., before leaving the gymnasium, and, therefore, do not attend the lectures in which the most un-Christian principles are freely expounded. The newcomers enter jurisprudence, medicine, law, or some other faculty at once.

As far as I know this is different in England, as the humanities and such branches are the principal subjects of the University studies.

κ. It is true a portion of our students keep both faith and morals unimpaired, but God alone knows the large numbers to whom the contrary happens. A few may improve in social refinement by close contact with unbelievers or sectarians, and may gather a few advantages for the future in the way of knowledge, credit, or influence; but losses sustained by a far greater number of others is much more considerable. It may even be that Catholics exercise a good influence over non-Catholic students; but as long as men are only mortal a much larger number of others will perish under the destructive influence of rationalistic companions, and will perhaps be estranged from the Church for the rest of their lives. Those young people who, overrating such slight advantages, and not considering the great dangers they have to meet, will, I fear, be easily deceived. They mistake the exception for the rule.

Besides those who are really deceived, there are others who, on grounds of liberal-Catholic principles, have set themselves in defiance to the Church, and have upheld the Universities. But it is a known fact, and ought to be a warning to all, that the Old Catholics, priests as well as laymen, have for the most part been recruited from their ranks. They have on all occasions advocated the frequenting of the Universities, have spoken against the Colleges of Theology opened by the bishops, and opposed the wishes of those right-minded Catholics who desired the foundation of a Catholic University.

But I may say with confidence that the desire and fervent wish of all enlightened Catholics who love the Church is, to be able at some future period to found a Catholic University at which their sons may be educated without fear of the many dangers to faith and morals. You enjoy this liberty in England, you say, and it is happy for you.

My advice in the matter is, let the English bishops continue their practice of discouraging those who are blinded by the apparent advantages, and let them show by word and deed how much they disapprove of exposing young men to the dangers of Protestant University life. In years to come the consequences will appear, and retribution will consist, not in a state of compulsion, such as we have in Germany, but in the ruin of the young men, which will have been brought about by the approbation of the bishops themselves.

λ. The English nation enjoys freedom in education, but oppression and compulsion are the lot with us. The State has monopolized the entire direction of the school system, from the elementary school to the University. Without its sanction no public instruction may be given; even private masters in families are drawn into its meshes.

The State decides in which category of the college young men have to enter to prepare for the different branches of their calling. The State prescribes the amount to be taught, the proficiency to be attained; it controls all; parents and the Church have neither rights nor power. The State tries to obtain even the appointing of those who are to instruct in the Catholic religion.

Your lordship may gather from this what grave dangers arise from these circumstances; and we can change nothing. It is with fear parents confide their little ones to the lower classes from which priests are excluded, and with greater anxiety they see their sons enter the gymnasia, in which many masters scandalize their scholars by word and deed. It is, indeed, with fear that we see youths go to the University, as true Catholic professors are so scarce, and faith and morals so often in danger. It has not been possible for the bishops to get an active influence in the upper schools. The present struggle has put the project of a Catholic University (moved twenty years ago) in the background, but it is not abandoned. The Church is suffering much under these circumstances; for the number of young men who lose their faith is considerable, and the danger is all the more menacing because they, in after years, are to fill, more or less, the higher places in the State. Now and then we notice how familiar intercourse between Catholic and Protestant young men causes many of the prejudices of the latter to disappear, and that such early friendships are useful to the Church; but the utility of such social relations is not to be compared with the injury done to our educational system.

μ. In the first place, we must confess that the Universities of Oxford and Cambridge surpass in age, riches and learning, almost all similar institutions in Europe, and that therefore it must be of great benefit to a young man to finish his studies in them. On the other hand, all the advantages of these Universities can never compensate for the want of right principles. The first and most necessary requisite for Catholic students of all faculties is thorough Catholic principle, and this can never be dispensed with.

We in Germany can bear witness to the terrible mischief our Government Universities have done in all departments of educated society; so that, even in the Catholic parts of the country, only few of our lawyers, doctors, and Government functionaries have, during the years of their University studies, escaped shipwreck to their faith. In fact, in proportion to the depth of the spirit of faith, self-sacrifice, and attachment to the Church, so deeply rooted in the mass of the Catholic population of Bavaria, is the want of it among the educated classes. I may even venture to say, with sorrow, that at a few of

our German Universities the theological faculties have not kept quite free from rationalistic influence; so that, within the last ten years even priests and bishops have underrated the poisonous influence of the Universities upon the laity.

For a long time it has, therefore, been our endeavour to erect a Catholic University, but the actual monopoly of instruction by the Government and the "Kulturkampf" has hindered us. You are more fortunate in England; you do not know the fetters of that terrific monopoly. And the first and most important task of England, in my opinion, is by degrees to develop out of your Catholic colleges an efficient Catholic University that might rival the Protestant Universities. As the English have both freedom and wealth, the chief thing will be to educate able professors.

ۛ. With us the entire course of a boy's studies, whether he be destined for Church or State, or to enter the University, is laid down by the law. In Bavaria, every boy who intends to become a priest must keep to the course of studies appointed by law if he hope ever to obtain a parish, benefice, prebend, or canonry. All is compulsory, from the elementary school to the University. In his tenth year the boy leaves the school to enter upon a course of nine years at a gymnasium. At the end of this course an examination decides if he may be admitted at the University to enter upon the higher studies. Those who fail at the examination are excluded from the University, and must renounce any hopes of office in Church or State. In the same way, the law directs how many years a student has to be at any University before he can advance to the final examination, which decides as to giving him an appointment. So much for the exterior course of studies.

The professors there are named by the State without the least regard to their faith, and if a rationalist or anti-Catholic is among them he may disseminate his poison freely, and in many cases it is more than difficult to lodge a complaint. At our Universities all opinions have their representatives. The so-called free science is particularly well pleased in attacking and destroying any positive belief. A faithful young Catholic has grave dangers to encounter, and many do not surmount them, but return to their homes unbelievers. That is the reason why so small a number of our public officers have the spirit of faith and show themselves good Catholics.

As to your question, I reply, most certainly it is not right for Catholic parents to send their children to Universities where their faith may be in danger when they have Catholic institutions that can give the same advantages as far as knowledge and science are concerned. But the principal question will now be, In what way and by what means can the attractions of the Universities be counteracted?

§. Atheistic science and relaxed moral principles have been the chief means of bringing our faithful Catholics into closer relation with each other, and they have freely and without hesitation sacrificed

temporal advantages in order to preserve their religion. Besides this, our Catholics have had to separate themselves from their non-Catholic fellow-citizens ; not only to defend their religious interests, but also because it was almost impossible to meet men of other creeds and ways of thinking without encountering insult and mockery. Whether this unparalleled separation brings any real damage, particularly to social life, will only be shown in the course of time. For myself, I have some doubts and suspicions, but I have not formed any definite judgment.

o. Founding my reasons on our experience in Germany, I think it would be advisable to allow your young men to frequent Oxford and Cambridge as soon as there should exist Catholic colleges, or institutions, or even houses, under competent superintendence, in which students could live and receive from thence protection against the dangers of University life. In our Universities rationalism and materialistic atheism is certainly more prevalent than in yours, notwithstanding our bishops consent even to ecclesiastical students going there, and even sanction their lodging at other than Catholic institutions. The conduct of our clergy, and of the theological students, during the so-called "*Kulturkampf*," speaks in favour of these proceedings, at least, on the whole. Of course we have some Catholic professors, particularly for theology ; but, even if they make no secret of their religion, they in no way take the lead among the Catholic young men, and being almost unknown among the students of other branches of science, afford neither protection nor support. Nevertheless, in general, those young men that have not already lost their faith at their own homes or at the gymnasia remain firm, and are even strengthened by the opposition they meet with. They consider it a point of honour, in the face of the Protestant or infidel majority, to show themselves loyal sons of the Church.

π. The situation of our students is sad in comparison with that of yours ; they are entirely restricted to Government institutions, and the Church is allowed scarcely any influence. I can well understand that your Lordship and the other English bishops wish all Catholic young men to study in the Catholic colleges, and then pass the London examinations. I can also understand that even good Catholics may have a preference for Oxford or Cambridge. But those who prefer to send their sons to these Universities are quite wrong in thinking that the Catholic colleges are wanting in anything which conduces to social refinement, or in what might contribute to a good education. I cannot imagine for a moment that Catholics should value that freedom of opinion which estranges men from God, and which is the characteristic of our century. I can understand, and in some measure excuse, sending young men to Oxford or Cambridge, that they may make the acquaintance of those who in after years will be called upon to play a part either in social, political, scientific, and literary circles. Nevertheless, it is perfectly

clear that the bishops should disapprove of, and forbid the frequentation of Protestant, yes, I may say, infidel universities, knowing, on the one hand, their dangers and temptations; and, on the other, how much the Catholic colleges can accomplish. The advantages offered by Oxford and Cambridge ought not to be purchased at the expense of greater good and still higher advantages. The English bishops are all the more entitled to adopt this course, since they are obliged to form a Catholic system of education which is to compete with the Protestant; and, as they are not hindered by Government, they would thus find their chief opponents in those who prefer Protestant to Catholic colleges. It is indeed deplorable when even priests should allow themselves to speak in favour of the Universities.

England is happy in having no Government opposition to contend with. Although the English Catholics are in a minority, their spirit is such as to fill us with admiration. If the Catholic colleges continue to enjoy the protection of the bishops, surely the clergy will unanimously perceive the dangers of the old Universities; the idea of a Catholic University will be sustained, the partisans of Oxford and Cambridge diminished, and the unanimous, prudent conduct of bishops and priests will increase the number of students who think more of the injury done to the soul than of earthly gain.

May the Holy Ghost strengthen the English bishops and laity, that the grain of mustard seed, which has struck out such strong shoots, may not be hindered in its growth, but may develop in strength and power.

We might almost double the number of these extracts. But enough for the present. They all witness to the dangerous character, and to the practical working effects upon Catholic youth of the German national Universities. We are justified in saying that the evidence is abundant and universal, and that it is, without exception, unfavourable to the desire of those who would open the non-Catholic colleges of Oxford and Cambridge to the Catholic youth of England.

But mark the vast difference to be found between the position of the Catholics of Germany and that of the Catholics of England in relation to the national Universities.

1. In Germany a University course is compulsory as a condition of employment by the State, and of entrance into the learned professions. Where there is compulsion of this kind, some special Divine assistance may be expected by those who are eagerly desirous to overcome the temptations to which they will be unwillingly exposed.

2. In Germany Catholics are generally able to reside in Catholic boarding-houses, or with Catholic families in the Universities, and they are not forced to live in the mixed society which is to be found in public colleges.

3. German Catholic students form a very considerable and important minority. They are welded together in religious Associations, which now have acquired a kind of national character, and are the recognized mode of securing a certain unity of action, and of forming a strong *esprit de corps*.

We might quote at least thirty passages from the letters before us, to show the perfect consensus of the most distinguished laymen and prelates of the Church in Germany as to the vital importance of those strong Catholic Associations, which in some measure separate the Catholics from non-Catholic influences, and are the chief means of saving those who are saved from the shipwreck of their faith and morals.

4. Opposition and persecution, so far from being injurious to the Catholic students, have inspired them with a spirit of independence and resistance, which, in reality, cuts them off from free social intercourse with those whose principles are fundamentally anti-Christian.

On the other hand, in what position do English Catholics stand towards the Universities of Oxford and Cambridge?

1. So far as employment in political life and advancement in the learned professions are concerned, an Oxford or Cambridge degree has no value whatever beyond that of the London University, where no residence is required. It is not essential to the occupation of any position to have resided at Oxford or Cambridge. Such requirement has long since been abolished; and everything in England is now placed upon the broad platform of public competition.

2. As to numbers, it is enough to say that in Germany the Catholic population is some sixteen millions, and in England it scarcely exceeds one million—the number of the class who would frequent Oxford or Cambridge were these Universities acceptable to the Catholic body being inappreciably small compared to the non-Catholics.

3. So far are Catholic students in Oxford or Cambridge from any necessity of coalescing, and forming themselves into a corporation in order to resist oppression and persecution, that they find a most friendly spirit towards them pervading both Oxford and Cambridge. Catholics are welcomed, and almost made much of—at all events, there is every disposition, both on the part of the heads, and the fellows, and undergraduates, to offer them companionship and all the advantages of those seats of learning. There is nothing in the shape of hostility in either University to call out in Catholic young men the spirit of martyrdom, nothing to challenge their manliness and self-assertion. The danger is far more serious than persecution—it is the danger of seduction under the subtle influence of genial, kindly,

frank and sympathetic manners. Who does not know what it is to become insensibly subject to the *genius loci*, to the persuasion of fashion and tone, and to the slavery of human respect? Hundreds would bravely encounter persecution, when not a dozen are found proof against the fascination of free thought and rationalism, clothed in refined language, and commended by good taste and sympathetic yearnings after truth. The position, therefore, of a few handfuls of Catholics in Oxford or Cambridge becomes a thousand times more perilous to faith and morals than the position of a strong body of Catholics at a German University. They have no *esprit de corps*, no numbers to fall back upon. They are units scattered and lost in the multitude.

4. As to Catholics living apart from the life of Oxford, as to their forming a strong Catholic Association by way of self-defence, and as an aid to the practice of their religious duties, as is done in Germany, this is precisely what they will not be likely to do. They will point out that the conditions of German and English University life differ so widely that that which may be suitable in Germany will not be useful in Oxford. Indeed, this has actually come about in one of our Universities, where, we are informed, a kind of Catholic club or association was formed a few years ago of Catholic undergraduates, under the direction of the Fathers who live in the town, but which has since been broken up by a feeling among the Catholic students that they preferred to go their own way, without the inconveniences of any self-imposed and distinctive restraints of this kind. Thus the one sheet-anchor of the faith, a strong distinctive Catholic Association, by which bishops and laymen set so much store all over Germany, where young men are obliged to frequent Universities, is not to be counted on in Oxford or Cambridge.

Nor is it probable that the position of Catholics would be improved were a Catholic hall or college opened in Oxford or Cambridge. What Catholic young men go to Oxford for now is, not to live in an Oxford Ushaw, or an Oxford Stonyhurst, but to become part of the very life of colleges which are already famous throughout England—colleges which have a national rather than a religious character. They desire to consort not with their old Catholic school companions, but with the future great men of England. Their purpose is to enter into a new world of life, and to become completely *au courant* with modern thought in all its phases. Thus the Catholic men who go to Oxford and Cambridge now, and a great number of others who would be there did their conscience permit, would probably take every possible care to avoid a Catholic college, did one exist, and Catholic society—their main purpose being to become acquainted with something altogether different.

The opening of a Catholic college in Oxford would afford no remedy to the danger we refer to. No doubt a Catholic college would draw a number of Catholics to itself—but they would be another class of men. The result would probably be that, given an ecclesiastical sanction, a larger number of Catholics would go to Christ Church, Balliol and Merton than are there at present, and another set of men of a different stamp would be attracted to the Catholic college.

Men would find a hundred reasons for not joining a Catholic College in Oxford. They would find it most important for them to join another set. They would have, of course, very special and absolute reasons. We believe the chief effect of a Catholic College, were one opened with the leave of the Church, would be to entice into a dangerous educational atmosphere young Catholics who would not otherwise think of entering it. Were a College opened, either by a religious order or by some other Catholic corporation, we know perfectly well what would happen. All the wide-spread influences and powers of attraction possessed by such a body would be employed to make their college what is called "a great success." Money would be lavishly spent upon buildings which would appeal powerfully to the imagination, and to a certain sense of vanity that is easily cultivated, and every effort would be made to attract numbers. Fine distinctions between the toleration and the encouragement of a Catholic College in the midst of a rationalistic or Protestant University would soon and inevitably disappear, and by the end of a century the Catholic Church in England would find herself in respect to the faith of her laity in the sad condition of the Catholics of Germany, but without the excuses arising out of the plea of necessity, which may fairly be pleaded by our German brethren.

It is not uncommon to make an appeal to our zeal for the spread of the faith by pointing out how much the faith would be spread and commended by the presence of Catholic young men in the colleges of the national Universities. It is quite a novel idea, however, to send untrained and half-equipped recruits to make a conquest of a territory held by well-disciplined troops. What great prospect of success has an ordinary young Catholic, who finds himself in a college like Balliol, or in the hands of a Pattison or a Jowett, of making conversions, or even of holding his own in argument against the sharpest wits and the cleverest men of the day? He enters the arena wholly unprepared. He knows his catechism, he has, perhaps, just touched upon the evidences of Christianity, but he goes to Oxford before he has received any course of Catholic philosophy. He has gone to Oxford just at the time when he ought to be at Ushaw, Stonyhurst, or some other Catholic college, going through the first

elements of Catholic philosophy. He has gone to Oxford, therefore, as a raw recruit, wholly unprepared to meet the prevalent and plausible rationalism of the times we live in. But granted that an occasional conversion may be made in the bye-ways of the University, what would this result be compared to the loss which would otherwise accrue to the Church by the absorbing and transforming influences which are always dominant and at work in a great intellectual non-Catholic centre?

Let us look matters fairly in the face, and take no leap in the dark. Let us appeal to no abstract supposition, to no over-sanguine hopes, to no airy speculation, which must be left to time to dissolve. But let us ask ourselves what has been the actual experience of Catholics in France, Belgium, and Germany, and in all countries where the Church has practically lost her power over the Universities. And let us learn a lesson from the experience of our brethren. Of what are we English Catholics made? of what stronger and better character, of what purer disposition and abler intelligence than our brethren of other lands, that we should survive where they succumb?

Are our passions more under control? Is our love of intellectual independence of Divine Authority more easily restrained by grace? Are our temptations of a different kind? And have the world, the flesh, and the devil less hold over the noble Anglo-Saxon race than over the rest of mankind? We have failed to discover any proof that they have.

No; let us be wise in time—and humble in order to be wise. We are in a world of trial and temptation, with the Church of God for our guide. We must traverse the strait way, and enter by the narrow gate. We are called upon to sacrifice many of our inclinations in time, in order to secure an inheritance in eternity.

In the present case we are asked to make a sacrifice, but it is of nothing that is essential, even to our worldly prospects. Our forefathers broke with all earthly interests rather than renounce their faith. We are invited to follow them at a great distance—so far, at least, as sacrifices of the kind we have spoken of are concerned.

✠ HERBERT, BISHOP OF SALFORD.

Science Notices.

Electrical Transmission of Force.—The correspondent of the *Times*, under the date of Feb. 14, sends us such a startling piece of news that we must be excused if we receive it with a certain amount of suspicion. It is to the effect that all obstacles are now removed, and electricity is really in a position to set aside steam and take its place as the great motive power for the future. M. Marcel Duprez has conducted certain experiments which have satisfied a large number of scientists and mathematicians that it is possible to transmit electricity along an ordinary wire to almost any distance. The total loss of power from internal resistance of wire and leakages is in no case to exceed 50 per cent. He proposes to avail himself of the waterfalls up and down the country, many of which are scattering and wasting 10,000 horse power on the rocks and beds of their rivers. A moiety of this natural energy transported some 500 miles will henceforth become available for almost every purpose.

The whole thing has too much the air of a day-dream to command any serious attention for the present. To the many obvious objections there is no satisfactory answer offered; but we are invited to look forward to a time when whole towns will enjoy the benefit of cheap electric light, when huge chimney stacks will disappear, together with the smoke that blackens the air and faces and poisons the lungs of the inhabitants of our industrial centres.

The most recent information on the subject of "accumulators" is a bare announcement that Mr. Brush has taken out a patent for a secondary battery on a totally new principle. Anything from so eminent an electrician will be sure to command attention.

Meteorology at the North Pole.—The enthusiasm for Arctic discovery that glows in the breasts of certain scientific men is certainly a matter for no little astonishment. There is absolutely no branch of science on which more energy and devotion have been lavished, none in which the results are more meagre and disappointing. But Arctic mania is proof against failure and ridicule. And it is no surprise to hear that the society which rejoices in the sesquipedalian name of the Permanent International Polar Commission, is preparing another Arctic campaign for 1883. It is the pet idea of polar explorers that the grand secret which will lead to the discovery of a science of the weather is to be found at the North Pole. It is vain to object that the result of meteorology from previous explorations is *nil*; we are always met with the reply that we are on the eve of momentous discoveries. The Permanent International Polar Commission is bent upon making a supreme effort during the year 1883 to bind and capture the Protean ice god and snatch from

him the long-treasured secret. It is to be arranged in this wise :—Fifteen stations are to be planted around the Pole in the form of a circle, at which simultaneous observations of the usual astronomical and meteorological elements are to be daily taken. And we are invited to believe that this will achieve a final and crowning victory to science. Such fancies could only enter the brain of an Arctic explorer. There is not a tittle of evidence to show that the weather of the British islands at least has the remotest connection with any observed phenomenon at the Pole. There is, however, the evidence of our senses that 97 per cent. of our depressions comes to us from over the Atlantic. Were one tithe of the money and energy now wasted in the frigid zone devoted to the establishment of a meteorological station in mid-Atlantic, it would give us a greater insight into meteorology than the planting of an observatory on the Pole itself.

Sun-Spots.—The fact is that in weather science we are still “like children crying in the night.” A faint streak of light, it is true, there is in our darkness, and that is in the connection between sun-spots and terrestrial magnetism.

At the present moment we are actually passing through a maximum sun-spot period, and an excellent opportunity is afforded us of studying the connection between these mighty solar storms and terrestrial matters. We must not imagine, as was for long the current belief, that sun-spots are breaks in the solar envelope through which we obtain glimpses of the black body of the sun. They are, on the contrary, storms raging with a velocity and violence with which any earthly tornado would be too feeble to compare. Our storms of rain, hail, or snow result from the condensing or freezing of the vapour of water. The solar atmosphere is heavy with the vapour of iron, copper, zinc, and other metals, which, when condensing, rain down a shower of molten metal on the true globe of the sun. It is the whirling, raging movement of such storms that produce the familiar sun-spot. Now, for some unexplained reason, the magnetic earth-currents are strangely affected when such storms are sweeping across the sun. Auroral displays are never so brilliant, strange forms float through the skies, magnetic instruments are violently agitated, and telegraphic communication is interfered with. This is clear; but it is still uncertain how far weather changes are dependent upon these magnetic storms. Some profess to trace a connection between the maximum sun-spot period and our recent rainy season. But the connection is by no means well established.

Photographing the Solar Corona.—There is no more interesting appendage to the sun than the corona, that brilliant halo round the sun granted to our sight during the brief moments of a solar eclipse. Who knows whether the corona may not hold the secret of weather science? Hitherto it has been extremely difficult to learn anything definite of this radiant halo. For some time it proved a veritable apple of discord between prominent scientists; words waxed hot, the battle raged fiercely over the solar corona.

Was it some optical delusion, some vision fabricated in our air, or was it some extra-terrestrial phenomenon? Science has at length declared it to be something more than an "airy nothing;" it is a real thing connected with the sun. It is curious to note that the corona by no means rigidly preserves the form that its name denotes—it changes its shape from time to time. Certainly at each total solar eclipse it exhibits a decided variety of outline, as any one may satisfy himself by a cursory glance at the different sketches of the corona given in Prof. Young's late work on the Sun.

It has long been hoped that as science has succeeded in seeing the coloured prominences of the sun out of eclipse time, so the solar corona might by some suitable arrangement be brought within the reach of every-day ken. But though the corona is something more than a mere mirror that sets off the solar rays, and shines with a light of its own production, all attempts to view it in daylight have hitherto failed. "A happy thought," however, has recently occurred to Mr. Huggins, our foremost spectroscopist, which in all probability will enable him to draw aside the veil and obtain a glimpse of this interesting object. The real reason why it has been impossible to view the corona in daylight, as we view the prominences, arises from the fact that the light from the prominences more especially throws into vibrations those luminous waves that ebb and flow at the red end of the solar spectrum; but the corona fancies those more delicate shadowy undulations that hide themselves about the violet tints. Now the human eye is very quick and sensitive to all rays to be picked up about the red, but the violet rays are to us something like the coy maid:—

Et fugit ad salices, et se cupit ante videri.

It was the failure of the eye to distinguish any forms in the violet waves that suggested to Mr. Huggins the idea of employing the camera for the work. The camera is curiously unlike the eye in the matter of colour. The collodion film is too sensitive perhaps for the coarse bright colours of the red, but, in the shadowy region of the violet, it can detect and register forms that are quite beyond the powers of the human eye. Mr. Huggins then directed the camera into the violet in search for the dim outlines of the corona. And we have every reason to believe that his search has not been in vain. Something very like the coronal image has been received upon his plates. In the best photographs the rifts and rays will admit of accurate measurement. It is quite clear, then, that Mr. Huggins has had the good fortune to make quite a scientific *coup*. With improved appliances and more sensitive plate we may not unreasonably expect to explore the long-hidden mysteries of the solar corona.

Typhoid Fever Germs.—The scientific world has long resounded with the din of battle between the advocates of specific germs on the one hand and those of spontaneous generation on the other. The victory seemed to declare itself against the spontaneous or *de novo* theorists. It has now come to be an almost established law that in cases of zymotic disease the infection is propagated by a specific

germ communicated from one diseased subject to another. But Dr. Bruce Low, of Helmsley, in a valuable paper read before the Yorkshire Association of Medical Officers of Health, has much to say in favour of the *de novo* position in the case of typhoid fever at least.

Dr. Low's district lies among the primitive and thinly-scattered population of the Yorkshire wolds, a people whose excursions outside their own district are so few and far between as to constitute an event in the family annals. It is, therefore, a matter of no difficulty to trace their movements from day to day and even from year to year. Now in this isolated district Dr. Low has met more than once with an outbreak of typhoid fever, occurring under circumstances where specific contagion was out of the question. The matter is one of such frequent occurrence that he has been led to advance a theory of his own on the subject. He holds that the germs of every specific disease are everywhere in the air we breathe, but from various causes are generally harmless. These germs only become fatal, or throw off poisonous spores, when they find a suitable nidus or soil in which to propagate. He finds that sewage-tainted water, the proximity of the cesspool, combined with filthy personal surroundings, will form a compost which will fertilize these germs with ever-increasing deadly powers of destruction. A case is cited which is too suggestive not to be laid before our readers. A farm-house situated in a part of this lonely district was supplied with drinking water from a well, bright and sparkling to the eye, but laden with the dread germs of organic matter. The farm-house and its inmates were models of neatness and personal cleanliness, and they had quaffed the deadly waters for years with impunity. Not so fortunate, however, was a young labourer from a neighbouring cottage, who was employed on the farm at a spell of weeding. The young man being very vigorous at the work, found it necessary to come rather frequently to the fatal well to slake his thirst. He returned home every night to the cottage—his home, if that may be so termed—where the surroundings were so filthy as to create a wonder how human beings could possibly exist under such circumstances. He fell ill as soon as his contract job was ended, and typical typhoid fever was the complaint. He recovered, but only to communicate the fatal germs to his father, who had nursed him. The attack was severe, and the poor man succumbed almost at once to the disease. Now there was the clearest evidence at hand in this case to establish the absolute immunity of these people from any contact with the outside world. The fever began and ended where it began. Dr. Low is exceedingly fortunate in alighting on so typical a case, and its publication to the world cannot fail to throw much light upon the *vexata questio* of the causes of zymotic disease.

Palæolithic Man.—Was there ever such a being? Sir John Lubbock has propounded a distinction in his work on pre-historic man, founded on the type of stone tools employed. Those whose only weapons were the rude flint flake or unpolished stone, were to be styled Palæolithic; while their more civilized descendants, who polished and fashioned their stone implements, were to be known henceforward as

Neolithic. Geologists have behaved in this matter like the typical flock through a gap, and we are gravely invited in every text-book to accept this distinction as a matter placed beyond doubt. But we beg to offer more than one argument against a point that rests on such slender evidence that we may venture to call such a distinction an assumption. It is quite an axiom in science that no theory can be regarded as of value so long as some well-considered objection against it remains unanswered. Now to Palæolithic implements we have more than one objection to offer. In the first place it is quite superfluous to invoke man's agency to accomplish that which the elements are daily performing around us. To the task of fashioning a Palæolithic flake the heat and frost are quite equal, as any one at all acquainted with chalk districts well knows. It is moreover a curious fact still unexplained that these implements are to be found in the chalk districts, and in these districts alone. The Palæolithic man must have been endowed with a marvellous geologic instinct to have been able to confine with such exactitude his excursions and incursions to the cretaceous regions. It is not long since that the base of a chalk cliff in New Zealand was strewn with chipping and flakes which had dropped from the flint nodules above; and these could not be distinguished from the so-called Palæolithic implements of the Brixham cave. It is useless to invite us to see evidence of man's work in these flints when such things are turned out by thousands from the workshops of Nature. With regard to the extravagant age claimed for these stones, we have also a word to say, but it must be reserved for another occasion.

Notices of Catholic Continental Periodicals.

FRENCH PERIODICALS.

Le Contemporain. Janvier, Février, 1883. Paris.

WITH the January number of this monthly magazine is incorporated two other Reviews "of identical principles in religion and politics; of perfect conformity of view" generally—the *Revue Trimestrielle* and the *Lettres Chrétiennes*, both of which therefore cease to live a separate existence. The "explication" which the editor of the *Revue Trimestrielle* places at the head of this number of the *Contemporain* would seem to indicate not that there wanted support for an orthodox and royalist organ, but that a quarterly appearance was too slow and too little suited to the spirit and needs of our time. The editor of the *Lettres Chrétiennes* speaks to the same effect: "For a long time many of his readers had called for 'un cadre plus large et une périodicité plus fréquente.'" This explanation of the changes here effected is

curious. Is the old and authoritative quarterly to give way, in the press of our hurried, impatient modern life, to the quick, ready, ever varying monthly? and this again to the final triumph of weekly and daily criticism? Perhaps it is to be so, except for the satisfactory discussion of those broader questions which, at the basis of daily life, lie wider spread than either personalities or nationalities, and stretch even beyond life into the momentous future. Be this as it may, the *Contemporain* benefits by the change; "union is strength," and retaining its literary attractions, it is to be helped by the talent and influence of the others in the discussion of religious, political, and social topics. The contents of the two numbers before us show sufficient variety to meet all tastes, whilst the more serious articles are both pleasantly written and solid. Out of this varied programme we may select one article, for its striking erudition, and perhaps also from a predilection for subjects illustrative of Biblical and early Christian history.

"Un prétendu Tombeau de Saint Luc à Éphèse," the article in question, is from the pen of Père Dutau, of the Society of Jesus. He visited, he says, the ruins of Ephesus in 1875, on a journey which had for its object to study places connected with the Acts of the Apostles, and was there shown a monument which had been not long before discovered by the English archæologist, Mr. J. T. Wood. This gentleman, he was told, had recognized the monument as the tomb of St. Luke. Père Dutau's original doubts as to the probability of this conjecture were strengthened by his examination of the ruins. In 1878 Mr. Wood published his large work, "Discoveries at Ephesus" (London, Longmans), wherein he set forth his views as to the tomb of St. Luke. An article was devoted in the *Transactions of the Society of Biblical Archæology* to this discovery, which seemed to gain some credit in England. Mr. William Simpson, in the Review of the *Palestine Exploration Fund*, for October, 1879, devoted an article to the examination of it, in which, while disputing that the monument was the tomb of St. Luke, he claimed it to be unquestionable that it had reference to the memory of St. Luke. Lastly, the writer finds that in the preface to a recently published commentary on St. Luke, the author, the Abbé Fillion, says: "Resting on a legendary tradition, they show St. Luke's tomb at the present time among the ruins at Ephesus." Père Dutau contests even the tradition, and thinks it time to give, together with his reasons for dissent, his own conjecture as to what the monument really was.

His article is illustrated by two plans of the circular building about which so much interest has been excited—one a plan by Mr. Wood, the other by Mr. Simpson, who visited and examined the ruins, somewhat later than Mr. Wood, in 1875. The two plans are so diverse as to seem at first sight to be of "two absolutely distinct monuments." The point of departure of Mr. Wood's opinion is a pilaster of white marble, which apparently formed one of the jambs of the entrance door to a passage in the building that led to a small chapel, which Mr. Simpson thinks "evidently formed no part of the

original edifice." On the front of this pilaster, divided into two panels; one above the other, are sculptured in bas-relief a large cross and a bull or buffalo—the latter in the lower panel, the cross in the higher. The cross is evidently of Christian origin; the bull recalls the symbolical figure of St. Luke; and Mr. Wood was led to believe that the edifice must have been a Christian oratory, constructed by the faithful of Ephesus, towards the end of the third or beginning of the fourth century, to receive the remains of the Evangelist. "The testimony of an ancient author, found in the library of the Greek Archbishop of Smyrna, according to which St. Luke died at Ephesus, completed the conviction." This author's name, however, Mr. Wood fails to give; Père Dutau supposes it to be the pseudo-Dorotheus—of no historic authority. We are presented with two views of this pilaster—one from Mr. Wood, and the other from a photograph brought by the writer from Smyrna. Here again there is an astonishing discrepancy. The bull in Mr. Wood's picture bears on its shoulder a small cross, which is conspicuous by its absence from the photograph. The writer tells us: "I have observed no trace of it in the marble itself." At some length the writer shows that the monument was never a tomb of St. Luke. The sculptured bull could not even have been the symbol of the Evangelist, if the monument be, as Mr. Wood says, of the third century, because such symbolism first appears in Christian art in the fifth century. The weight of evidence, too, gathered, *e.g.*, in the Bollandists, on St. Luke, shows solidly enough that the Evangelist died at Patras in Achaia, where he was buried, and whence, later on, his remains were transferred to Constantinople.

In the second part of his article Père Dutau shows, further, that the monument was not even dedicated to the memory of St. Luke, but that in all likelihood it was an ancient sepulture, "adapted" by the Christians to serve as a *memoria* in honour of some of their martyrs, whose relics were brought hither after the persecution. In the third and concluding portion of this very interesting paper the writer expends much ingenuity and erudition in supporting his hypothesis that the Christian martyr to whom this monument was sacred is St. Antipas, a disciple of St. John, and Bishop of Pergamus. He is the first, at least among the known martyrs, who suffered in his martyrdom the horrible tortures of the burning brazen bull. The instrument of his sufferings, then, is the subject of the bas-relief in the panel beneath the cross, and not the sacred animal symbolizing St. Luke. Burning to death in a hollow bull of brass was a common form of torture in Asia Minor; Antipas thus suffered at Pergamus, Pelagius at Tarsus, and Heliodorus in Pamphylia. The hinge of our author's elaborate proof is the fame and wide-spread cult of the martyr Antipas in Asia Minor, and the special claim of Ephesus on him: Ephesus had given him to Pergamus; and in Ephesus probably he had received both life and faith, and certainly the priesthood.

La Controverse. Janvier, Février, Mars, 1883. Lyons.

THIS excellent periodical has undergone a somewhat contrary change to that of the *Contemporain*; it is now to appear only once, and not, as hitherto, twice in each month; but *en revanche*, the monthly numbers are much enlarged. This is also a step in the right direction; the articles gain in fulness, and the more solid appearance of the Review is in keeping with the ability displayed in its pages. "The Persecutions and the Number of the Martyrs," by M. Paul Allard, of which we have two instalments, is to be continued, and will deserve more lengthened notice hereafter. "Faith and the Scientific Mind," by P. Dadolle, has for its theme those recent confessions of M. Rénan, which are adverted to in our last quarter's mention of *La Controverse*. In the February number an article on "Spiritism in Germany," by Père Mullendorff, S.J., will be found very interesting reading for those Catholics who are puzzled what to think of spirit-rapping, mediums, and all the familiar manifestations of the *séances*. The same writer contributes a good paper to the March number on "Pontifical Infallibility and the Canonization of St. John Nepomucene." One article in the February number will interest readers of an article in our last number, and a reply to it in this.

"Les Variations de l'Exégèse sur l'Hexaméron" is from the pen of the Abbé A. Motais, of the Rennes Oratory. So far as he is concerned with Bishop Clifford's theory, the Abbé expresses reasons for dissenting therefrom in the second part of his paper, whilst in the first he emphasizes the mistake of supposing that the theory conflicts with either Moses or with respect for Scripture. He sketches rapidly the wide diversities of interpretation of the Six Days' work, which have at various periods been put forth by every kind of author, the Fathers of the Church included—these last, hesitatingly and tentatively, but freely and independently. The English bishop, he says, "knows well what he may permit himself in this matter." "One ought, I think, to reject his system, for excellent and demonstrable reasons, but I know none that could bring upon him the voice of authority." The sum of what the writer shows of his own opinion amounts to this: that Moses, whose object in the narrative under discussion was to implant two doctrines, Monotheism and the Sabbath, certainly teaches an absolute Creation by God Himself, and that the informal (or nebulous) matter was brought to order equally by God Himself—and this to prevent the adoption of Oriental errors about inferior divinities, the workmen of the superior gods. There has been a unanimity *au fond*, and on the chief points, in Catholic tradition about the interpretation of this work of the Days which Dr. Clifford's liturgical interpretation breaks in upon. The bishop fears "science" too much. The Fathers did not thus fear it in their day—why do so now? for the interpretation of the obscurities in the narrative will continue to vary to the end. "To prove that Moses has spoken truly, we must not ourselves be ignorant of the truth. . . . Hence it is fated that the exigetico-scientific verification of the text will

vary as shall vary at different stages of the world's progress that which we are pleased to call, prematurely, scientific truth." Moses is a *truthful* not a *scientific* writer. He writes not to reveal the facts which he narrates, but to build up the dogmas which they support. St. Augustine distinguishes with remarkable justice between Moses and his interpreters. Having proclaimed the truth of Moses's narrative, he adds that it is enough for exegesis to show the detractors of our Holy Books that they have no sure data of science which can be proved to contradict Moses.

GERMAN PERIODICALS.

By Dr. BELLLESHEIM, Cologne.

1. *Katholik*.

PROFESSOR Probst, of Breslau University, comments on the Liturgy of St. Basil. It is to the great defender of Catholic doctrine against Arianism that the Eastern Church is indebted for an important shortening of the Liturgy. Professor Probst, after inquiring into the African and Milan liturgies, as I have pointed out in my former reviews, now proposes to construct the liturgy of St. Basil from the great Doctor's own writings. Ought not the Saint to have shrunk from such an important proceeding, lest he might give scandal to the faithful—so deeply imbued with the ceremonies and ideas of the Apostolic liturgy? Basil (Ep. 227) holds it to be necessary to shorten the liturgy; and the faithful, he goes on to say, far from being scandalized, ought to persuade themselves that the legitimate superiors of the Church, in making changes, are unquestionably guided by, and working together with, the Holy Ghost. It has been questioned whether the changes of the liturgy, adopted by Basil regarded only the psalmody, or rather the liturgy, of the Mass. And the stern opposition he met with on many sides leaves no doubt but that they regarded also the Mass. In spite of opposition, however, the Saint's new liturgy, after scarcely more than one hundred years, was in almost universal use in the Eastern Church. "*Quam pene universus frequentat Oriens,*" are the words of the Deacon Petre, in his letter to Fulgentius, in 512. Basil shortened the lessons, and, what is more noteworthy, he changed the old *preface*, or prayer of thanksgiving. The Arians had attempted to introduce their heresy into it, and the bishop felt himself obliged to introduce some changes, which he took from the Bible. Our author goes on to examine the Offertory, Consecration, "*Epiklese*," and order of Communion, of the Basilian liturgy. Notwithstanding manifold divergences from the modern liturgy of the Catholic Church, either Eastern or Western, there is the most striking identity in the essence of the Mass.

I may next point out two writings of which the *Katholik* gave a lengthened account. Professor Kipler, President of the Episcopal

Seminary of Braunsberg, the learned editor of the works of Cardinal Hosius, published a small but important pamphlet on the "Precursors of Nicholas Copernicus, principally Celio Calcagnini." It cannot be denied that the heliocentric system, supported by Pythagoras and Plato, and opposed by Aristotle and Ptolemy, for centuries was kept back, and all but solemnly condemned. But amidst this incessant warfare it never failed to meet with acute minds strongly advocating it. To Professor Hipler's scientific labours we now owe a catena of those men who, in the long course of centuries, proved energetic enough to oppose the common error. Foremost amongst them ranks Celio Calcagnini, Canon of Ferrara, about the beginning of the sixteenth century, who accompanied his duke on a journey to Cracow, where his sister was married to the king. Beyond any doubt, Calcagnini was imbued with the ideas of Copernicus. After his return to Italy he laid down the heliocentric system in the treatise "*De perenni Motu Terræ*." Dr. Hipler points also to Constantinople, where the thread of tradition was never lost, since Nicholas of Cusa, the great cardinal of the fifteenth century, after his sojourn at the Bosphorus became as warm an advocate of the heliocentric system as any man after Copernicus.

Dr. Kleinermanns publishes a very valuable biography of St. Peter Damian. The book is derived entirely from the Saint's numerous writings, and it deserves wide circulation.

2. *Historisch-politische Blätter*.—There is a very instructive inquiry contributed by Professor Nirschl, of Würzburg University, on "Denis the Areopagite, and his Letter to St. John the Apostle." Having examined the writings bearing the name of Denis, the author treats especially of the letter to St. John. This letter could not have been addressed to the great apostle, since Denis's writings, far from belonging to the first period of the Church, made their appearance only in the sixth century—viz., 532, in a discussion held at Constantinople, during which the Monophysites appealed to the works of Denis. Dr. Nirschl carefully traces the person and history of Denis from his own writings, and renders it all but evident that he was an Egyptian monk belonging to the fourth century. For the Egyptian monks are known to have had the habit of assuming mystical and symbolical names, and to have had a preference for names of the apostolic period. Hence Dr. Nirschl deems it to be probable that the apostolic names so often occurring in Denis's works are pseudonyms designating monks of the fourth century. A similar custom prevailed in the Court of Charlemagne. Additional weight is given to this opinion by the fact that in the monasteries of Pachomius every monk possessed a mystical name according to the letters of the alphabet. Sozomen and Gennadius fully testify to the fact that the superiors of those convents in their correspondence constantly applied such names to their monks, and find warrant for it in the still existing letters of Orsiesius, principal superior of Tabenna, and Pachomius himself, which are written in this manner. This opinion of Nirschl is all the more credible, as Denis generally applies mystical names to bishops, priests, and

deacons, and calls them "hierarch," "hiereus," and so on. Even the name of his teacher and master, Hierotheus, is a mystical one. Hence it is assumed that the name of "St. John, apostle and evangelist on Patmos," must also have been a mystical one. The question arises, who was the person bearing that venerable name. There cannot be the least doubt but that the man so honourably distinguished by Denis bore some striking likeness to St. John, and this resemblance would be an official one, based on the position he held in the Church, either in dignity, or, perhaps, rather in consequence of his writings, or of hardships sustained for the faith. And, in fact, Denis addresses him in a letter: "Nothing can deprive of the most bright beams of John we who, at present, indeed, enjoy only remembrance of thee and the renovation of thy true theology, but ere long shall be united with thee." These words hint at the immortal doctor of the Greek church, St. Athanasius, Archbishop of Alexandria, the uncompromising and unwearied defender of the divinity of our Lord, who, equally with St. John, bore witness to this principal mystery of the Christian religion. And was it not becoming to call "St. John on Patmos" that Archbishop of Alexandria and doctor of the Church, who had five times undergone the hardships of a long and painful exile? And, furthermore, Denis, himself an Egyptian monk, was obliged to employ a mystical name, since the Emperor Julian had offered a reward for the head of the Archbishop. "St. John on Patmos," then, designates St. Athanasius driven into exile and living in the monastery of Pachomius at Tabenna, and Denis's letter was written in 363.

In the first and third numbers of this periodical, I gave a minute account of the late lamented Cardinal Cullen's pastoral letters brought out by Bishop Moran, and a review of recent German investigations into the history of Mary Queen of Scots, the chief result of which is that straightforward Protestant historians do not hesitate to declare utterly false, at least, the long Glasgow letter on which the accusations are, for the most part, based.

3. *Zeitschrift für katholische Theologie*.—The Jesuit Fathers at Innsbruck, in their quality as Professors of Divinity in the Imperial University, have for four years past published a quarterly *Theological Review*, which now holds a first place for the solidity and excellence of its articles, reviews, and literary notices. The January issue contains a very learned article, for which we are indebted to Father Ehrle. No English Catholic scholar ought to pass it by. As yet a complete history of mediæval philosophy or scholasticism does not exist. To this nobody would object such names as Hauréau, Renan, Prantl. They regard the great mediæval development from a point totally averse to Catholic principles. The best and most complete history of mediæval philosophy was published twenty years ago in three volumes, by Canon Stöckl, of Eichstätt, Bavaria. But even this learned author left untouched not a few mediæval doctors. In order to supply this want, Father Ehrle has for several years been busily occupied in searching the Roman and

English libraries, and ere long purposes bringing out select works or treatises of such unknown or scarcely-known mediæval doctors. Some of these scholastics shed lustre on the English name:—*e.g.*, John Peckham, Thomas of York, John of Coventry, and Thomas Wallens.

ITALIAN PERIODICALS.

La Civiltà Cattolica. 2 Dicembre, 1882 ; 20 Gennaio, 1883.

Nabuchodonosor's Reign.

A SERIES of interesting articles is in progress in the *Civiltà Cattolica* upon the records preserved in the ruins of Assyrian and Babylonian temples and palaces, laboriously deciphered of late years by learned linguists and archaeologists. The object of the writer has been to compare these irrefragable monumental memorials with Biblical statements, and the result has been the most striking agreement and coincidence, the former often complementing and explaining the latter, and the converse. The article of the 20th of January brings the history down to the final catastrophe of Jerusalem under the Babylonian king, Nabuchodonosor, that of the 2nd of December having noticed his earlier enterprises and wars. Now we here observe one of those remarkable coincidences to which we refer. The prophet Daniel, describing Nabuchodonosor at that period when his pride had arrived at its utmost height and he was about to incur a tremendous chastisement, speaks of him as surveying his splendid palace and the great city which was his creation, and exclaiming, "Is not this the great Babylon which I have built to be the seat of the kingdom, by the strength of my power in the glory of my excellence?" (iv. 27). The proud monarch considered these buildings as his greatest boast, and glories in them rather than in the victories which his sword had won, and to which he barely makes allusion in the words "by the strength of my power." The inscriptions of his reign entirely confirm this view of his character exemplified in the narrative of the inspired historian and prophet, for, whereas the monumental chronicles of his predecessors' reigns commemorate battles won, prisoners dragged into captivity, towns given up to pillage and slaughter, and the quantity of spoil carried away, the inscriptions of Nabuchodonosor's reign, especially what is called the great inscription, are almost exclusively dedicated to the enumeration and description of the buildings, temples, and other works raised and constructed by him in Babylon and throughout Chaldea. The king calls Babylon "the city of my eyes," and speaks of having thought night and day of restoring Bit Saggata and Bit Lida, and of aggrandizing the glory of Bab Ilu and Barsippa, as if these were his one engrossing object, his victories being valued only as means to such ends. There can be no question, indeed, but that the special glory and characteristic of Nabuchodonosor's reign and of the Babylonian empire, which under him attained the acme

of its splendour, is displayed in the marvellous constructions and works erected for purposes of ornament or public utility throughout Chaldea.

The mind recurs to this amongst countless other proofs of the historical accuracy of the inspired pages of the Old Testament, when brought in face of the views promulgated in the present day and adopted, in a spirit of liberalistic compromise with the insolent rationalism of the period, by certain Catholics. Of this the article we now proceed briefly to notice furnishes a specimen.

La Civiltà Cattolica. 17 Febbraio, 1883.

A Grave Attack on Holy Scripture.

A THEORY seriously offensive to the inspiration of Holy Scripture has appeared in the *Sapienza*, of Turin, from the pen of Agostino Tagliaferri, Archpriest of Montagno. He has borrowed from Rosmini a principle called the *minimo mezzo*, which he applies erroneously to Divine revelation and inspiration. He holds that the revealing act of God must be in its order the least possible, and must, therefore, extend no farther than to the truths strictly necessary for man's attainment of his supernatural end. He would consequently exclude every historical or scientific fact, not essentially connected with these truths, from the province of Divine revelation; all such to be met with in the Sacred Scriptures having thus, according to him, no Divine authority whatsoever.

His argument is an *à priori* one, being founded on this principle of the *minimo mezzo*, to which God, he says, is bound to conform Himself both in the natural and the supernatural order. If, however, He had, over and above the truths necessary to salvation, dictated to the inspired writers other truths relating to history or science, He would have violated this law. Without revelation, it was not possible that man should attain to his supernatural end; revelation was accordingly needful; but was it needful, for instance, that he should know about all the fine deeds of Judith, the taking of Jericho, the heroic acts of the Machabees, or a hundred other events and circumstances registered in the books of the Old Law, and even in the Gospel and Acts of the Apostles? Certainly not, he thinks. It would be, he judges, an offence to the wisdom of God to believe that He employs redundant means for the accomplishment of any object; and this he can clearly demonstrate by logic. Unfortunately for his logic, facts decidedly tell against his proposition in both orders; but, confining ourselves to the supernatural, it may be sufficient to point out that God has clearly transgressed the law imposed upon Him, and has by no means limited Himself to what was purely necessary for man's salvation. See, for instance, Rom. v. 2, and 1 Tim. i. 14, where St. Paul speaks of the superabundance of grace. But if, says the writer, the Reverend Archpriest is contented with the pure necessary in the matter of redemption, in spite of the declara-

tion *copiosa apud eum redemptio*, he is bound to exclude redemption itself according to his logic ; for, strictly speaking, it was only necessary conditionally, not absolutely—that is, supposing that God exacted a rigorous satisfaction for the sins of men. But He could, if He had so pleased, have forgiven them without a rigorous satisfaction, and by some other means, as St. Thomas says in his “*Summa*.” And even were it otherwise, Christ’s merits being infinite, they must immensely exceed the *minimo mezzo* necessary for even a rigorous payment of the debt due to Divine justice. One drop of His precious blood would have been more than a sufficient ransom for the sins of the whole world, yet He shed it all, and amidst inconceivable torments.

How can it be possible for us to fathom, compass, comprehend, still more limit, the objects which the Divine Wisdom has in view in Its acts? Even the ends for which rational creatures work are seldom strictly simple and indivisible, but are usually composite. The writer instances a rich man sitting at table. Has he the simple object of satisfying his hunger? If so, how much of the splendid apparatus before him might be dispensed with! And again, in his dress, does he confine himself to what protects him from the cold? In all these things, pleasure, decorum, convenience, and other collateral objects, are kept in view. Now, man, no doubt, may, and does often, err in these matters, and is guilty of disproportion and excess; but God cannot err; and who can set bounds to what He judges conformable to His attributes, consonant with His designs, and befitting the manifestation of His glory?

But how stands the question controversially? Are we or are we not to accept all the books of Holy Scripture as inspired both in their totality and in all their parts? This question does not properly regard the authenticity of these books; but, presupposing this authenticity, are all their several parts to be regarded as the Word of God, because written either by direct revelation, if the writer had no previous knowledge of what he related, or, if he had, under Divine inspiration and guidance, which precluded the possibility of his stating anything untrue? Has the Church ever explicitly or impliedly ruled this point? To the writer it appears that, at least implicitly, the question appears to be decided, and he proceeds to quote passages from the *Decretum de Canonicis Libris* of the fourth session of the Council of Trent, which defines the Divine authority which it ascribes to all the canonical books of the Old and New Testaments, as signifying that God is their Author, because the sacred pages were dictated by the Holy Spirit, and which fulminates an anathema against those who should not accept as sacred and canonical, not only all those books declared to be such by the Church, but also their several parts. Out of the difficulty presented by the Council’s declaration, Tagliaferri ingeniously endeavours to escape. The Tridentine decree, he says, is directed to restrain the intemperate criticism of the heterodox and of rationalists, who reject everything as apocryphal which does not square with their views. Against these, the Church proclaims herself as the custodian of Holy Writ;

but, of course, she understands and explains the question of their Divine inspiration in matters of detail in a manner conformable to reason—that is, no doubt, in the manner agreeable to the Reverend Archpriest's ideas. Yet if the Fathers of the Council had desired to fix the extent of Divine inspiration, what clearer terms could they have used? But then, if interpreted according to the obvious meaning of their words, what is to become of the law of the *minimo mezzo* to which God, according to Tagliaferri, is subject in the order of nature and of grace—a law which he esteems cannot be logically rejected? Who can fail of perceiving how wide a door is thrown open to the exercise of private judgment by such a law, which virtually permits each individual to decide according to his own inclinations what historical or other facts mentioned in the Bible are essentially connected with truths necessary to be believed as of Divine revelation? If it were lawful thus to doubt of the authority of any portion or passage of Holy Writ, who will not see that this would lead either to the denial of the Divine authority of all Scripture, or to a complete uncertainty as to what was the residue of facts and statements which was invested with such authority? And since it is not even defined which are the essential truths themselves comprised within this mass of doubtful matter, it would be left to every man to make out his own creed for himself.

It will be clearly seen that this question has nothing whatsoever to say to any possible textual inaccuracy which may be detected in existing manuscripts of Holy Scripture, upon which learned criticism may very lawfully be exercised; the question before us being only this, whether all Scripture or only a portion of it is given by inspiration.

As respects the critical question, St. Augustine, that great champion of the inspiration of every portion of God's Word, furnishes a safe rule for our guidance when we meet with any passage in which we suspect error to exist. "Does it seem to you," he says, "that in this passage of Scripture the sacred writer has set down what is erroneous? It will not be lawful for you, therefore, to say that the author erred, and was consequently not writing by revelation and inspiration; but you must say instead, either here is a mistake in the codex—*aut codex mendosus est*; or the passage was not rightly translated—*aut interprez erravit*; or my science, theological, philosophic, physical, or historical, is not full or exact, and I do not understand aright—*aut tu non intelligis*." Now, although a man like the great St. Augustine would have been ready in all humility to aver *Non intelligo*, such a confession is just what none of your modern innovators will ever be brought to make.

Notices of Books.

The Life and Times of St. Anselm, Archbishop of Canterbury and Primate of the Britains. By MARTIN RULE, M.A. Two Vols. London: Kegan Paul, Trench & Co. 1883.

WITH great pleasure we welcome these two volumes. They will make known to the world at large what has long been known to a few—Mr. Rule's intimate acquaintance with our mediæval history. To Catholics these pages will be particularly welcome. St. Philip Neri used to say that he was always ready to read a book whose title began with an "S." Had St. Philip lived in our own times we fear that he would have seen cause to modify his principle. There has been no lack of lives of St. Anselm; but St. Philip would have found in the majority of them matter more for disgust than edification. It is not that our writers are wanting in admiration or even in appreciation for the Saint; it is their insufferable air of superiority and criticism that makes us exclaim with pain, "Know ye no reverence?" Writers like Mr. Freeman and Mr. Froude cannot, of course, even when approaching so magnificent a figure in history as St. Anselm, suspect that they may be treading upon holy ground. Critics, inflated with nineteenth-century importance, will readily arraign at their tribunal one "the latchet of whose shoe they are not worthy to stoop down and loose," and pass judgment on his acts and motives, with the same assumption of judicial superiority with which they would sit in judgment on the Red King. It is the strong contrast to these swelling writers that makes the pages of Mr. Rule's works so refreshing and welcome. Mr. Rule is a Catholic, and his love and admiration for St. Anselm is based on the conviction that the saintliness which characterized his life was heroic. Mr. Freeman has thought fit in the pages of a contemporary to cast a sneer at Mr. Rule for his tender and child-like devotion. But Mr. Rule will know how to bear such taunts with calmness, remembering that it has been said of old: "The simplicity of the just man is laughed to scorn." He will find himself fully compensated for this abuse in the conviction that he has satisfied his own fervent feelings and every Catholic heart. And it will not be extravagant praise if we say, in the words of St. Jerome, that any one in this work *inoffenso decurrat pede*.

But this is not the only qualification, although to our idea the chief one, that Mr. Rule brings to the compiling of the life of St. Anselm. His knowledge of the "times" of the saint is so full, so exact, as to amount almost to a curiosity. The by-paths, bridle paths, and all the out-of-the-way places of the eleventh century, are perfectly familiar to him. In discussing some knotty points he brings to bear such a mass of detail, such quaint gatherings from document, archive, and charter, that the bewildered reader is glad

sometimes to escape through an entanglement of semi-Latinized Scandinavian surnames. It is not a little remarkable to see the author's minute acquaintance with St. Benedict's rule and monastic customs. We have tested him very carefully on this head, but even hypercriticism has searched here in vain for some tripping; in truth, we should be sorry to throw down the glove to one who (vol. i. p. 20) has caught the great Mabillon himself napping on a question of cloistral discipline.

How then may we describe the character, the features, that distinguish Mr. Rule's "*Life*" from other works of the same class? It is quite easy to say what it is *not*; the plan is totally opposed to that which goes amongst us by the name of the "*Italian Lives*." The two volumes form one continuous narrative; the first page tells of his birth, the last describes the sad Maunday Thursday, 1109, when he was laid by the side of his beloved master, Lanfranc. Nor is its object hagiographical, like the charming "*Life of St. Catherine of Sienna*," by Miss Drane. Mr. Rule's labours remind us strongly of a scientific feat performed by Professor Owen. The Professor was given the thigh-bone and tooth of some extinct animal; and from these slender data was able to re-construct the animal, to bone, skin, and appearance. The materials for the life of St. Anselm have been long before the world, and meagre too they are; but the manner in which Mr. Rule has clothed the dry bones of contemporary records comes within distance of the Professor's feat. The narrative is heightened by the side lights which his store of curious information can supply; many a knotty problem has been solved, many of the blanks of Eadmer's narrative supplied. On this head, indeed, his readers will not fail to be struck with a peculiar little hobby of the author. Give him some obscure name, some faulty genealogy, some unexplained circumstance, and the genuine relish with which he throws himself into the work is delightful to see. Good Eadmer was never so supplemented, patched, and sewed up as he is to be found in Mr. Rule's pages. And then his wonderful guesses! As becomes so patient a chronicler, he never treats his readers to a discussion to leave them more puzzled than ever; it is a point of honour with him to bring every problem to a satisfactory conclusion. Where documentary evidence presents a much-to-be-mourned hiatus, the author bridges the chasm by an historic surmise. Readers must not take it amiss if they find these pages laden with suppositions, probabilities, guesses, and assumptions. In many another work such a literary liberty would relegate the author to a very inferior position in the world of letters. It is not so, however, with Mr. Rule; we can readily bear with guesses, which in many cases have afterwards turned out to be facts. And we strongly suspect that Mr. Rule is not unfrequently the subject of what philosophers term "*unconscious cerebration*;" his knowledge of the period is so minute and extensive that he must often arrive at conclusions without being able to lay his hand on premises at once multitudinous and indefinite. It will be seen, then, that we have a very high opinion of Mr. Rule's labours; and were it not for one

very serious drawback, to which we shall later refer, his "*Life of St. Anselm*" ought to take one of the foremost positions in the ranks of contemporary literature.

Turning now to the work itself. The admirers of St. Anselm will be not a little indebted to Mr. Rule for unearthing the following most interesting incident of his boyhood. The extract will give no mean idea of Mr. Rule's style. Describing St. Anselm's schooldays he adds :

Tutor and pupil began their labours with equal zeal, but the zeal of the former was greater than his discretion. He had so good a pupil, that, bent upon converting the thoughtful, meditative, ever-reasoning child into a prodigy of learning, he entered upon a course of discipline which prudence should have warned him was for such a child the cruellest that could be contrived, . . . and the brightest star of the eleventh century had been well-nigh quenched at its rising. The infatuated pedagogue confined him to the house, in the fond hope of forcing him by incessant application into premature intellectual ripeness, . . . kept him prisoner over his books, and paid little heed to the attenuated features and throbbing pulse of his willing victim, and to all the other indications of an overwrought brain. The uncles, appealed to in this emergency, tried all the rude skill then in fashion, but to no purpose, and were fain in their perplexity to send him home to Ermenberg. Here fresh alarms awaited the poor child. He had forgotten the bustle and pomp of his princely home. The attentions of retainers and men-at-arms terrified him. He sought solitude, shunned the looks of others; and when father and mother plied him with solicitous tenderness, turned away a flushed face, and said nothing. On one such occasion, Ermenberg, unable to control herself, cried out, "Ah me, I have lost my child!" But even in this extremity her characteristic prudence was not at fault. How she governed her own conduct we are not told; but she gave peremptory orders that the child was to be allowed to do anything he pleased, thwarted in nothing, and implicitly obeyed in all he should require. Her injunctions were respected; time and care did the rest (vol. i. p. 32).

Later on, in Chapter IV., his spirited and successful defence of the spotless manhood of St. Anselm, wins him the sympathetic attention and congratulations of every devotee of our saint. The words of Eadmer, "*Cœpit paulatim fervor tepescere*"—words expressly chosen to indicate that the loss was only the bloom on the flower of his devotion—have been twisted into the cruellest of calumnies against the purity of his adolescence. The XVI. Meditation ascribed to St. Anselm, which seemed to give some support to the odious charge, is shown by Mr. Rule to be none of his. And in a note on the prayers and meditations, he lays down a short but excellent canon to apply to the criticism of the genuineness of the meditations. "St. Anselm's style is by no means easy of translation into English. Where, therefore, we find sentence after sentence turn itself, as it were, into English, we may be sure that it is not his."

Another point on which the author very rightly congratulates himself, is the discovery of a list of names of the first three hundred who were professed at Le Bec. They are given in the Appendix, and will be scanned with eager curiosity. Mr. Rule has been very

successful with his translation of some of St. Anselm's letters, which he introduces in the course of his narrative. These letters are by no means easy of good rendering into English ; but Mr. Rule, by allowing himself plenty of freedom, has turned them into idiomatic, flowing language. The following extract is an instance, not only of our author's success, but of the warmth and affection the Saint was used to infuse into his letters :—

[*To his cousins.*].—When I heard, souls dearest to my soul, that you had come so far to see me, I cannot tell you how my soul was deluged with joy, how the blossom of my hope for you expanded, how my desire after you, always ardent, broke out into flames of impatience. Already, my dearest cousins, do my eyes long to see you face to face ; already do my arms stretch forth to clasp you, and my lips are impatient for your kiss. . . . O taste, my dearest loved ones, O taste and see that the Lord is sweet ! for how sweet He is you can never know so long as the world is sweet to you.

O how my love for you struggles for utterance ! how it longs to shape itself into words ! But no words will do. How much there is it wants to say ; but my time is too brief, and my sheet too small. Do Thou speak for me, O good Jesus (*dic, O bone Jesu, cordibus eorum*) ; speak to their hearts, else the ear hears in vain, and tell them to leave all and follow Thee (vol. i. p. 253).

If we are not mistaken, the reader will relish the letters as much as anything in the book.

The unpleasant task of finding fault is now forced upon us. We almost hesitate to say it, but we fear our author will mar the very brilliant prospects of his work by his extraordinary style of writing. He cannot, we think, realize how often the reader, in the midst of the most interesting matter, finds himself irritated almost to disgust by the levity of phrase, pompous circumlocution, and tricks of style which are generally associated with the second-rate sensational novel. In his fear of being dull, he has lost the dignity of an historian, and has framed a matchless mediæval gem in a setting of Yankee style. A comet is described as “a small, voracious, blinding star, nourished by a weird, luminous cone ;” William of Veraval is generally known as “the clerical gentleman ;” Herluien is “seated on that humble beast of burden whose more familiar name has been repudiated by our great lexicographer ;” St. Anselm retires to his lodging, “after his forced nomination to Canterbury, dosed and splashed with holy water.” But it is unpleasant to multiply such instances, for the whole work swarms with them showing the jaunty air which Mr. Rule has adopted in preference to the dignified style of the muse of history.

With one more remark our notice must close. It is Mr. Rule's object to exhibit to the world in all its beauty, the character of the “sweetest being that ever trod on English soil !” And he has succeeded. But, after all, an unpleasant impression remains that we are treated to so much historical disquisition, such endless negotiations, so much investigation into the motives of each actor in the scene, that the marvellous fulness of St. Anselm's character is apt to be lost sight of. It is only at the end of the work,

when his task is all but completed, when Beauclerk, Meulan, and Rufus are forgotten, that the same unpleasant feeling seems to have been in the mind of the author, for his last book contains the following fervid sketch of his character, with which we most heartily concur :—

There have been blameless men in the course of the world's history, and there have been many heroic men ; but there are few indeed on record who have been both heroes and blameless, and of those few Anselm stands second to none. Never for one moment in his career was the fascination of his perfectness interrupted. Endowed with a majesty to make kings envious, there yet shone forth in him a sympathetic grace and tenderness that made him the wonder and worship of his age ; and to the courage of a demigod he added a mastery of self that never thought defiance, and never breathed a syllable of provocation. . . . The same right reason which harmonized and subdued all his marvellous energy of soul into this exquisite perfectness of grandeur and simplicity, of elevation and grace, of majesty and utter humbleness, set its royal stamp on the most daring of intellectual efforts, and made him the forerunner and guide of the philosophers of the Christian schools.

“ Intimum pulsans penetrabile verbi
Fertur immotae fidei volatu
Dogmatum puros latices an ullus
Altius hausit ? ”

The Chair of Peter ; or, the Papacy considered in its Institution, Development, and Organization, and in the Benefits which, for over Eighteen Centuries, it has conferred on Mankind. By JOHN NICHOLAS MURPHY. London : Kegan Paul, Trench & Co. 1883.

THIS is a valuable addition to our Catholic literature, both because an able and well-written book, and because its author, not being a priest, his words will have the more weight with many of those outside-inquirers for whose special information it has been compiled. In this respect, surely, the author of “*Terra Incognita*” holds forth an excellent example, for it is gratifying to find a layman with his high appreciation of, and wide acquaintance with, theological matters, and his exposition thereof will be accepted by many readers as being written without that professional bias which they suppose weakens a priest's defence of his own altar. Independently of this consideration, any good explanation of the Papal claims will be opportune and useful so long as ever heresy or schism shall continue to exist. For the Chair of Peter, as Mr. Murphy's dedication expresses it, is “the main bulwark of Religion, Law, and Order against the attacks of infidelity and socialism,” as it will continue to be against any new form which the spirit of evil may adopt in the future. Especially is such an explanation—and Mr. Murphy's is an excellent one—opportune at a time when many earnest men and women are entering the fold of the Church, and submitting to her claim on their obedience, and when still many more are wondering, hesitating, inquiring, as to the nature and warrant of that claim.

Logically, Protestantism consists in denying the claim. Ritualist clergymen have shown us how much of what is, one might fancy, most intensely Catholic can be held by Protestants, who remain Protestants by drawing the line at the Pope. And further, the doctrine taught in the Articles of Schmalkalden that "the Pope is not of divine right; that the power usurped by him is full of arrogance and blasphemy; . . . and that the Pope is the true anti-Christ," is either very good Protestantism for all ages, or else put "Right of Private Judgment" in place of "the Pope," and let there be an end to religious controversies. Also, it is plain that that conservatism of Divine revelation against the critical spirit, and of Faith against Materialism, which most thoughtful writers now acknowledge as exclusively belonging to the Catholic Church, is hers by virtue of the infallible authority of her Popes.

But the non-Catholic mind of England is as yet largely imbued with much ignorance, many misconceptions, and still more prejudices against that bugbear of the "great tradition," the Pope of Rome. Any well-directed effort to dissipate these obstacles to a recognition of the truth deserves our gratitude; and Mr. Murphy's "Chair of Peter" emphatically is a well-directed effort. It will be very acceptable reading to Catholics, and there is abundant information in its pages which the ordinary Catholic reader will find new to him. But we appraise it and consider it most valuable as a manual to be placed with confidence in the hands of inquirers. Not only does the author make large use of Protestant authorities, but there is an entire and valuable absence from his pages of any tone or expression that could offend a non-Catholic reader, and so defeat his own purpose in regard to that reader. The author has—to quote words from his Introduction—

set forth a clear and explicit statement of the Catholic doctrine of the Primacy of St. Peter and his successors, and of the grounds on which the doctrine is based; together with a review, from a Catholic standpoint, of the Papacy in its institution, development, and organization, and a necessarily condensed history of the temporal power of the Popes—all brought down to the present day.

This second half of his design is the chief feature, and occupies the lion's share of Mr. Murphy's volume, the Scriptural proofs of the Primacy occupying only a chapter of some twenty pages. This is brief treatment, some may think, of what is the real foundation of the Papal claim. But it is right to notice that this chapter is excellently done, is clear, and, if not full, is sufficient for its purpose. And a fuller treatment of the Scriptural proofs, scholarly and logical, has long been before the public in Mr. Allies's "St. Peter: His Name and His Office, as set forth in Holy Scripture"—a magnificent treatise, that runs little chance of being superseded in our language. The remaining chapters of the "Chair of Peter," however, are none the less valuable as being addressed to the removal of such prevalent and mistaken ideas as—*e.g.*, that the power of the Pope is an after-growth, entirely consequent on the peculiar place in history and the policy of

the city of Rome, or that the claims which Catholics seek to build up from Scripture are pulled down by true history, or that the Popes have figured so badly in times past as to justify the imputation of "Anti-Christ," or, lastly, that at least their power, wherever allowed play, has had a baneful effect on the spiritual and temporal welfare of the nations. In some three dozen chapters Mr. Murphy unfolds his subject with a view to these and numerous similar prejudices. "The Relations of the Popes with Councils," "The Greek Schism," "Origin of the Temporal Power of the Popes," "Relations of the Popes and the Emperors," "The Great Schism of the West," "The Great Protestant Secession," "The Religious Census of Europe," "Effects of the Reformation in Protestant States," may be signalled from among the headings of chapters, as showing the quality of treatment adopted. It may be remarked, too, that the perusal of this, the historical and apologetic portion of the work, cannot fail to send the earnest reader back to the Scriptural proof, which he will now read in an altered mood and by the aid of newly acquired lights.

Extracts of such brevity as we must here consult are not easily made from a work covering the wide and varied ground which the "Chair of Peter" covers. The following is chosen for its brevity, but it will be recognized that it deals with a prejudice to foster which not a few eloquent pens have lent their aid:—

It has frequently been asserted that the atmosphere of Catholicism is unfavourable to material progress and the industrial arts. Italy and Spain are pointed to in support of this allegation; and, on the other hand, England, Prussia, and other Protestant States, are instanced as nations which occupy foremost places in industrial progress, under the influence of Protestantism. Superficially regarded, this may appear to some to be a correct view of the case. But a calm investigation of actual facts will show that it is altogether erroneous. The question is geographical rather than religious—one of climate and material resources rather than of creed. Thus, there is not in the world a more successful nation in every branch of human industry than Belgium. In agriculture she occupies the first place; in her iron manufacture she closely presses England; in other branches of industry she has attained a high position; and yet, perhaps, not excepting Ireland herself, there is no more Catholic country. Then there is Catholic France, second to none, if not first of all, in the industrial arts and material prosperity. This was proved, if proof were necessary, in her rapid rise, after the payment of five milliards of francs, or two hundred millions pounds sterling, of indemnity to Prussia at the close of the Franco-German war. England herself would have found it a very difficult task to discharge this huge liability on the termination of a costly campaign (p. 34).

Atlas Archéologique de la Bible. Par M. L. Cl. FILLION, Prêtre de Saint Sulpice. Lyons and Paris: Libraire Briday. 1883.

THE learned professor of Sacred Scripture at the "Grande Séminaire" of Lyons has here made a laudable attempt to provide Catholic students with an important Biblical hand-book. It is a Manual of Biblical Archæology *in pictures*: a brief introduction

serving to indicate the source, nature, &c., of the illustrations, rather than to supplement at all what they can teach through the eye. Yet it will prove, especially for students, a very valuable adjunct and help. In its pages the multitudinous discoveries of recent years bearing reference to the Bible, whether in Palestine itself or in Egypt, Assyria, or Phœnicia—mural painting, sculpture, building, furniture, metal work, pottery, dress, &c.—will be found systematically arranged and pictured in one or more of the 960 woodcuts which fill these pages. There are no maps in this “Atlas,” nor does it contain plans or views of localities, nor, again, the flora and fauna of the Bible—these are reserved respectively for Atlases of Bible Geography and Bible Natural History, which the author has in preparation. The present Atlas purports to represent the domestic, social, political, and religious life of the Jews and of pagan nations, so far as the Bible refers to them or they explain the Bible narrative. The headings of the sections will sufficiently indicate this:—Dress; Dwellings; Furniture; Meals; Sickmess, Death, Funerals, Mourning; Agriculture; Hunting; Arts and Trades; Architecture; Games; Music; Money; Weights and Measures; Writing and Books; Tribunals and Punishments, &c. &c.

The fact that these illustrations are drawn from a variety of published sources, including many English standard works, such as those of Wilkinson and Lane, does not detract from the collegiate value of this Atlas. For how few students—or even advanced scholars—can afford to possess all these illustrated volumes, mostly of very high price, which are mentioned in M. Fillion’s preface! And apart from the question of expense, and supposing, as is the actual rule, that a student has not yet become familiar with these bulky volumes, to which of them shall he turn for an illustration to throw needed light on his reading at each step of his studies? They are here arranged and indexed for his ready reference. As to the value of the picture when found the author says:—

How can one get a right idea of phylacteries from a description? You try to explain the position of the ancient Jews at table (*recumbere, discumbere*): the pictures to be found here do it better and more quickly. So also with the “*mola asinaria*,” thrashing of corn by oxen, &c. &c.

The woodcuts are, artistically, of unequal merit, but, on the whole, they are fairly well done, and are always intelligible. The author hints that greater artistic perfection could only have been secured by raising the price of the book: the price has been carefully kept within the modest limits of a student’s purse. The paper also is good, and the printing excellent. The volume deserves to have a wide circulation. We might point out some inaccuracies, but they are minor ones. One regret we may, however, mention: Lane’s Modern Egypt is largely copied from, but why should so many of his illustrations of Egyptians, chiefly of female dress, ornament, &c., be described as that of Syrian women? M. Fillion is not the first to do this, but it is to be regretted, as type of feature, at least, cannot

be identical in the two countries, even if other details be, and Lane drew his figures carefully. M. Fillion remarks that his work is the first in its line in French; we may add that although he has been himself so largely indebted to English books, there is no similar work in England that we have met equally methodical, full, and cheap. The Scripture references are of course to the Vulgate, and thus Catholics may verify them without any delay

Sanctum Jesu Christi Evangelium secundum Matthæum, amplo Commentario, tum morali et homilitico ex SS. Patribus, quum literali et exegetico ex auctoribus nostræ ætatis, illustraist J. A. VAN STEENKISTE. Tertia Editio. 4 Vols. Brugis: Desclée, de Brouwer et Soc. 1880-82.

THIS new edition of Professor Steenkiste's Commentary on St. Matthew, the fourth volume of which has recently appeared, is so far altered and enlarged (being twice its former size) as to be practically a new book. In its new form it is more than ever a valuable commentary for preachers, and we may now emphasize the remark we made some time ago, when noticing Père Corluy's commentary on St. John, that the two together supply a valuable and ample guide for a preacher in his interpretation of the Gospels through the year. As to the external appearance of the Commentary on St. Matthew, we shall briefly say that the poor paper and type of former editions has given place to luxurious elegance of paper, printing, and type. This is due to the Society of St. Augustine, already celebrated for beauty of type and finished workmanship. In harmony with this, Professor Steenkiste has also improved his style, and his treatment of difficulties is fuller and more complete than heretofore. The introductory questions of general criticism on St. Matthew—*e.g.*, the authenticity of the Gospel, its integrity, date, object, &c., as also the relation of the synoptics to each other—are to be found here treated with much fulness and with reference to modern criticism. Indeed, here, and in the body of the work, the preacher, student, or cleric will find ample material for sermons or Scripture conferences. A great improvement we may note is that in the copious references to the Holy Fathers and authors on one side or the other of debated questions, detailed references have taken the place of the former general mention of their names—a boon saving the student an immense expenditure of time. Many of the additions of mystical and other interpretations for the use of the pulpit are particularly valuable: instance, at first opening, the page (29) headed, "Ordinis ratio in vita JESU tripartita;" and countless others could be named. Another noteworthy improvement—the last we need make mention of—is the insertion not only of all St. Matthew's text, but of parallel passages from the other three Evangelists.

The Appendices, which occupy the larger portion of the fourth volume, deserve mention, as containing much curious matter. The first, on the human nature of Our Lord, regarded as a private person, contains details that many will consider exceedingly interesting

on His personal appearance, beauty, dress, manner of life, &c. Artists would do well to read what the Professor has gathered together about the portraits of Our Lord, and his excellent advice as to how the Saviour of the World should be painted; and some sixteen pages devoted to the dress worn by Him should be read in this connection. A "Tabula Synoptica" of the life of Our Lord is, in fact, a very full harmony of the Gospels; whilst the indices, of which there are no less than fourteen, are so full and correct, systematize the contents of the volumes under so many useful aspects, that it is difficult to think what we could have had more perfect or in addition; an index—*e.g.*, of places in which this Evangelist apparently differs from one or more of the others; another, and a very useful one, for preachers, of proverbs and "dicta acuta" in this Gospel, and so on; ending with a very copious alphabetical index, "omnium rerum." The fifth index is remarkable. It contains a list of places in the Vulgate "forte corrigenda;" it is true that they are "minoris momenti," but the student of Scripture will find many of them very suggestive, and the controversialist not seldom very useful.

We object to the paging of these volumes being continuous throughout, but that is almost the only fault we can find with this admirably composed commentary on the Gospel of St. Matthew, which we gladly recommend as both ample, thorough, and adapted to modern pulpit requirements.

The First Epistle of St. John. By ERICH HAUPT. Translated, with an Introduction, by W. R. POPE, D.D. Edinburgh: T. & T. Clark.

THIS is certainly one of the best of Messrs. Clark's importations from Germany. Haupt's Commentary is characterized by earnest faith and deep learning, without any trace of either German rationalism or German contentiousness. It combines a "microscopic" examination of words, with a careful study of the order and sequence of thought. In Haupt's opinion, St. John's Gospel and Epistle were meant for the same readers, and were written with the same object, and almost at the same time; that the Epistle is the inspired comment and practical application of the Gospel. To quote the language of Dr. Pope's introduction, the Epistle was St. John's "last service to Christianity," "the sealing up of the vision," "the closing doctrinal testimony of the last and greatest teacher of the Christian Church," "the last breath of infallible inspiration devoted to a general review of the whole system of truth."

We have only one criticism to make, and that is to remark that the learned author supports the unusual reading (iv. 3) *πάν πνεῦμα ὁ λυεὶ τὸν Ἰησοῦν*, whilst he, in common with most Protestant commentators, rejects the seventh verse of the fifth chapter. In this he appears to us to be inconsistent, for the two cases are strictly analogous. Both readings are destitute of MS. authority; both

depend wholly upon the old Latin version; Tertullian is the main witness to both; external evidence is as strong in one case as in the other, and internal evidence is certainly stronger for that which he rejects. The passage from Socrates, on which Haupt relies for explaining the disappearance of the one reading from the current Greek text, may explain also the removal of the other. What Socrates says is this—"that Nestorius was ignorant that in the old copies of the Catholic Epistle of John it was written '*every spirit that dissolveth Jesus is not of God.*' For those who wished to separate the Divinity from the economy of the manhood erased this thought from the old MSS. Wherefore the old interpreters indicated the very fact when they narrated that some dealt deceitfully with the text of St. John's Epistle, wishing to sever Him who is man from Him who is God" (Hist. Eccles. vii. 32). Now, we ask, if Socrates bears witness that in the fifth century old MSS. existed which contained a reading unknown to MSS. now existing, why is St. Jerome disbelieved in his assertion that he had a century before seen MSS. which contained 1 John v. 7? Again, if Nestorius could "deal deceitfully with the text of St. John's Epistle," might not Arius do the same?

Sermons for the Spring Quarter. By the late Very Rev. CHARLES MEYNELL, D.D. Edited by H. I. D. RYDER, of the Oratory. London: Burns & Oates. 1883.

PROBABLY those who either were acquainted with Dr. Meynell or have read his volume of "Short Sermons on Doctrinal Subjects," published some years ago, will know what sort of treat they may here anticipate. Not having had either good fortune ourselves, we have received from the reading of these pages an amount of pleasure that we were quite unprepared for.

"The characteristic of his Sermons, I venture to think," the editor writes in the Memoir, "is the union of very careful elaboration, sometimes resulting in ornament, with great simplicity and directness of scope." This is true. Yet there is an element in them which has struck us still more forcibly as a characteristic. We are told that Dr. Meynell's favourite reading—besides his sacred studies—was metaphysics, of which he was for many years professor. And it appears to us that one great charm of his sermons is the manner in which the reverent-minded metaphysician penetrates the treasures of Holy Writ and presents his texts in a new and striking connection. Take, for instance, the admirable sermon "Neither Cold nor Hot," on the familiar text Apoc. iii. 15-19. There the author's fine analysis and interpretation of the text does not supplant the familiar one of lukewarmness, but, going deeper, deals with a spiritual state ("the state of one who is deceived by the appearance of good works") which is other than the "lukewarm," yet which is probably the root and explanation of that lack of earnestness, of warmth, of zeal, of enthusiasm, of thoroughness, which is so prevalent a malady and fatal hindrance to true religion among

the educated and refined classes. But the sermon should be read: the reader will be struck with the sketch the preacher cleverly draws of a model "neither cold nor hot" man, and the moral which he drives home so forcibly that the cure is (see verse 19) to "do penance," and that God's "rebuke and chastisement" of such an one should be taken as token of His "love." The same characteristic is notable in the sermons headed "Speculative Piety" (on St. James i. 22-24), "The Fall of Peter," and "The Penitent Thief;" and there is still more thoughtful and even subtle penetration displayed in the admirable sermon "The Bread of Life." From this we will make one short quotation, which will also exemplify that pushing elaboration into ornament which the editor remarks upon. The sermon has dealt with an explanation of that "life" of which the Eucharist is the bread by contrast with that death of which sin is the cause, and of the manner in which the Bread gives life by contrast with the manner in which sin causes death. Sin is the cause of death in soul and in body, and of those seeds of death the ailments and diseases that afflict us: "hence it is that the whole tree of humanity, sin-poisoned as it is, bears so heavy a harvest of death:" so the Bread of Life giving back the life of the soul, begins even *now* its workings hostile to death, albeit the plenitude of the operation is achieved after that death from which even the Redeemer would not exempt himself.

And so with the Divine Life: grace cannot restore the integrity of manhood, as it was lost in Adam, save only through death; but so long as we live, we must bear in soul and body the seams and scars of sin. Yet have faith, brethren. If indeed your souls and bodies are nourished by the heavenly Bread, already life everlasting has begun in you, and is working according to the measure of each one's co-operation towards fulfilment. For it was not said, observe, of him that eateth, that he *shall* have everlasting Life, but that he *hath* it. We have it: what, then, hinders its manifestation, but "the body of this death?" We are, in this respect like those worms which feed on the sedge by the river's margin, but which are other than they appear. For their present life is but the bud and promise of their perfect being. So, even while they seem to stiffen in the rigidity of death, the inner higher life, fermenting, bursts the outward husk of what they are; and unsightly grubs are transformed into a joyous, airy race that, with wings of gauze and rainbow hues, sparkle amongst the reeds and flash upon the waters. Such is a parable of our condition. We, too, are other than we seem; but that which is in us of corruption must perish before that which is of incorruption be revealed.

Extracts from these sermons, however, even could we multiply them, would by extraction lose the force and significance they have in the context. For evidently the author had an artistic instinct as to "unity:" his sermons are striking examples of one thought or lesson well worked out and illustrated. We thank Fr. Ryder for this valuable addition to our stock of English Catholic sermons. They are so suggestive, fresh, far-removed from hackneyed expressions or treatment, and, as we have already noticed, well built together, that we feel sure the clergy will be glad to

possess them, and that young preachers may do far worse than model their own style upon them.

With an extract from Father Ryder's "Introductory Memoir," which will not be thought too long, we close these words of warm welcome to the book he has edited—merely premising that Dr. Meynell has published at various times essays on metaphysical and literary subjects, which many of his friends regarded as preludes to some important work on the same lines.

The literary work he has left behind him, with all its excellence, is indeed but a small portion of the man, and of his work; for the work is the man. He attracted every one who came across him without effort—without making himself in the least unlike himself—through what was best in him. Sixth-form boys and little factory children were amongst his special favourites, and these perhaps loved him best: but I found that on the little bit of railway he was continually traversing, professional and commercial men, going to their business of a morning, would always ask of the station-master, "Is the doctor in the train?"—so that if possible they might get a five or ten minutes in his company. Indeed, although a certain shy gentleness formed part of his character, he was quite endlessly amusing. . . . He died after a long and painful illness of several months—during which he exemplified the lessons of cheerful patience he had so assiduously taught—on May 4, 1882, in the fifty-fourth year of his age, at his little mission of Caverswall, North Staffordshire, amid the obstinate hopes of his friends that his life would yet be spared them.

Schools. By Lieut.-Colonel CHICHESTER. London: Burns & Oates. 1882.

THERE is scarcely any subject on which thinking men are more hopelessly divided than on the question of Systems of Education. "Quot homines, tot sententiæ" seems to be the motto with which every writer thereon should preface his remarks. There are some amongst us who cast wistful glances at our English Public Schools, in comparison with which they find our Catholic Institutions unmanly and inefficient. Colonel Chichester in the *brochure* before us has addressed himself to this question, and in a work of some 100 pages he has given a pleasant *coup d'œil* of the rival Systems of Education. We need hardly say that there is no attempt to make a serious study of the grave issues at stake; but the author has a happy knack of seizing a few salient features of a school, and a decided literary power of expressing his views. With many of his views we should like to join issue; but we yield to the easy, pleasant current of thought that carries us on through the pamphlet.

We were interested to note the impression made by our Catholic Schools upon so fair-minded a man as Colonel Chichester. But we have been disappointed on the whole. With the exception of Woburn Park School, the sketches of Stonyhurst, Ushaw, and Downside are meagre and superficial. It is not a little curious to find the account of Woburn Park School to be the best bit of description in the book. Is Colonel Chichester singing a *palinodia*? Or is it

that he finds himself so much in sympathy with Monsignor Petre's views, that he has unconsciously given to Woburn the most prominent position in his pages. The description of Woburn Parliament is in the author's happiest vein. We have only space for a mutilated extract:—

As an exercise the Woburn Parliament has great advantages over other debating societies. The historic reading it requires in the history of the day, which, after all, concerns us more than the history of the Roman emperors. It excites more attention than ordinary debating society themes. Of all such we may well say,

What's Hecuba to him or he to Hecuba,
That he should weep for her?

But the amount of fagging which in the cricket-field has to be extracted from junior-seniors for public purposes is a matter which will be hotly debated. Any lurking discontent that may be in the school gravitates naturally to the Opposition, where it remains bursting with public virtue until it is summoned to the Councils of the Sovereign, when, as was said of the Whigs of old:

As bees on flowers lighting cease to hum,
So settling into places Whigs are dumb.

The leading speeches on either side, in debating bills or motions, are no doubt prepared; but at least seven-tenths of what is said is obviously extempore, except so far as thought has been given to the general question, but the thrust and parry is the action of the moment.

The influence of the Speaker is most usefully exercised in maintaining the dignity of debate. An hon. member must use rather more circumlocution at Woburn than at St. Stephen's if he wishes to convey his opinion that another hon. member is an ass; and retractions of what is ruled offensive are enforced so as to become the retractions of gentlemen, and not the offensive evasions of snobs, as happens elsewhere (p. 67).

The account of Downside, for some reason, is very meagre and perfunctory; while Oscott, which is decidedly one of our typical schools, is passed over in silence.

If space permitted, we should find much to object to in the final chapter—"Various Theories Examined." His discussion of complete and incomplete supervision is feeble to a degree; his proposal to remove the restrictions upon smoking is almost too absurd to be argued. It seems to us that Colonel Chichester, in description and observation, can boast of no mean literary gifts, but when he attempts to deal with matters of speculation or philosophy we cannot but suggest: *Ne sutor ultra crepidam*.

Notes of a Visit to the Russian Church in the Years 1839–1840. By the late WILLIAM PALMER, M.A. Selected and arranged by Cardinal NEWMAN. London: Kegan Paul & Co. 1882.

THESE Memoirs call attention to a region which has comparatively escaped the world's literary tourists. They bring vividly before us the spectacle of the decline and degeneration of a Church whose subjection to the State is even now preparing its epitaph. Relatively

we know very little about Russia; we hear of Nihilists and dynamite explosions, yet the world is too superficial to analyze the causes which are working to undermine Russian society. It is content to accept them with an exclamation of commiseration for the unfortunate country which is still ruled by a despot, and where the liberty of the subject is not respected.

The book before us will throw light on some of the social questions which are agitating Russia. It is the work of one well known to many of us, and was written as far back as the year 1839 in the form of a journal. Three years after his death it is offered to us in a very attractive volume, edited by His Eminence Cardinal Newman, to whom Mr. Palmer bequeathed all his MSS. For some the preface may be the most attractive thing in the book, condensing as it does vigorously the whole intent of Mr. Palmer's visit to Russia. But more than this, it is a graceful tribute from the Cardinal to his departed friend. "He was to me a true and loyal friend," are the closing words of this preface, "and his memory is very dear to me." The signature of "John Henry, Cardinal Newman," will be the passport to many English firesides, and bring, we are confident, this most forcible work before the minds of our fellow-countrymen.

The book is so rich and suggestive that more than one question which it opens out would require to be separately treated. It bears, for instance, valuable testimony to the decay and crystallization of the Russian Church. The causes lie deeper down and run up to the very Greek schism itself, but the effects must at least be acknowledged by those who have hitherto seen in Oriental Christendom a powerful ally to all Western advocates of the Branch Theory. Another similar point is the view taken of Anglicanism by the Russian authorities. Mr. Palmer was, as the Metropolitan told him, the "good defender of a bad cause," and in spite of his powers of argument, his piety, and honesty of purpose, he could not gain his object in going to St. Petersburg, which was admission to Greek communion. Having taken great pains to explain the Anglican teaching about the Blessed Sacrament, he was told that his "doctrine was a terrible heresy," Transubstantiation being perhaps the one point on which the Easterns are most orthodox. But if these things happen in the green wood, what will it be in the dry? A communion which still has a great part of the sacramental system, and true Orders, is indeed in this position if compared to the Anglican body, the conduct of whose founders was practically a revolt from the sacerdotal idea and all that it involves. If the reception of true sacraments, the possession of a real priesthood, belief in the invocation of Our Blessed Lady and the Saints, and the preaching of asceticism, fail to keep warmth in the body, and to impede deterioration and palpable decomposition, what will it be where none of these things exist in the communion as such? We hope that before long attention may be more fully drawn, in these pages, to this question, and the whole position of the Russian Church. We would close this notice of Mr. Palmer's Journal by an anecdote which he tells, as

illustrating the extraordinary analogy which exists between heretical bodies. It relates to a lady's conversion to the Russian Church through the Blessed Sacrament. He says, "One Lutheran lady, who at first thought that she might believe nearly the same without changing, if their doctrine was consubstantiation, in consequence consulted her pastor, asking him what she *ought to believe*, and whether what she had received was really the body of Christ or not? The pastor replied, 'Madame, c'est comme vous voulez,' which shocked her, and she changed soon afterwards, saying, that 'she did not wish to belong to a Church in which such matters were to depend on her own feeling and opinion.'" What would this lady have said to the Anglican mind on the Gorham case. In this primary matter of Baptism, the Church of England decided that on a principal point in dispute between different theological parties, it maintains "an absolute neutrality; and that there is nothing in the Baptismal Offices to hinder the adherents of such schools from holding office together as members of a united Christian body."

The Catholic Church and Civil Governments; or, the Church's Right. By the Rev. JOHN EARNSHAW. London: A. Washbourne. 1883.

THE Catholic Church is one of the grandest and most beautiful creations of the wisdom of God. To know her better, to grow more familiar with her nature and prerogatives, to gain a clearer insight into her scope, her power, her privileges and her position, is to know more likewise of the mercy and tenderness of Him who set her as a fast rock in the midst of a turbulent sea, to be our safety and our refuge. Yet how very few among the great masses of the faithful are in a position to form anything like a true and clear notion of her form and constitution. How few fully understand, much less appreciate, her precise position and *status*, and her relations and bearings towards civil powers and secular governments. It is not that nothing has been written on the subject. On the contrary; it is rather because so much has been written and published that ignorance prevails. The treatises on the Church have been too bulky and expensive to become popular, or have been written in a language which few understand.

The Rev. John Earnshaw, by the publication of his little dissertation, short, lucid, and simple in its treatment, has rendered this excuse no longer possible. He has given a brief but excellent exposition of the broader and more essential characteristics of the Catholic Church, and shown it to be a perfect society, independent of the civil government, superior to the State, and possessed of peculiar rights and special prerogatives. A chapter is devoted to each of these considerations, which are so handled as to be easily within the compass of the most ordinary mind. It need hardly be said that the doctrine, which seems for the most part based upon Cardinal Tarquini's well-known and highly esteemed treatise, is consonant with the teaching of the greatest canonists and theologians.

The style is agreeable, and the arguments, which are clearly put, aptly illustrated by familiar and striking examples, and suggestive extracts. The publisher also deserves to be complimented on the clearness of the type and the general get-up of this handy little volume of some hundred and ten pages.

J. S. V.

The Catholic University of Ireland. A Short Notice of its New Organization and Future Prospects. By the Rev. GERALD MOLLOY, Rector. Dublin: Browne & Nolan. 1883.

THE new form taken by the Catholic University of Ireland requires a more extended notice than we can now give in speaking of this interesting pamphlet. Dr. Molloy, the new Rector, explains that the details of the new constitution are not yet complete; but its general features are quite settled, and they are of the greatest interest. The establishment of the Royal University of Ireland has made it necessary that the whole Catholic teaching body should unite in taking measures to benefit to the utmost by the tardy concession which is, at present, all that they can count upon. The scheme decided upon is briefly this:—The University is to consist, principally, of two divisions, Theology and Arts. In the theological division, the College of Maynooth, which now enters the University for the first time, naturally becomes the centre and the head. A scheme for periodical examinations in theology and philosophy is to be at once prepared, and the University will, as before, confer degrees in these sciences; and the solemnities attendant on the conferring of academical grades will probably take place at Maynooth, in the presence of the Episcopate of Ireland. The division of Arts will take in a number of aggregated colleges throughout the country, one of them being the “University College,” Stephen’s Green, where University lectures will be regularly kept up. The Catholic University will not exercise its power of conferring degrees in Arts, but will send its students to the examinations of the Royal University of Ireland. We should add that the Faculty of Medicine (in the Medical School, Cecilia Street, Dublin) will continue, as heretofore, its excellent work. We have always thought that the acceptance by the Irish Episcopate, under the sanction of the Holy See, of the principle of a governing body in which Catholics and non-Catholics sit side by side, is a movement pregnant with significance in the present educational controversy, and no one will watch with greater interest than ourselves its working and its development.

The Origin of Ideas. By ANTONIO ROSMINI SERBATI. Translated from the Fifth Italian Edition of the “Nuovo Saggio sull’ origine delle Idee.” Vol. I. London: Kegan Paul & Co. 1883.

AS this handsome book is only a first volume, and as its contents are not at all satisfactory as giving an adequate presentation of Rosmini’s theory of the origin of ideas, we need hardly do more, at

the moment, than announce it. The translators, whom we may presume to be the English Fathers of Charity, have most creditably overcome the great difficulty of giving a serviceable English dress to the somewhat loose and flowing style of the author. It is not that Rosmini was a slovenly writer or an inaccurate thinker; he was neither. His language is beautifully rounded, and his thought, with whatever exceptions, is careful and precise. But the Italian language—and the same may, of course, be said with far greater emphasis of its parent, the Latin—has an inflected and periodic character, which enables the mind to follow an idea through a long sentence without losing hold of it. English, on the other hand, becomes confusion in proportion as we attempt to link clause to clause. The English, however, of the volume before us is, on the whole, very clear and readable. There is an able preface, by the translators, extending to some forty pages. It is a sort of *apologia* for the author's method and conclusions, and affords a clue to the "Nuovo Saggio" and the author's philosophical works generally. Before discussing it, we must wait for another volume. The position of Rosmini, as a philosophical thinker, is perhaps not yet defined. His leading theory—that the "idea of being" is innate, and that all other ideas are only this primary idea irradiating in some way or other whatever exists—is, from one side, sufficiently reconcilable with the theories of St. Thomas. But when he persists, as he does, that this "idea of being" is eternal, and is indeed God's own being, then the ordinary Thomist begins to wonder where matters will stop. To speak plainly, we cannot say that the authors of the preface have given us any new convictions on this subject.

Lisez et Jugez! Armée-soi-disant-du Salut. Courts Extraits de ses Ordres et Réglements. Cinquième édition, revue. Genève: H. Georg. Paris: Fischbacher. 1883.

L'Evangéliste. Roman Parisien. Par ALPHONSE DAUDET. Paris: E. Dentu. 1883.

THIS is the pamphlet in which the Comtesse Agénor de Gasparin, a few weeks ago, attacked the "Salvation Army," with special reference to those events at Geneva, which will be fresh in the recollection of our readers. There is not much power in the *brochure*. It consists in very great measure of extracts from the "Orders and Regulations of the Salvation Army," issued by General Booth, and sold at the low price of twopence at the "headquarters" in Victoria Street. The Comtesse, who is apparently a Protestant of an indefinite Low Church type, and who continues in her widowhood to "look up" with extreme reverence to the views of the late Comte Agénor de Gasparin, has no difficulty in proving that General Booth's movement is, and is meant to be, a despotism and a source of much trouble to families. But it does not appear that she has got very far when she has demonstrated this. To assert that the "Salvation" movement is modelled on the Society of the Jesuits

sounds effective ; but as no one, in England at least, is likely to flatter Mr. Booth by believing this, nothing will come of it. There might, in the future, be a moment when it will cease to be absurd to compare the organization of a few astute men, a good many hysterical women, and a large number of shouting workpeople, with older and more tried societies ; but in England we do not believe that the moment has arrived as yet. It may be probable that Mr. Booth is getting a considerable amount of property into his hands, and it may be not unlikely that investments in the "Salvation" movement will prove poor speculations in a sublunary sense. But we are accustomed to see both these things happen in every-day concerns without accusing the directors of being Jesuits. That Mr. Booth's campaign may prove a source of considerable anxiety to fathers and mothers is far from improbable. Poor Miss Maud Charlesworth is only a type. Some of our readers may have seen Daudet's "*L'Evangéliste*." It is an exposure of the effects of Protestant enthusiasm on a young woman and on her mother. Its characters are types, and are drawn from life. The rich banker's wife, who is the ruling and moving spirit of the Gospel "work," the various instruments and toadies who help her, flatter her, and eat her bread, the young girl who leaves her widowed mother, under the most pathetic circumstances, to become a "worker," the poor mother herself, the grand old pastor, who finds himself destitute in his extreme age, because he speaks the truth to the woman who has money and power—these, and many more, will be found in M. Daudet's pages, drawn by a hand which, in this instance at least, has only in some half-a-page or so defiled itself as French novels are usually defiled. The moral of the work is, that vices and faults, such as have been charged on the religious Orders and Sisterhoods of the Catholic Church, do actually exist in all their grossness, and without the possibility of responsible control, in Protestant circles in the very midst of modern life. We sympathize very little either with the novelist or with Madame de Gasparin. The latter has no love for the Catholic Church, and the former stands aloof from all religion whatever. Much of the satire of both is only effective on the supposition that God has established nothing more holy than family life. The "Salvation" movement, which is by no means doing unmixed evil, will probably die out as quickly as it sprung up. The great harm which will come from it, unless it collapses very soon, will be that serious preachers of God's word will hardly be able to use the phrases of Holy Scripture and of traditional devotion without the certainty of calling up ridiculous and disturbing associations. This is a very serious evil, because the consequence will be that religion will stand a chance of being as much despised by the working-classes in England as it is by those in France. But we really do not see, if religion is ever to be brought to the masses in England, how we can help having to face something of this kind. The two books we are noticing may well serve to show what is meant by "throwing pearls to swine ;" and let us hope that we may not have to witness, only too soon, the ful-

filment of the prophetic consequence, when the unfit hearers of Divine things unfitly uttered shall turn upon the preachers and rend them.

The Catholic Missions. An Illustrated Monthly Magazine. No. 1 :
March, 1883. London : Burns & Oates.

THIS enterprise deserves a warm welcome. The French Missions Catholiques of Lyons has long had *éditions étrangères* in Italian, German, Spanish, Dutch, and Polish. It seemed unbecoming that English alone—the most widely diffused of any of the languages—should be conspicuous by its absence. An English edition is here started, and will have, we hope, signal success. The style of this first number is excellent, the illustrations attractive, and charmingly printed. Certainly, unless taste be utterly vitiated, this monthly instalment of news from distant outposts of missionary enterprise, full of attractive geographical matter, descriptions of strange people, &c., cannot fail to be a “welcome guest” at every Catholic fireside. Young people could ask no better monthly magazine. We heartily wish it a wide circulation and a permanent footing in English-speaking homes.

Four Years of Irish History. 1845–1849. By Sir CHARLES GAVAN DUFFY, K.C.M.G. London : Cassell, Petter, Galpin & Co. 1883.

IN the period of four years comprised in this History, Ireland passed through such suffering and sorrow as has fallen to the lot of no other people in modern times. Famine, unexampled in its severity, followed the destruction of the staple crop ; fever, of a low, malignant type, struck the enfeebled population, and completed the work which hunger and privation had begun ; while the apathy and misgovernment of those from whom assistance might have been expected, left the King of Terrors free to exercise undisputed sway over the doomed island. Between 1845 and 1849 more than one-fourth of the entire population disappeared. This short sentence sums up the principal events in four years of Irish history. But it is not upon this topic of ghastly interest that Sir Charles Gavan Duffy dwells in the pages of the volume now before us. Famine, disease, stagnation of trade and universal poverty are, indeed, incidentally referred to ; but the attention of the reader is chiefly directed to the records of the *Nation* newspaper, and the growth of the Young Ireland Confederation. The skilful pen and flowing, easy style of the author have certainly been required to produce a readable book out of such unpromising materials. That he has succeeded, we think must be admitted, even by captious critics ; and if in some instances he dwells at needless length upon transactions of minor importance, and extracts from correspondence to which no interest now attaches, yet the judicious reader will find no difficulty in passing over these

occasional interruptions, and regaining, a few pages later on, the steady current of the narrative.

The Young Ireland party, at the end of the year 1845, may be described as the "extreme left" of the Repeal Association. O'Connell had come out of prison with a broken spirit, and was not inclined to push agitation to the verge of rebellion. To the ardent young patriots who wrote for the *Nation* such half-hearted counsels were intolerable. They had not, it is true, at this time entered on their career of conspiracy, but they were deeply impressed with the importance of establishing a national life and feeling for Ireland as a separate and independent country; and it was by disseminating their opinions through the medium of the *Nation* that they hoped to arouse the torpid energies of the Irish people.

It seemed to me at that time (writes Sir C. G. Duffy), and experience and reflection have deepened the conviction, that it depended mainly on the *Nation* whether the Irish cause would not again disappear from view, as in 1835, and the people who had felt the divine inspiration which enabled Belgians and Greeks, Hungarians and Italians, to hope and strive for a national existence till it was attained, should not fall back in despair, or harness themselves once more like cattle to the triumphant car of an English party. I resolved that one post at least should not be yielded to the enemy, and much depended on that decision.

Among the schemes for the regeneration of Ireland which were promulgated by these young enthusiasts, some were entirely praiseworthy, while others were calculated to raise a smile rather than to provoke hostility. Thus we find that they projected a "Library of Ireland," which should include lives of eminent Irishmen and various historical treatises; and endeavoured to establish Schools of purely National Art in painting, sculpture and architecture. It was also purposed to bring home the illustrious Irish dead from foreign graves, and to publish an Irish almanack, which should associate dates not with English transactions, but with the long list of Irish kings before and after the invasion. These projects are significant. They show to what extremes, even in trivial matters, the Young Ireland party was anxious to go in establishing national feeling; and what they were in literature and art, they were also in the more hazardous walks of political speculation.

Several chapters of this work are devoted to tracing the contest between O'Connell and Young Ireland, which resulted in the secession of the extreme party from the Repeal Association. O'Connell allied himself with the Whigs, and hoped to gain substantial reforms by constitutional means; the *Nation*, on the contrary, preached the doctrine that armed insurrection was occasionally justifiable, and was, in the language of a philosophical historian, "the blessed resource of the oppressed, without which tyranny would reign supreme on the earth." In order to bring this difference to a head, O'Connell promulgated his "Peace Resolutions," which pledged the Repeal Association to the principle of moral force. These the Young Irelanders were by no means willing to accept, and yet they could ill afford to break with

O'Connell's party, which furnished the great mass of the readers of the *Nation*.

Moreover, as Sir C. G. Duffy says :

The Young Irelanders did not wish to quit the Association, because to quit the Association meant to commit the public cause to Mr. John O'Connell and speedy ruin. They desired to keep the organization strong, because it was the instrument by which they hoped to win the independence of the country. And it was plain, beyond all reasonable possibility of a doubt, that if they retired the national question would be gradually abandoned, and the leader's green cap made over to Lord John Russell. There might be an occasional hurrah for Repeal; but Repeal was not a result to be attained by the most persuasive hurrahing, and no other expedient was any longer proposed. It has been imputed to them that what they wanted was to succeed to the authority of O'Connell. Such a desire would have been folly. The authority of O'Connell was purely personal, and could not be transferred to them, or to any one—not even to his favourite son—by his own most strenuous exertions.

Whatever may have been the motives of O'Connell and his party, they succeeded in purging the Association of the advocates of physical force. The "secession," which was in reality "expulsion," followed a protracted debate upon the Peace Resolutions. The subject was treated as a purely speculative one; but, when we remember the subsequent events, we cannot doubt that much of the abstract reasoning about the lawfulness of force was interpreted as applying directly to the particular case of Irish rebellion. It was on this occasion that Meagher earned the sobriquet of "Meagher of the Sword," by delivering a speech in praise of that weapon. The following extract shows the sort of eloquence which fascinated an Irish audience of that time, and is strongly suggestive of a temperament too hot for the successful conduct of any enterprise, even of conspiracy:

Be it for the defence, or be it for the assertion of a nation's liberty, I look upon the sword as a sacred weapon. And if, my lord, it has sometimes reddened the shroud of the oppressor, like the anointed rod of the High Priest, it has at other times blossomed into flowers to deck the freeman's brow. Abhor the sword and stigmatize the sword? No, my lord, for in the cragged passes of the Tyrol it cut in pieces the banner of the Bavarian, and won an immortality for the peasant of Innsbruck. Abhor the sword and stigmatize the sword? No, my lord, for at its blow a giant nation sprang up from the waters of the Atlantic, and by its redeeming magic the fettered colony became a daring free republic. Abhor the sword and stigmatize the sword? No, my lord, for it scourged the Dutch marauders out of the fine old towns of Belgium, back into their own phlegmatic swamps, and knocked their flag, and laws, and sceptre, and bayonets into the sluggish waters of the Scheldt.

Holding these views, the Young Irelanders were clearly out of place in a peaceful Association, and their expulsion was followed by the marked approval of the clergy and people of Ireland. The "rent," which had been languishing for some time, rose to £400 in the week following the "secession;" resolutions of approval poured in from all parts of the country, and many of the Bishops spoke clearly and decisively upon the subject. Thus Dr. Cantwell, Bishop of Meath, declared that "the Catholic members who would advocate a resort

to physical force in the debates of the Association must be regardless of their duty as Christians, and insensible of their obligations as Roman Catholics." The Bishop of Ardagh was equally explicit. "We have," he said, "no physical force men in this diocese. Neither have we, thank God, any schoolboy philosophers, false and sanguinary Repealers, or Voltairian newspapers."

These wise and temperate views, however, did not long prevail. The *Nation* had won for itself extraordinary popularity, and O'Connell, in seeking to exclude it from the Repeal reading-rooms throughout the country, evoked a spirit of resistance which even he was unable to overcome. In vain did he accuse the paper of high treason to the cause; its highly-flavoured articles suited the taste of the people, and they would not forego their banquet of sedition. Remonstrance after remonstrance poured in from all parts of the country, and the Repealers of Dublin, to the number of thirteen hundred and upwards, sent to Conciliation Hall a memorial which was treated with indiscreet and contemptuous discourtesy. "The Young Liberator," as Mr. John O'Connell was called, had at this time taken the place of his dying father, and he possessed neither the tact nor the power necessary for the successful management of the Repeal Association. Our author speaks of him in the following uncomplimentary strain: "Mr. John O'Connell bore some resemblance to another historic mischief-maker. He was as narrow, self-willed, and obstinate as the King who drove the American colonists to resistance, and as dangerous and fatal a counsellor."

The fate of the Repeal movement was practically sealed when Mr. John O'Connell ordered the Dublin Remonstrance to be flung into the gutter. Thenceforth the Repeal Rent barely paid the expenses of the Association; and finally, all its possessions—its library, band, furniture, and Conciliation Hall itself, had to be sold for the payment of its debts. Sir Charles Gavan Duffy thus records the triumph of the *Nation*:

More than a generation has passed since those events, and to-day only an exceptional man can point out where Conciliation Hall stood; its hired *claque* have disappeared as completely as Major Sirr's battalion of testimony; insanity, suicide, the profligate renunciation of opinions for place, the fog of obscurity, have swallowed them up; its special press died in a stench. But the work done by the young men of the *Nation* is to be found in every Irish library in the five divisions of the world; the soldier on his march, the missionary in China and India, the digger in California, the solitary shepherd in the Australian bush have found refreshment in it.

The "young men of the *Nation*" early in the year 1847 formed themselves into a Confederation, and the subsequent history of this body was not altogether dissimilar to that of the parent Association from which its members had seceded or been expelled. For, this Confederation in its turn developed a "left," whose views were far in advance of the relatively prudent members; and Mitchel eventually abandoned the *Nation*, quarrelled with his compatriots, and started a rival organ of extreme opinion, which, with unconscious

irony the schismatic named *The United Irishman*. The character which Sir C. G. Duffy draws of Mitchel is probably the best thing in this book, and will be read with interest by all who desire to know something of the way in which the Irish patriot of 1848 regarded the English connection. Comparing him with Davis the poet, he says: "Their animating motive was far from being identical: Davis loved Ireland; Mitchel hated England. Their personal demeanour was as signal a contrast: Davis effaced himself; his name or any reference to his own work is not to be found once in all his writings; Mitchel made himself the foremost figure in every transaction. 'My policy,' 'the policy of me, J. M.,' and the like, recur in his letters and leading articles as habitually as in Cobbett's, from whom he derived the practice."

After the separation of Mitchel events moved very rapidly to the catastrophe which awaited the Young Ireland party. The French Revolution created a panic among rulers, and infected all the conspirators in Europe with an ardent desire of imitating the doings of Paris. The Confederates accordingly redoubled the fervour of their utterances, and the Government, thinking the movement more important than it really was, arrested a great number of the Young Irishmen, and put them on their trial for sedition. Lord John Russell had succeeded in carrying through Parliament without opposition a Bill to suspend Habeas Corpus in Ireland; and the leaders of the conspiracy, who had not been already arrested for sedition, felt that they would be the first victims of the new Act. This precipitated their action. And here we feel bound to protest in the most emphatic manner against the political immorality which attempts to justify the foolish and wicked act of rising in hopeless rebellion.

Dillon declared there was only one honourable course open. Submission to arrest would be construed into abandonment of the cause. . . . With the knowledge we now possess of the failure and disaster which ensued, it is unfair, I think, to pronounce his decision reckless or ill-judged. The difficulties indeed were enormous. The prospect of effectual help was vague and distant, and with any help they could reasonably hope for, the chance of success was not great. But it was great enough to make it a crime to throw it away. It is sometimes necessary to fight for the honour of the flag. . . . No struggle for liberty has greatly prospered which has not had willing martyrs. And now, once again, there was about to be seen the spectacle, for ever grand and touching to the human soul, of men who, in the midst of corruption and cowardice, offered up their lives for the truth.

If by raising the standard of insurrection these "willing martyrs" had sacrificed only themselves, we might have pitied their folly, while admiring their consistency; but we cannot excuse the recklessness which imperilled the lives of others, and opposed a mob of half-armed peasants to the rifles of the British army.

One man, and one only, was slain in the affray at Ballingarry. A nameless peasant was the only victim of this culpable enterprise; but does not his blood suffice to sadden the heart for its needless effusion? Whatever may be said of the ethics of successful revolution, it is clear to demonstration that those who give

the signal for a hopeless rising commit a crime of the gravest character. We are willing to concede to Smith O'Brien and his confederates the merit of sincerity; but we can only acquit them of crime at the expense of their reason. Were it not that the subsequent careers of many of the Young Irelanders belie any such supposition, we should say that the rising of '48 was the work of madmen. Sir C. G. Duffy thus sums up the result of the miserable fiasco:—

This was the upshot of the insurrection: a poor, feeble, unprosperous essay; a mob of disorganized peasants in frieze coats suppressed by a handful of disciplined peasants in green jackets. But it was dignified and sublimated by the unflinching courage and devotion of the men engaged in it. It was not more heroic to stake life for the common weal at Thermopylæ or Bannockburn, than on the common at Boulah; and the "Cabbage Garden" will attract the sympathy and reverence of generous minds long after more successful achievements have been forgotten.

The author has undertaken a most difficult task in seeking to invest with some degree of dignity the history of a movement which terminated in so inglorious and ridiculous a fashion. In reading of the lofty aims and aspirations of the confederates, we are perpetually reminded that all this grandiloquent declamation is to end in the cabbage garden of Ballingarry.

Raphael: his Life and Works. By J. A. CROWE and G. B. CAVALCASELLE. London: John Murray. 1882.

THE present volume is the first of three, which are to give the most comprehensive study yet published of the works of Raphael, with special regard to the influences traceable in the progress of his art. To the scant knowledge of his life possessed ever since the time of Vasari, little or nothing has been added by direct documentary evidence; but we could bear better the lack of biography, if whole chapters had not become scarcely more readable than an elaborate list of the master's works. After all, we lose less in not knowing Raphael as a man, than we gain in knowing more intimately the history of his genius as an artist. For the latter purpose, the authors' preface tells us "all the materials in existence have been used, and neither time nor travel has been spared to study personally every example, in whatever part of the world it was deposited. The present volume contains the sparse narrative and the plentiful survey of the existing pictures and sketches, and the influences under which they were created, down to the foundation of St. Peter's by Pope Julius II., and the arrival of the young painter in Rome.

There was in the genius of Raphael an extraordinary power of assimilation, by which he took to himself, and henceforth made his own, the most brilliant merits that he observed in the work of others. A less gifted man with such a facility would have become a mere imitator for life, a trickster in art; but through it Raphael acquired

his many-sided perfection, and concentrated in his work all those qualities which, taken separately, made the fame of the lesser lights that had first guided him. Foremost among these influences is that of Pietro di Perugino, both as regards time and power. The present authors favour Vasari's statement that Perugino received him in his early boyhood as an apprentice, and not, as other biographers assert, in his youth as a disciple. Every one acknowledges how completely Peruginesque Raphael was as he reached manhood; there was no trace of any former style remaining. Even at a rather later period, the free use he made of suggestions from Perugino, until it became imitation, may be seen exemplified no farther from home than in the National Gallery. Thus, in the small panel, "The Knight's Dream," Raphael's figure of the woman offering myrtle blossom shows not only a similar attitude, but the same harmony of colour—a soft melting and intermingling of pale red and blue tints—which is to be noted in the figure of Judas in the next picture, "Christ's Agony," of the Umbrian School, ascribed to Perugino. The resemblance is the more remarkable as the present biographers, who have a great deal of interesting matter to tell about Raphael's sketches, make no note of any studies of his for the figure with the myrtle, though we are told the contrasting figure with the book and sword seems, by the Venice sketch-book, to have been the object of much thought. But if Raphael was at one time strongly Peruginesque, he infused a youthful life and a higher type of beauty into his master's work; and Perugino in turn became Raphaellesque. An example of the pupil's influence is to be seen in his Madonna of the Certosa of Pavia. We may quote the description before us, as the picture is now one of the treasures of the National Gallery:—

We see the Virgin kneeling in adoration, guarded by archangels, and lulled by the chant of seraphs in a morning sky. An angel in ecstasy holds the Infant on a saddle, suggesting the flight through the land of Egypt, when the humble animal that bore the Mother of Christ was loosened of its burden and led away by the attendant Joseph. Here again are the lake, the hills and the sparse-leaved trees, the serene sky; here, too, the Raphaellesque combination of beautiful grouping, with youth and strength and delicacy of line, of dreamy depth and brilliant light, and soft luscious colour. In the landscape is a stillness so profound, that one listens for the hymn of the seraphs to come down from the sky. The whole picture is so redolent of Raphael, that his name involuntarily rises to our lips; and yet we are still [*i.e.*, at the time of Perugino's painting] far away from the time when Raphael could have shown such mastery. Perugino, inspired and perhaps helped in subordinate parts by Raphael, is here a finished artist, old in years and skill, who takes of the freshness of his pupil, whose age and comparative inexperience exclude any active or effective assertion of himself.

If the "Life" is forgotten and the "Works" remain, filling the largest space in the biography, it is not unfitting that it should be so. The works were more heavenly than the worker, and in their presence we would not have our dream broken. True, he was the painter of mythology, of war, of wealthy men of Umbria, as well as of Madonnas and apostles; and even his most inspired Madonna—

the vision looking out upon the world from the clouds and angels of the San Sisto—is herself no ethereal angel, but intensely human. But what life could stand in the full light from those heavenly groups, or before the unveiled power of his Transfiguration, and not look incongruous in earthly decay?

Ceremonial for the use of the Catholic Churches in the United States of America. Fifth revised edition. Baltimore: John B. Piet & Co. 1882.

THIS new edition has been re-cast and largely corrected; and having tested it in several parts, we venture to think that it will now be found so far correct and well ordered that it may be taken as a reliable authority. Certainly its treatment of rubrical matters is very full and complete, whilst the material portion of the volume, clear type, good paper, &c., make it an agreeable book to use. A copious index is not the least among its advantages. We want a recent book of this kind, and do not see why this Baltimore “Ceremonial” should not be largely used in England.

The First and Second Parts give all the ceremonies to be observed in churches where there is only one priest, unassisted by deacon or subdeacon, and will be found extremely useful on small missions—the First Part treating of Mass, vespers, and benediction; and the Second of the ceremonies of Candlemas, Ash-Wednesday, and Holy Week, as given in the small Ceremonial of Benedict XIII. In the First Part such very useful points are fully explained as the purification of the ciborium, and the giving of Communion [out of Mass. Still more noteworthy is the order to be observed with regard to purifying the chalice after the first of two Masses in cases of duplicating at distant churches—taken from the Instruction of the Congregation of Rites, of March, 1858. The remainder of the volume is occupied with the solemn ceremonies of High Mass, of the various festivals at Pontifical celebrations, &c., all which are treated at length, and the whole volume enriched with numerous valuable notes from recent decrees, &c. The ceremonies to be observed at provincial councils will also be found here *in extenso*, as also those at diocesan synods and episcopal visitations; and the work ends with an appendix on the ceremonial of the Forty Hours’ Exposition. The volume bears the imprimatur of the Archbishop of Baltimore.

Conferences on the Blessed Trinity. By the Rev. Dr. J. J. O’CONNELL, O.S.B. New York: The Catholic Publication Society Co., 1882.

THESE conferences, or lectures, written in a plain style, will be found useful as a sort of larger catechism. An inquirer of average intelligence could master from them no inconsiderable knowledge of what the Church holds on the sublime mystery of the

Trinity. Indeed, had the author excluded half the points he writes on, and left some room for development and fulness, most readers would, we doubt not, have been better pleased. The matter is too crowded, and consequently crude in its treatment. But it is solid matter, and will bear studying and re-studying.

Among a few small mistakes which we have noticed we may mention one (page 212), where the author says:—

It is of faith that God created the universe in six different periods of time; but it is certain that He organized matter instantly after its production from nothing.

Of course this should be “It is *not* of faith,” and the construction of the sentence indicates that the omission is a typographical error.

1. *The Works and Words of our Saviour, gathered from the Four Gospels.* By HENRY JAMES COLERIDGE, S.J. (Quarterly Series). London: Burns & Oates. 1882.

2. *The Training of the Apostles.* Part II. By HENRY JAMES COLERIDGE, S.J. (Quarterly Series). London: Burns & Oates. 1882.

1. “**T**HE Works and Words of our Saviour” is a separate work, complete in itself. It is indeed “The Life of our Life,” republished without the Harmony of the Gospels, but with considerable additions. In the present volume, therefore, we have chapters on the Life of our Lord as narrated in the four Gospels, with new chapters interspersed on the discourses of our Lord during the several periods of His ministry. Another new chapter has been added, giving the narrative of the Sacred Passion consecutively in the words of the Evangelists themselves. This is a very interesting and useful addition. We quite agree with what Father Coleridge himself says of this narrative of the Passion of our Lord in his preface:—

I could almost wish to suggest that this chapter might be recited in Catholic schools or families at times such as Holy Week, one person taking the part of one Evangelist, another of another. In this way, the distinction between the four Evangelists, and the special character of the work of each of them, might be made thoroughly familiar to Catholics, whose lives are to be so very mainly occupied in thoughts and devotions relating to that greatest of the works of God, the redemption of the world by the death of His Son.

We may add to this that the whole book might, with incalculable profit, be read in homes and convents. Its completeness, brevity, lucidity, and true spirit of Catholic piety, make it a model book for such purposes; no English work that we know of is better calculated to beget in the mind a love of the Gospels, and a relish for further and deeper study of their beauties. And let us add, also, that coming from the pen it does, it is, in all its simplicity, a book which the more advanced will find profitable. We doubt not that many priests whose modest means puts Father Coleridge’s larger

work out of their reach, will find the pith of it here, and an abundance of such matter as will supply their own meditations, and suggest many a profitable discourse. We could support this assertion by the quotation of not a few passages, but want of space prevents us.

2. This, the sixth volume, if we mistake not, of the "Public Life of our Lord," is so like its predecessors in point of method, matter, and general excellence, that we may be content, for brevity's sake, to give it the same welcome and praise we have given them. The present volume is concerned with that part of the Gospel narrative relating to the four or five summer months of our Lord's Ministry in Galilee, in the second year of His preaching. The first chapter is on the choosing of the Apostles, and the last three—remarkably thoughtful and beautiful chapters—on the Magdalene, her coming, her pardon, and her first work.

The Epic of Kings. Stories retold from Firdusi. By HELEN ZIMMERN. London: T. Fisher Unwin. 1883.

THE "Shah Nameh," or Book of Kings, the great national poem of Persia, has been practically inaccessible to English readers until Miss Helen Zimmern undertook the task of familiarizing them with its subject. Her present work is a prose rendering in English, to which she has successfully given a quaint Biblical character, without affectation, of the legends of Persia's heroic age narrated by her great poet Firdusi. Though styled an epic, the poem is wanting in the unity of subject suggested by the name, and is rather a series of semi-mythical romances, each complete in itself, and connected only by the historical sequence of the events they turn on. The traditional heroes of Persia, looming large through the mists of ages, are portrayed here one by one, and their exploits in love and war recounted through a succession of generations, with much less exaggeration of colouring than generally prevails in Oriental literature. The immemorial struggle between Persian and Tartar, still perpetuated, according to the evidence of Mr. O'Donovan, the latest traveller in those regions, in unceasing forays along the border, forms the historical substratum of the poem, the cause of these hereditary foes of Iran being throughout identified with that of Ahriman, prince of darkness, while Ormuzd, the beneficent creator, triumphs in the victories of Persia. The present volume is prefaced by an interesting sketch of Firdusi, born about 1010, and a graceful poetical narrative of the poet's exile by Mr. Gosse. Two etchings from the pen of Mr. Alma Tadema add to the attractiveness of this, the popular edition of the work.

Breton Legends. Translated from the French. London: Burns & Oates. 1882.

THE folk-lore of Brittany has a special interest from its wealth of primitive tradition, and this pretty volume is well-suited to recommend its study to the English reader. The tales selected

have a poetic grace and completeness not often found in genuine popular literature, and may be read with interest by young and old alike. The juvenile public will find entertainment in the novelty and freshness of the marvellous machinery introduced, and can enlarge their circle of nursery heroes by adding to such old friends as Jack the Giant-killer and Sindbad the Sailor, a host of new acquaintances; Mayflower, the little Breton maiden, with her sea-cow of the wonderful transformations, Tonyk, the charitable wayfarer, rewarded by the intervention of the miraculous spider, dragon-fly, and wasp, and the wicked Princess Dahut of the drowned city, above whose ruins Mass was annually said up to the Revolution in fisher-boats on the Bay of Douarnenez. Older students will find interest in tracing out coincidences with the folk-lore of other countries, and in the notes by which they are elucidated. The characteristic piety of the Bretons has given a Christian colouring to some of these legends, which generally point, but without obtruding, a moral. It may be added that as the volume has been published after strict ecclesiastical revision, it is peculiarly suitable for a schoolprize or birthday gift. The translation, the work of an accomplished Catholic lady, is graceful and easy, with the elegance of perfect simplicity.

Christ Church Cathedral, Dublin. An Account of the Restoration of the Fabric. By GEORGE EDMUND STREET, R.A. With Historical Introduction, &c. London: Sutton, Sharpe & Co. 1882.

THIS splendid folio, with its fair, broad pages, its choice type, its artistic illustrations, wood, steel, and chromo-lithographic, and its rich binding of illuminated parchment, is a fitting memorial of an act of princely munificence. Not less than princely was the offering which Mr. Roe made to the disestablished Protestant Church of Ireland when he undertook to restore, at his sole expense, the dilapidated cathedral of Christ Church, Dublin. Founded in 1038, it was largely added to in the twelfth century by the holy archbishop, Lorcan O'Tuathal (or, as the foreigner miscalls him, Laurence O'Toole), by Earl Strongbow, and others, and in the thirteenth century was completed. Succeeding ages brought a series of calamities. The steeple was destroyed once by fire, and a second time by a tempest. The ancient choir was, in the fourteenth century, taken down and replaced by an elongated, poverty-stricken structure, utterly out of harmony with the lines and character of the edifice. Worst of all, owing to the bad construction of the piers, the walls of the nave had been gradually spreading, and in 1562 the massive groined stone roof came to the ground, carrying along with it the greater portion of the southern arcade and of the west front, and leaving the northern side of the nave sadly shaken and out of the perpendicular. The central tower, also, proved no longer able to bear its burden, and the steeple had to be taken down. The southern arcade was replaced by a hideous blank wall, and the groined roof by mean and naked rafters. In 1870 the whole edifice seemed destined to complete ruin,

and, to crown its misfortunes, the Act of Disestablishment, in 1871, reduced it to a state of hopeless poverty. Three months later Mr. Roe communicated to Dr. Trench his wish to be permitted to restore the cathedral, at his sole expense, as "a thank-offering to the Great Head of the Church for mercies granted me, and for prosperity far greater than either I have desired or deserved." The offer was gratefully accepted, the vast and delicate task of completely restoring the edifice with scrupulous fidelity to its original plan was entrusted to Mr. Street, and in 1878 the venerable structure was re-opened in more than its pristine grace and beauty.

Such is the work of pious munificence, and of architectural skill, which the superb volume before us records. The larger part of it is taken up with the interesting account, written by the gifted architect himself, whose untimely loss is still fresh in our regrets, of the principles and facts which guided him in his work. To grope his way through the destructions and reconstructions of centuries back to the ideas of the original plan, to preserve every existing stone and reproduce every feature of the ancient fabric, and under such trying conditions to restore the whole of the choir, the entire south side of the nave, the groined roof, and the west front—in a word, more than half of the edifice—required a combination of keen observation, refined taste, and masterful skill, not often to be met with. Mr. Street's success in this trying task gives his name an additional title to be enrolled amongst our great architects.

The account of the Restoration is preceded by a History of the Cathedral from its foundation, by its precentor, the Rev. E. Seymour, containing many curious facts, and at least one curious theory on the Irish Church, which we give with its setting, in his own words:—

But as we now look upon its (the Cathedral's) matchless beauty, and recall to memory the various incidents of its suggestive history which thickly cluster around this venerable fane, we seem to discern, as it were, a golden link between the present and the far-distant past, spanning the gulf of seven centuries, and connecting our Reformed Church—Catholic as she is in doctrine and Apostolic in discipline—with that of olden times, when she had not as yet bent her neck beneath the yoke of Rome.

When he penned the last few lines, the author must surely have forgotten what he had quoted without dissent on page 6, concerning an Archbishop of Dublin seven centuries ago.

He (St. Lawrence) was a faithful adherent of the Church of Rome, and humbly submissive to the authority of the Pope, whose Legate he was appointed in 1179, on the occasion of his going to Rome, with five other Irish prelates, to assist at the third General Council of the Lateran.

It is in no spirit of derision that we point out these discordant passages. In this eagerness to claim for the Church of their birth Apostolicity of discipline and Catholicity of doctrine—in this strong and generous zeal for the beauty of God's House, and the solemnity of His worship, we are moved to recognize signs of the working of the Holy Spirit in the hearts of our separated brethern. A Divine architect is restoring in their souls the sadly defaced ideal of the

Christian Church. They are beginning to realize that that Church must be Apostolic, and Catholic, and one; and they would fain believe that such is the Church of their baptism. Their eyes are held for a season by the glamour of old affections, and old aversions, and the plainest of facts, the clearest of inferences, make no impression. They succeed in persuading themselves for a time that those Divine marks are discernible in the Churches of England and Ireland, and for a time they remain therein in peace. But day by day the light grows stronger, the spell is breaking, and one by one men come to see that the One Church of Christ is built neither on Dublin nor on Canterbury, but where the Divine Founder Himself placed it—on the Rock of Peter.

1. *The Granville Series Standard Reading Books.* The Primer. The Infant Reader. No. IV. Fourth Standard. No. V. Fifth Standard. London: Burns & Oates. 1882.
2. *Granville History Readers* No. IV. Notable Events in English History. By T. J. LIVESY. London: Burns & Oates. 1882.

IT is enough to remark of these Standard Readers that they keep up to their predecessors in excellence. The selections are happy; and the illustrations, type, paper, and low price show the same spirited determination on the part of the publishers not to be behindhand in any way in the competition with non-Catholic firms. Their efforts will we trust meet with the success they well deserve.

This series of Readers is now complete, and is one of the cheapest yet published. Catholic schools, therefore, will do well to see specimens of them, and judge of their many merits. We are glad to see that several school boards in London and elsewhere have adopted the Poetical Reader, suitable for the new subject "English," issued by the same publishers. The binding, too, of the series is so good and attractive that we may be permitted one remark as to the sewing of "The Primer," and the "Infant Reader"—both, by the way, marvellously cheap and well got up little books for infants. The insertion of the wire thread through the side instead of sewing through the back makes the opening of the books too difficult for little hands, and they will not remain open except the pages be torn away from the wire—as in 99 per cent. of cases they soon will be.

The last-named volume completes the series of Granville History Readers. It quite sustains the character of the previous numbers, which have been already noticed in our pages. The events selected are generally of a stirring nature and well calculated to excite the interest of children. Something better than the "Pilgrim Fathers" (twice in this volume) might, as we before noted, easily have been substituted. Otherwise the selections seem to have been carefully chosen—especially the earlier ones, with the charming legends of St. Cuthbert, the Royal Scholar and St. Anselm. They are calculated to produce the best impression upon children.

BOOKS OF DEVOTION AND SPIRITUAL READING.

1. *A Retreat for Men.* Preached to the Confraternity of the Holy Family, Limerick. By the Rev. T. E. BRIDGETT, C.S.S.R. Second edition. Dublin: M. H. Gill & Son. 1883.
2. *The Catholic's Companion in Devotions; a Selection of Choice Devotions for General Use.* Baltimore: John Piet & Co. 1882.
3. *Catechism of Perseverance, Abridged.* By Monsignor GAUME. Translated from the French. Dublin: M. H. Gill & Son. 1882.
4. *The Catholic's Pocket Manual.* Baltimore: John B. Piet.
5. *The Child's Mass and Prayer Book, with Hymns.* Dublin: M. H. Gill & Son.
6. *A Thought of St. Teresa's, for Every Day of the Year.* Translated from the fifth French edition. By Miss ELLA McMAHON. New York: Benziger Brothers. 1882.
7. *Maxims and Councils of St. Francis de Sales, for Every Day of the Year.* From the French. (Same translator and publishers.) 1883.
8. *The Mirror of True Womanhood.* A Book of Instructions for Women in the World. By the Rev. BERNARD O'REILLY, L.D. (Laval). Dublin: M. H. Gill & Son. 1883.
9. *Growth in the Knowledge of Our Lord.* Meditations for Every Day of the Year, exclusive of those for each Festival, Day of Retreat, &c. Adapted from the French of the Abbé DE BRANDT, by a "Daughter of the Cross." Vols. I. II. III. London: Burns & Oates. 1882.
10. *Treatise on the Way of Sorrows.* By F. ALEXIUS BULENS, O.S.F. London: R. Washbourne. 1882.
11. *The Wonders of the Heart of St. Teresa.* Baltimore: John B. Piet & Co. 1882.
12. *A Catechism of First Communion.* By Rev. W. J. B. RICHARDS, D.D. London: Burns & Oates. 1883.
13. *The Catholic Hymn Book.* Compiled by the Rev. LANGTON GEORGE VERE. London: R. Washbourne. 1882.
14. *The Christian Father, what he should be and what he should do.* By Rev. L. A. LAMBERT. New York: Benziger Bros.

1. The fertile thinking and the strong sense which mark the spiritual works of Father Bridgett are conspicuous in these lectures, delivered to the Men of the Confraternity of the Holy Family in the City of Limerick. This little *brochure* of about 100 pages seems to have been at first disseminated merely among the members of the Society and their friends. But both priests and laity will be glad that Messrs. Gill have published it. The author takes the words of the ritual of Baptism which precede the sacramental act, and founds

upon them a series of valuable instructions on faith, the keeping of the Commandments, and the renunciation of the devil. The little book has especial interest for those who know the really remarkable work which, by the instrumentality of the "Holy Family," the Redemptorist fathers have accomplished in Limerick.

2. This is a beautifully printed volume of Devotions, approved by the Archbishop of Baltimore. We find in it most of the forms of Prayer which are familiar in the Garden of the Soul; though the old Acts of Faith, Hope, and Charity seem to be omitted. The only American feature to be noted is the prayer at the end for the "ruling powers," including the President of the United States, Congress, and "his Excellency the Governor of this State."

3. This fairly-executed translation of a well-known Catechism need only be mentioned and recommended. The translator has ventured to give a single note; it is appended to the author's analysis of the first chapters of Genesis, and runs as follows: "If the learned author be sometimes considered a shade unscientific, he will be readily forgiven" (p. 9).

4. Another of Mr. Piet's admirably printed Prayer-books, intended, it must be presumed, for a male pocket and for persons of limited devotional leisure, but containing all the most usual prayers.

5. No exception can be taken to this charming Mass-book for a child, except perhaps that it is too dainty for common use. The prayers are excellent and suitable, the arrangement good, the coloured illustrations pretty and attractive.

6 & 7. Two small books, very full of spiritual treasure. The devout reader has, in the one volume, a saying of St. Teresa for every day of the year, in the other 401 maxims of St. Francis de Sales. The austerity of the one Saint and the sweetness of the other are not more remarkable than the deep and spiritual common-sense of both.

8. There must be something in this little book, seeing that this Dublin reprint has been made from the thirteenth American edition. It is worthy of the great circulation, and calculated to do much good. Composed of short lessons, abundantly interspersed with well-chosen "examples," taken often from modern life, the object of the book is to give friendly, kindly-worded advice to girls and women on such vital topics as too often they forget. "The True Woman's Kingdom: the Home;" "The Home Virtues," "The Wife in the Christian Home," "The Mother's Office towards Childhood," "Formation of Boyhood and Girlhood," "Culture of the Heart," "The Mistress of the Home and her Social Duties," "Duties towards Servants,"—these, from amongst the headings of the chapters, will sufficiently indicate the line taken by the author. A certain loosening of home ties in America, of which we hear now and then, may give special interest and value to Dr. O'Reilly's volume there; but there is much in it that Catholic women here will value, and may find salutary.

9. The English edition of these excellent Meditations is to be completed in five volumes, and may be got at a fairly moderate price by subscription. They will be found on trial to be what the Bishop

of Salford has said they are: "Very sensible, solid, and to the point; conveniently short, and at the same time suggestive." This is high praise, but apparently well deserved. We need only add that, though intended for Religious, the Meditations will be found equally useful for others, and are, we venture to say, specially adapted for those who, from want of theological, Scriptural, or general "spiritual" reading, need somewhat full and well wrought-out assistance. Very clear type and good paper are perhaps external advantages, but deserve mention and a word of praise. The English of the adaptation is fairly good; occasionally an over-profusion of commas and dashes irritates and obscures the sense; but for the most part the language, like good spectacles, spreads treasures before our vision without attracting attention to itself.

10. Devout souls who love the devotion of the "Stations" will be charmed with this little manual; and a study of its few pages is calculated to create a high esteem of that devotion in any mind. The origin of the devotion, methods of practising it, motives for so doing, indulgences, what the Franciscans have done for it, &c., are topics treated in these pages. The two chapters giving a description of the Via Crucis at the present time are very interesting. Priests will find Father Bulen's small treatise very handy and useful, including as it does, devotions for, together with the "form" and method of erecting, the Stations.

11. A curious little volume, not on the spirit of the Saint, but on the thorns, &c., that have grown and grow from her heart as it is preserved at Alba de Tormes in the diocese of Salamanca, in the monastery where the Saint died. In 1875 M. Cardellach, a priest of the Congregation of the Mission, made a careful examination of the heart, and the result of the investigation is given in these pages.

12. This is a really satisfactory Catechism of First Communion, and will be invaluable in schools, &c. Short, and in simple language, it yet contains in a dozen small pages all a child need know. Excellent prayers are added—also short, clear and devotional—for use before and after Communion.

13. A very good penny hymn book, containing some sixty of the English hymns most frequently in use in school and chapel. It is well printed, the type being clear. A larger edition at double the price, contains two hundred and nine hymns, and is a marvel of cheapness.

14. A smaller book than No. 8, but aiming to do for fathers what that does for women. It is, however, written in much more serious mood, and is more devotional. It contains some solid advice to fathers on their duties to children and household, calculated to do good service. An excellent little volume for distribution.

* * *A large number of Book Notices already in type are, to our regret, unavoidably postponed.*

INDEX.

- ALLEN, Cardinal, Letters of, *noticed*, 233.
 Anderson, Rev. W. H., *Fasti Apostolici*, *noticed*, 256.
 Alzog, Dr. J., *Handbuch der Kirchengeschichte*, *noticed*, 225.
- BAGENAL, Philip H., *The American-Irish*, *reviewed*, 181.
 Brandt, Abbé de, *Growth in the Knowledge of Our Lord*, *noticed*, 511.
 Breton Legends, *noticed*, 506.
 Bridgett, Rev. T. E., *A Retreat for Men*, *noticed*, 510.
 Bulens, F. A., *Treatise on the Way of Sorrow*, *noticed*, 512.
- CALDERON, translated by D. F. MacCarthy, 271.
- Catholic Political Associations, 334; English Catholic body cosmopolitan, 335;
 No Central party possible, 336; requisite spirit of associations, 337;
 attempted Conservative Associations, 339; Liberal action on Catholic
 questions, 340; how Catholics may work with either party, 342; work of
 the Catholic Union, 344.
- Catholic's Companion in Devotions, *noticed*, 511.
 Catholic's Pocket Manual, *noticed*, 511.
 Catholic Missions, No. I., *noticed*, 497.
- Ceremonial for the use of the Catholic Church in the United States of
 America, 5th revised edition, *noticed*, 504.
- Chichester, Lieut.-Col., *Schools*, *noticed*, 490.
- Child's Mass and Prayer Book with Hymns, *noticed*, 511.
- Clerke, Miss E. M., *Denis Florence MacCarthy*, 261.
- Clifford, Bishop, *Theory of the Days of Creation*, 32; *Days of Creation*:
Further Observations, 397.
- Coleridge, Rev. H. J., *the Words and Works of Our Saviour*, gathered from
 the four Gospels, *noticed*, 505; *The Training of the Apostles*, *noticed*, *ibid*.
- Cox, John George, *Changed Position of Married Women*, 417.
- Creation, Bishop Clifford's theory of the days of, 32; foreign criticisms on,
 33; objections to; no antagonism between poetry and truth, 36;
 difficulties of greater than those it removes, 37; supposed antagonism of
 Revelation and Science replied to, 38; the week not in use in Mosaic
 times, 41; objection to from Exodus, 43; Hebrew use of the word day,
 44; Bishop Clifford's reply to J. S. Vaughan, 397; Bishop Clifford's

theory and faith, 398; use of word (*yôm*) *day*, 399; Examination of the fourth day according to period theory, 402; Genesis not attacked by Dr. Clifford, 406; no scientific discoveries from Genesis, 407; scientific difficulties to be recognized, 411; reply to Mr. Vaughan's specific objections, 413.

DAUDET, A., L'Évangéliste, *noticed*, 495.

Daunt, W. J. O'N., Ireland under the Legislative Union, 78.

Dies Iræ, fifty versions of, 48; most widely esteemed of Ancient Latin hymns, 48; origin and history of, questioned in modern times, 50; fifty versions of, selected for remark, 51; differentiae of the translations of, 52; earliest versions of, *ibid.*; influence of earlier versions on later, 53; tabulation of fifty versions, 56; earliest Catholic translation, 59; J. Dymock's translation, 60; Roscommon's translation, 64; a *cento* of versions, 67; modern translations of, 369; Protestant tampering with original, 371; Sir W. Scott's paraphrase, 372; grammatical criticisms of versions, 373; the "Mantuan Marble" version, 374; Dr. Cole's version, 376; spirit and analysis of the hymn, 379; Roman Missal text of, 381; two original versions of, 382; Prior Aylward's version of, 383; versions in trochaic metre, 385; versions in the metre, measure and rhyme of the original, 388; a comparative *cento* from these, 393; comparative *cento* of Catholic versions, 395.

Didon, H., Science without God, translated, *noticed*, 259.

Duffy, Sir C. Gavan, Bird's-eye View of Irish History, *noticed*, 239; Four Years of Irish History, *noticed*, 497.

Dymock, James, Version of Dies Iræ, 60.

EARNSHAW, Rev. John, Catholic Church and Civil Governments, *noticed*, 493.

Egypt, Catholicism in, 153; Franciscan Missionaries in, 154; spread of European Civilization in, 155; towns and population of modern, 157; Franciscans in Upper, 159; at Alexandria, 161; at Cairo, 162; Franciscan nuns in, 163; Lazarists and Sisters of Charity in, 164; Sisters of Good Shepherd in, 169; Christian Brothers in, 171; recent massacres in, *ibid.*; Catholic British soldiers in, 176; Catholic education in, 178.

FILLION, M. L. Cl. Atlas Archéologique de la Bible, *noticed*, 484.

Francis, Saint, the third order of, 100; pope's encyclical on, 101; character of Papal encyclical on, 109; character of 12th century, 110; life of, 111; establishes 1st order, 112; establishes 3rd order, 113; illustrious Tertiaries, 115; change wrought in society by 3rd order of, 116; need for 3rd order of, in 19th century, 119; Pope wishes to teach four things about 3rd order of, 121.

Francis de Sales, St., his doctrine, 127; distinctive teaching of, *ibid.*; its easiness and safety, 128; teaching of regarding the "World," 131; teaching of concerning prayer, 132; concerning Sacraments, 136; on doing God's will, 138; on cultivating the hidden virtues, 139; on tranquillity, 140; on "Liberty of Spirit," 141; on mortification, 143; on indifference, 145; on higher prayer, 149; opposed to Quietism, 151.

GAUME, Monsignor, Catechism of Perseverance (abridged), *noticed*, 511.

HAUPT, E., First Epistle of S. John, translated by W. R. Pope, D.D., *noticed*, 487.

Herbert, George, The Temple, facsimile edition of, *noticed*, 258.

Herbert, Lady, True Wayside Tales, *noticed*, 259.

Hutchinson, J. Hely, The Commercial Restraints of Ireland, *noticed*, 245.

IRELAND, under the Legislative Union, 78 ; Legislative independence of, *ibid.*, two objections to, 79 ; salutary legislation in old Parliament, 82 ; Pitt's duplicity, 84 ; iniquity of the Union, 87 ; effects of the Union, 90 ; drained of income by the Union, 91 ; people of, demand repeal of Union, 97 ; right of to repeal still remains, 99 ; her friends and her foes—causes of English prejudice against, 183 ; newspaper superciliousness concerning, 184 ; the Protestant minority in, 185 ; the worst enemy of, 187 ; secret societies in, 188, 194 ; the Land League, 189 ; new spirit manifested in, 193 ; distress in, 195 ; emigration as a remedy for, 196 ; how the Union robs, 347 ; unfair taxation of, *ibid.* ; pre-union promises to unfulfilled, 349 ; proportion of English and Irish debt, 351 ; testimony of statesmen to fiscal wrong, 352 ; confirmed by Parliament Committee, 354 ; Mr. Gladstone's mistaken testimony, 357 ; his argument for increased taxation of Irish poverty, 360 : report of Committees on Irish taxation of 1864, *ibid.* ; ability of Ireland to bear increased taxation, 363 ; proposed equitable international arrangement, 366.

JESUIT Mission of the Zambesi, Letters from, *noticed*, 241.

KIHN, Dr. Heinrich, Der Ursprung des Briefes Von Diognet, *noticed*, 227.

Kinns, Dr. S., Moses and Geology, *noticed*, 239.

Knox, Dr. T. F. Introduction to Records of English Catholics, 232.

Kraus, Dr. Franz, Lehrbuch der Kirchengeschichte, *noticed*, 225.

LAMBERT, Rev. L. A., The Christian Father, *noticed*, 512.

Land League, Connection of, with Fenianism, 189.

Law, Memoir of Father Augustus Henry, *noticed*, 257.

Leo XIII., Encyclical on Third Order of St. Francis, in English, 101 ; Latin text, 201.

Lisez et Jugez ! *noticed*, 495.

Livesey, T. J., The Granville Series Standard Reading Books, *noticed*, 509 ; Granville History Readers, *noticed*, *ibid.*

MACCARTHY, Denis Florence, 261 ; biography of, 262 ; called to the Bar, 263 ; publications, *ibid.* ; death, 265 ; a narrative poem of, *ibid.* ; lyrics, 267 ; translations, 269 ; difficulties of translating verse into verse, *ibid.* ; Mr. Ticknor's testimony to success of, 273 ; translations by, compared with Shelley's, 275 ; translation of "La Vida es Sueño," 278 ; of "El Mayor Encanto Amor," 280 ; of the "Autos," 284.

Mackey, H. B., S. Francis de Sales, his Doctrine, 127.

Married Women, changed position of, 417; Property Act of 1882, 418; former legal status of, 418; her property rights practically *nil*, 420; the "separate use" of, 422; old legal right of, to husband's property, 424; history of Reform in the status of, 425; Act of 1870, 426; Act of 1882, 428; changed position of, *ibid.*; retrospective operation of the Act, 430; husband's liability for wife's contracts, 432; wife's liability for maintenance of husband and child, 435; future working of the Act and social changes, 436; does it lend itself to Women's Rights' Movement, 440.

Maxims and Counsels of S. Francis de Sales, *noticed*, 511.

McMahon, Miss E., A Thought of S. Theresa's, *noticed*, 511.

Meynell, Rev. G., Sermons for the Spring Quarter, *noticed*, 488.

Mivart, St. George, Nature and Thought, *noticed*, 222.

Molloy, Rev. G., Catholic University of Ireland, *noticed*, 494.

Morris, Rev. W. B., S. Martin and S. Patrick, 1.

Murphy, J. Nicholas, The Chair of Peter, *noticed*, 482.

O'CONNELL, O.S.B., Rev. Dr. J. J., Conferences on the Blessed Trinity, *noticed*, 504.

O'Reilly, Rev. B., Mirror of True Womanhood, *noticed*, 511.

Ornsby, Canon G., Diocesan History of York, *noticed*, 241.

PALMER, Wm., Notes of Visit to Russian Church, *noticed*, 491.

Patrick, S., and S. Martin, 1; uncritical state of the acts of, 3; life of, illustrated by that of S. Martin, 5; and S. Martin have the same Fatherland, 8; exact birthplace of, 11; in captivity in Ireland, 14; deliverance therefrom, *ibid.*; visit of, to S. Martin, 17; "Flowers of," at S. Patrice, 19; influence of S. Martin on, 23; special character of, amongst the Saints, 26; a foreigner to the nation he converted, 31.

Periodicals, *noticed*, German, 213, 471, Italian, 216, 474; French, 220, 467.

RECORDS of the English Catholics, II. Letters of Cardinal Allen, *noticed*, 232.

Randolph, Edmund, jun., Catholic Political Associations, 334.

Richards, W. J. B., A Catechism of First Communion, *noticed*, 512.

Rosmini, A. (Serbati), The Origin of Ideas, vol. i., *noticed*, 494.

Rule, Martin, The Life and Times of St. Anselm, *noticed*, 478.

SALFORD, Bishop of, Experience of Catholics in non-Catholic Universities, 442.

Science Notices, The Comet, 208; Secondary Batteries, 209; Minute Animal Life, 210; Meteorology on Ben Nevis, 211; The Weather and the Meteor-Systems, 212; Electrical Transmission of Force, 463; Meteorology at the North Pole, *ibid.*; Sun-spots, 464; Photographing the Solar Corona, *ibid.*; Typhoid Fever-germs, 465; Palæolithic Man, 466.

Sladen, Douglas B. W., Frithjof and Ingebjorg, *noticed*, 228.

Steenkiste, J. A. Van, Evangelium secundum Matthæum, tertia editio, *noticed*, 486.

Street, G. E., Christ Church, Dublin, *noticed*, 507.

Sullivan, A. M., New Ireland, *reviewed*, 181; on English sympathy for Ireland, 182.

THOMPSON, G. Healy, Life of Leon Papin Dupont, *noticed*, 257.

Trollope, Anthony, the Novels of, 814; biography of, 315; his manner of writing novels, 317; three series of his novels, 318; value of them, 319; draws clerical life without religion, 320; singular power of interesting the reader, 323; compared with Miss Austen, 329; his novels a financial success, 331; will they benefit Catholic readers, 332.

UNION of Ireland with England, how carried, 84; Pitt's falsely pretended effects from, 90; demand of Irish for repeal of, 97.

Universities, sad experience of Catholics in non-Catholic, 442; comparative danger of, and of godless schools, 443; principle of religious education formerly accepted in England, 445; how rejected, 446; German experience of University education on Catholics, 447; letters from Bishops and leading laymen, *ibid.*; difference between German and English Catholics, 458; position of Catholics at Oxford and Cambridge, 459.

Upton, W. C., Uncle Pat's Cabin, *noticed*, 245.

VAUGHAN, Rev. J. S., Bishop Clifford's Theory of the Days of Creation, 32.

Vere, Rev. L. G., Catholic Hymn Book, *noticed*, 512.

Vincent de Paul, the Society of, 293; meets the exigencies of present time, 294; establishment and spread of, 296; work in England, 298; active work of, 299; honorary members of, 302; how to establish a Conference of, 303; how the Conference should work, 306; Ladies' Committees may help, 310; Councils of, 311.

WESTCOTT, Dr. B. F., The Gospel according to S. John, *noticed*, 229.

Wonders of the heart of S. Theresa, *noticed*, 512.

ZIMMERN, Helen, The Epic of Kings, *noticed*, 506.

END OF VOL. IX.



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.95

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